This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

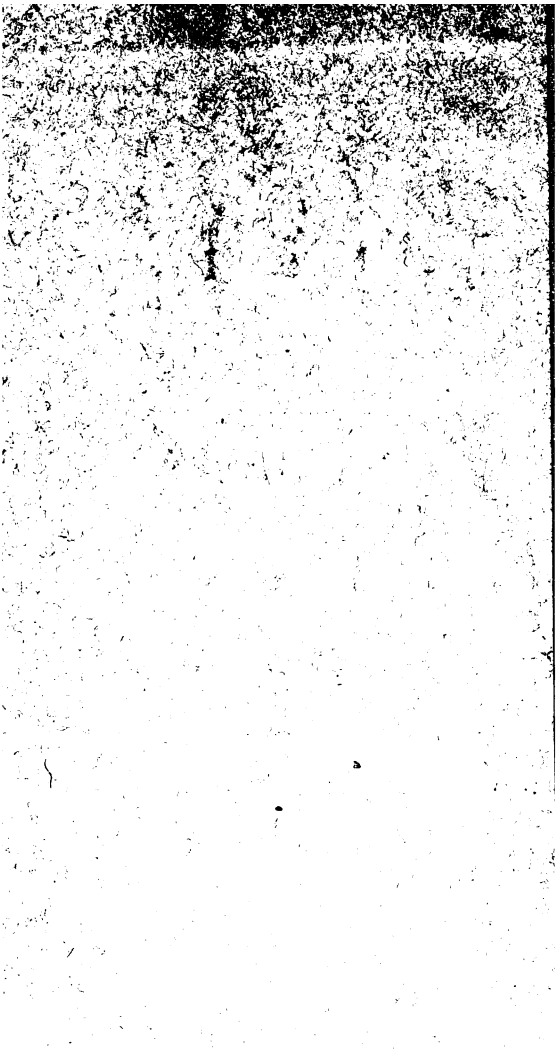
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

3 3433 07489808 5



Noah Webster, Jr.
New Haven Conn.
U. S. A.

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME FIRST.

Containing

THE TEMPEST,
A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM,
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA,
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR,
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

THE

WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

IN WHICH THE BEAUTIES OBSERVED

BY POPE, WARBURTON, AND DODD,

ARE POINTED OUT.

Together with

THE AUTHOR'S LIFE,
A GLOSSARY,
COPIOUS INDEXES,

AND,
A LIST OF THE VARIOUS
READINGS.

VOLUME FIRST.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR BELL & BRADFUTE, J. DICKSON,
W. CREECH, J. & J. FAIRBAIRN, AND
T. DUNCAN, BOOKSELLERS.

1795.

160914
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1899.

This Edition of SHAKESPEARE *is correctly printed from the famous Edition* 1753, *by Dr.* Hugh Blair.

THE

SCOTS EDITORS

PREFACE.

THE diſtinguiſhed character of SHAKESPEARE as a dramatic writer, the great demand for his works among the learned and polite, and a laudable zeal for promoting home manufactures, were the principal motives for undertaking an edition of his works in Scotland.

Before we give an account of the method uſed in conducting this edition, it may not be improper to take ſome notice of our author's modern editors. Nor will it perhaps be a diſagreeable entertainment to the reader, to ſee their ſentiments of one another, in their own words.

"Mr. Rowe (the firſt of theſe editors) was indeed a "wit (ſays Mr. Warburton;) but ſo utterly unacquainted "with the whole buſineſs of criticiſm, that he did not "even collate or conſult the firſt editions of the work he "undertook to publiſh."—"This gentleman (ſays Mr. "Theobald) had abilities, and a ſufficient knowledge of "his author, had but his induſtry been equal to his "talents."

The next editor was the univerſally-admired Mr. Pope; "who, (ſays Mr. Warburton,) by the mere force of an "uncommon genius, without any particular ſtudy or "profeſſion of this art [criticiſm,] diſcharged the great "parts of it ſo well, as to make his edition the beſt "foundation for all further improvements. He ſepa-"*rated the genuine from* the ſpurious plays; and, with

" equal judgment, though not always with the ſame " ſucceſs, attempted to clear the genuine plays from " the interpolated ſcenes. He then conſulted the old " editions; and, by a careful collation of them, recti- " fied the faulty, and ſupplied the imperfect reading, in " a great number of places: and, laſtly, in an admi- " rable preface, hath drawn a general, but very lively " ſketch of SHAKESPEARE's poetic character; and, in " the corrected text, marked out thoſe peculiar ſtrokes " of genius which were moſt proper to ſupport and il- " luſtrate that character."——But though Mr. Pope had a juſt title to the public thanks; yet Mr. Theobald at- tacked him with great acrimony of expreſſion, evidently flowing from perſonal prejudice. He interlards his notes with many ſevere reflections againſt Mr. Pope, re- preſents his collation of old copies as a mere pretence, and ranks his edition among thoſe of no authority. In ſhort, he goes ſo far as to alledge, that " Mr. Pope has ſeldom " corrected SHAKESPEARE's text but to its injury; that " he has frequently inflicted a wound where he intended " a cure; that he has attacked his author like an un- " handy ſlaughterman, and not lopped off the errors, " but the poet." But Mr. Warburton, the great friend of Mr. Pope, returned him *meaſure for meaſure*, as we will ſee anon.

This Mr. Theobald was the next editor after Mr. Pope. " He (ſays Mr. Warburton) was naturally turned to in- " duſtry and labour. What he read, he could tran- " ſcribe; but as what he thought, if ever he did think, " he could but ill expreſs; ſo he read on; and by that " means got a character of learning, without riſking, to " every obſerver, the imputation of wanting a better " talent. By a punctilious collation of the old books, " he corrected what was manifeſtly wrong in the *latter* " editions, by what was manifeſtly right in the *earlier*. " And this is his real merit, and the whole of it. For " where the phraſe was very obſolete or licentious in " the *common* books, or only ſlightly corrupted in the " *other*, he wanted ſufficient knowledge of the progreſs " and various ſtages of the Engliſh tongue, as well as " acquaintance with the peculiarity of SHAKESPEAR's " langu

" language, to underſtand what was right; nor had he " either common judgment to ſee, or critical ſagacity " to amend, what was manifeſtly faulty. Hence he ge- " nerally exerts his conjectural talent in the wrong " place: he tampers with what is found in the *common* " books; and, in the *old* ones, omits all notice of *vari-* " *ations* the ſenſe of which he did not underſtand."

As to the Oxford editor, Sir Thomas Hanmer, the next editor: " How he (ſays Mr. Warburton) came to " think himſelf qualified for this office [criticiſm,] from " which his whole courſe of life had been ſo remote, is " ſtill more difficult to conceive. For whatever parts " he might have either of genius or erudition, he was " abſolutely ignorant of the art of criticiſm, as well as " of the poetry of that time, and the language of his " author. And ſo far from a thought of examining the " *firſt* editions, that he even neglected to compare Mr. " Pope's, from which he printed his own, with Mr. " Theobald's; whereby he loſt the advantage of many " fine lines which the other had recovered from the old " quarto's. Where he truſts to his own ſagacity, in " what affects the ſenſe, his conjectures are generally " abſurd and extravagant, and violating every rule of " criticiſm.—His principal object was, to reform his " author's numbers: and this, which he hath done, on " every occaſion, by the inſertion or omiſſion of a ſet " of harmleſs unconcerning expletives, makes up the " groſs body of his innocent corrections. And ſo, in " ſpite of that extreme negligence in numbers, which " diſtinguiſhes the firſt dramatic writers, he hath tricked " up the old bard, from head to foot, in all the finical " exactneſs of a modern meaſurer of ſyllables."

Mr. Warburton was the next, and the laſt editor. He tells us, that the world had never been troubled with his edition, but for the conduct of the two laſt editors (Theobald and Hanmer,) and the perſuaſions of dear Mr. Pope, who deſired him to give a new edition of SHAKESPEARE, as he thought it might contribute to put a ſtop to the *folly which prevailed* of altering the text of cele- *brated authors without* talents or judgment; and that

his main care has been, to reſtore the genuine text; but in thoſe places only where it labours with inextricable nonſenſe. "In which (adds he) how much ſoever I "may have given ſcope to critical conjecture, where the "old copies failed me, I have indulged nothing to fancy "or imagination, but have religiouſly obſerved the ſevere "canons of literal criticiſm."

Since the publication of the laſt of the aforementioned editions, a work has come abroad, in two volumes, intitled, *The beauties of Shakeſpeare, regularly ſelected from each play.* By William Dodd, B. A. As this gentleman has taken ſome notice of SHAKESPEARE'S editors, we ſhall conclude our account of them, with a few of his remarks.

"Mr. Theobald (ſays Mr. Dodd) has approved him-"ſelf the beſt editor of SHAKESPEARE that has yet ap-"peared, by a cloſe attention to, and diligent ſurvey of "the old editions, and by a careful amendment of thoſe "ſlight faults, which evidently proceeded from the preſs, "and corrupted the text." And, after obſerving that Mr. Theobald had left many paſſages untouched and unregarded, which were truly difficult and called for the editor's aſſiſtance, he adds, "It is plain, then, much "work remained for ſubſequent commentators; and, "ſhall we add? ſtill remains: for though ſucceeded by "two eminent rivals [Hanmer and Warburton,] we muſt "with no ſmall concern behold this imperfect editor ſtill "maintaining his ground; and with no little ſorrow ob-"ſerve the beſt judges of SHAKESPEARE preferring Theo-"bald's to any modern edition." He gives the reaſons of this preference as follows.

"Sir Thomas Hanmer (ſays he) proceeds in the moſt "unjuſtifiable method, foiſting into his text a thouſand "idle alterations, without ever advertiſing his readers, "which are and which are not SHAKESPEARE'S genuine "words: ſo that a multitude of idle phraſes and ridicu-"lous expreſſions, infinitely beneath the ſublimity of this "*prince of poets*, are thrown to his account; and his "imperfections

" imperfections, ſo far from being diminiſhed, numbered " tenfold upon his head."

" Mr. Warburton (continues Mr. Dodd) hath been " ſomewhat more generous to us: for though he has for " the moſt part preferred his own criticiſms to the au- " thor's words, yet he hath always too given us the au- " thor's words, and his own reaſons for thoſe criticiſms. " Yet his conduct can never be juſtified for inſerting " every fancy of his own in the text, when I dare ven- " ture to ſay, his better and cooler judgment muſt con- " demn the greateſt part of them. What the ingenious " Mr. Edwards ſays of him, ſeems exactly juſt and " true.—"That there are good notes in his edition of " SHAKESPEARE, I never did deny: but as he has had " the plundering of two dead men [Theobald and Han- " mer,] it will be difficult to know which are his own. " Some of them I ſuppoſe may be: and hard indeed " would be his luck, if among ſo many bold throws he " ſhould have never a winning caſt. But I do inſiſt, that " there are great numbers of ſuch ſhameful blunders as " diſparage the reſt, if they do not diſcredit his title to " them, and make them look rather like lucky hits, than " the reſult of judgment."

Mr. Dodd adds the following remark, to which every reader will chearfully give his aſſent. " For my own " part, (ſays he,) I cannot but read with regret the con- " ſtant jarring and triumphant inſults, one over another, " found amidſt the commentators on SHAKESPEARE. " This is one of the reaſons that has impeded our ar- " rival at a thorough knowledge in his works: for ſome " of the editors have not ſo much laboured to elucidate " their author, as to expoſe the follies of their brethren. " How much better would it have been for SHAKE- " SPEARE, for us, and for literature in general; how " much more honour would it have reflected on them- " ſelves, had theſe brangling critics ſociably united; and, " inſtead of putting themſelves in a poſture of defence " one *againſt another, jointly* taken the field, and united " *all their efforts*, to reſcue ſo inimitable an author from

" the Gothic outrage of dull players, duller printers, " and ſtill duller editors!"

Amidſt ſuch a variety of editors, and ſuch different characters of them, no one could be implicitly followed. We have therefore conſulted them all; and, of the various readings and conjectures, thoſe only have been adopted, and inſerted in the text, that ſeemed to agree beſt with the meaning of the author. No ſcope has been given to conjecture or imagination; not a ſingle line, not even a ſingle word, is inſerted, but what is warranted by the authority of preceeding editors. No regard has been had to the Oxford editor's reformation of SHAKESPEARE'S numbers, or to his other almoſt innumerable conjectures and interpolations, farther than as ſome of the latter have received the ſanction of ſucceeding critics. But the reader will ſee from a liſt ſubjoined to the Indexes in the laſt volume, what conjectures or alterations of the critics are adopted in this edition; and perhaps it may not be loſt labour to conſult the various readings in that liſt, as it may give thoſe who have not ſeen former editions, ſome idea of the art of literal criticiſm, ſo long hackneyed among the learned; and they may reject or prefer as they judge proper.——The utmoſt care has been taken to print this edition correctly, eſpecially with reſpect to the pointing. As to which, due regard has always been had to the ſeveral inſtances of falſe or depraved pointing, whereby the ſenſe was marred, and ſome paſſages rendered almoſt quite unintelligible, as obſerved by Meſſ. Theobald and Warburton. And though it is not intended to affirm, that this edition is free from faults, yet ſuch care has been taken, that 'tis thought it may well vie with any of thoſe hitherto publiſhed in England; at leaſt we flatter ourſelves it will not be found inferior either in beauty or correctneſs.

The acts and ſcenes are divided according to Pope's and Warburton's editions; and not according to Theobald's or Hanmer's, the former of whom has not numbered the ſcenes.

In Pope's edition, the paſſages which he thought the

moſt

moſt beautiful and ſtriking, are diſtinguiſhed with inverted commas. In imitation of him, Mr. Warburton did the ſame by many others as he thought moſt deſerving of the reader's attention. All theſe have been attended to in this edition; the *Beauties* obſerved by Mr. Pope being marked with a ſingle comma, and thoſe by Mr. Warburton with a double one. Beſides theſe, the *Beauties*, as regularly ſelected from each play by Mr. Dodd, are pointed out, *p.* xlix. *&c. ſeqq.* Theſe beauties are here marked in the order of the volumes and plays; and the reader is directed to the pages and lines where every one of them occur. Upon examination, he will find many of them coincide with thoſe which had been before obſerved by Pope and Warburton. Mr. Dodd's titles of the beauties are likewiſe given, generally in his own words, and ſome notes are added.

Suſpected paſſages or *interpolations* are degraded to the bottom of the page, with proper marks referring to the places of their inſertion. The greateſt part are ſo ſtigmatized on the authority of Mr. Pope; and a few on that of the Oxford editor, and Mr. Warburton. Some lines in different places are incloſed within hooks or crotchets, as, in Mr. Warburton's opinion, foiſted into the text by the players, or of ſpurious iſſue, and noted as ſuch at the bottom of the page; and a few chaſms or defects are pointed out by aſteriſks, with probable conjectures for ſupplying ſome of them.

Several ſhort *notes* are put at the bottom of the pages in all the volumes, tending to explain licentious terms, uncouth phraſes, quaint alluſions, antiquated cuſtoms, and obſcure paſſages. Theſe have been chiefly taken from Pope, Hanmer, and Warburton; and but a very few from Theobald and Dodd. Though moſt of them are given in the words of the authors; yet ſome have been abridged, in order to adapt them to this edition, in which brevity has been all along ſtudied.

The *Gloſſary* annexed, is conſiderably improved, by the addition of many words and phraſes; errors are corrected, *and falſe interpretations* thrown out. Words not

to

to be met with in SHAKESPEARE, but evidently the editor's interpolations into the text, have been diſcarded, and additions made to the meanings of words ſtill retained. Warburton's and Popes's notes have been conſulted for that purpoſe; and ſome aſſiſtanee has been got from Mr. Dodd's notes on the *Beauties*.

The *Index*, beſides being here reduced to a ſtrict alphabetical order, and put into a quite different form, has been conſiderably enlarged, eſpecially in the firſt ſection, and cleared from ſeveral blunders. To all which is added, an *Index* of the *Beauties* as ſelected by Mr. Dodd, more full and correct than his own.

This preface ſhall be concluded with preſenting to the reader a few of the many *encomiums* beſtowed upon our author by his critics; from which a perſon unacquainted with his writings, may form ſome judgment of his merit.

" As in great piles of building, (ſays Mr. Theobald,) " ſome parts are often finiſhed up to hit the taſte of the " connoiſſeur; others more negligently put together, to " ſtrike the fancy of a common and unlearned beholder; " ſome parts are made ſtupendouſly magnificent and " grand, to ſurpriſe with the vaſt deſign and execution " of the architect; others are contracted, to amuſe you " with his neatneſs and elegance in little: So, in SHAKE- " SPEARE, we find traits that will ſtand the teſt of the " ſevereſt judgment; and ſtrokes as careleſsly hit off, to " the level of the more ordinary capacities: ſome de- " ſcriptions raiſed to that pitch of grandeur, as to a- " ſtoniſh you with the compaſs and elevation of his " thought; and others copying nature within ſo narrow, " ſo confined a circle, as if the author's talent lay only at " drawing in miniature.——In how many points of light " muſt we be obliged to gaze at this great poet! in how " many branches of excellence to conſider and admire " him! Whether we view him on the ſide of art or na- " ture, he ought equally to engage our attention: whe- " ther we reſpect the force and greatneſs of his genius, " the extent of his knowledge and reading, the power " and addreſs with which he throws out and applies

" either

"either nature or learning, there is ample ſcope both for "our wonder and pleaſure. If his diction and the cloath-"ing of his thoughts attract us, how much more muſt "we be charmed with the richneſs and variety of his "images and ideas! If his images and ideas ſteal into "our ſouls, and ſtrike upon our fancy, how much are "they improved in price, when we come to reflect with "what propriety and juſtneſs they are applied to cha-"racter! If we look into his characters, and how they "are furniſhed and proportioned to the employment he "cuts out for them, how are we taken up with the "maſtery of his portraits! What draughts of nature! "what variety of originals, and how differing each from "the other! How are they dreſſed from the ſtores of his "own luxurious imagination; without being the apes of "mode, or borrowing from any foreign wardrobe! Each "of them are the ſtandards of faſhion for themſelves; "like gentlemen that are above the direction of their "tailors, and can adorn themſelves without the aid of "imitation. If other poets draw more than one fool or "coxcomb, there is the ſame reſemblance in them; as in "that painter's draughts, who was happy only at form-"ing a roſe: you find them all younger brothers of the "ſame family, and all of them have a pretence to give "the ſame creſt. But SHAKESPEARE's clowns and fops "come all of a different houſe: they are no farther allied "to one another, than as man to man, members of the "ſame ſpecies; but as different in features and linea-"ments of character, as we are from one another in face "or complexion."

"SHAKESPEARE, (ſays Mr. Warburton,) widely ex-"celling in the knowledge of human nature, hath gi-"ven to his infinitely-varied pictures of it, ſuch truth "of deſign, ſuch force of drawing, ſuch beauty of co-"louring, as was hardly ever equalled by any writer, "whether his aim was the uſe, or only the entertain-"ment of mankind.——And (ſays he) of all the litera-"ry exercitations of ſpeculative men, whether deſign-"ed for the uſe or entertainment of the world, there "are none of ſo much importance, or what are more "our immediate concern, than thoſe which let us into

"the

" the knowledge of our nature. Others may exerciſe the " reaſon, or amuſe the imagination; but theſe only can " improve the heart, and form the human mind to wiſ- " dom. Now, in this ſcience, our SHAKESPEARE is con- " feſſed to occupy the foremoſt place; whether we con- " ſider the amazing ſagacity with which he inveſtigates " every hidden ſpring and wheel of human action; or his " happy manner of communicating this knowledge, in " the juſt and living paintings which he has given us of " all our paſſions, appetites, and purſuits. Theſe afford " a leſſon which can never be too often repeated, or too " conſtantly inculcated."

" I ſhall not (ſays Mr. Dodd) attempt any laboured " encomiums on SHAKESPEARE, or endeavour to ſet " forth his perfections, at a time when ſuch univerſal " and juſt applauſe is paid him, and when every tongue " is big with his boundleſs fame. He himſelf tells us,

" *To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,*
" *To throw a perfume on the violet,*
" *To ſmooth the ice, or add another hue*
" *Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light*
" *To ſeek the beauteous eye of heav'n to garniſh,*
" *Is waſteful and ridiculous exceſs.* vol. 3. p. 334.

" And waſteful and ridiculous indeed it would be, to ſay " any thing in his praiſe, when preſenting the world " with ſuch a collection of BEAUTIES, as perhaps is no- " where to be met with, and, I may very ſafely affirm, " cannot be parallelled from the productions of any other " ſingle author, ancient or modern. There is ſcarcely " a topic, common with other writers, on which he has " not excelled them all; there are many nobly peculiar " to himſelf, where he ſhines unrivalled, and, like the " eagle, propereſt emblem of his daring genius, ſoars be- " yond the common reach, and gazes undazzled on the " ſun. His flights are ſometimes ſo bold, frigid criti- " ciſm almoſt dares to diſapprove them; and thoſe nar- " row minds which are incapable of elevating their ideas " to the ſublimity of their author's, are willing to bring " them down to a level with their own. Hence many " fine paſſages have been condemned in SHAKESPEARE,

" as

" as *rant* and *fuſtian*, *intolerable bombaſt*, and *turgid non-*
" *ſenſe*; which, if read with the leaſt glow of the ſame
" imagination that warmed the writer's boſom, would
" blaze in the robes of ſublimity, and obtain the com-
" mendations of a Longinus. And unleſs ſome little of
" the ſame ſpirit that elevated the poet, elevate the read-
" er too, he muſt not preſume to talk of taſte and ele-
" gance; he will prove but a languid reader, an indiffer-
" ent judge, but a far more indifferent critic and com-
" mentator." And again (ſays he,) " I doubt not every
" reader will find [in SHAKESPEARE's beauties] ſo large
" a fund for obſervation, ſo much excellent and refined
" morality, and, I may venture to ſay, ſo much good di-
" vinity, that he will prize the work as it deſerves, and
" pay, with me, all due adoration to the manes of
" SHAKESPEARE."

" Longinus (continues Mr. Dodd) tells us, that the
" moſt infallible teſt of the true *ſublime*, is the impreſſion
" a performance makes upon our minds, when read or
" recited." " If, ſays he, a perſon finds, that a perform-
" ance tranſports not his ſoul, nor exalts his thoughts;
" that it calls not up into his mind ideas more enlarged
" than the mere ſounds of the words convey, but on at-
" tentive examination its dignity leſſens and declines, he
" may conclude, that whatever pierces no deeper than the
" ears, can never be the true ſublime. That, on the con-
" trary, is grand and lofty, which the more we conſider,
" the greater ideas we conceive of it; whoſe force we
" cannot poſſibly withſtand; which immediately ſinks
" deep, and makes ſuch impreſſion on the mind, as can-
" not eaſily be worn out or effaced. In a word, you
" may pronounce that ſublime, beautiful, and genuine,
" which always pleaſes, and takes equally with all ſorts
" of men. For when perſons of different humours, ages,
" profeſſions, and inclinations, agree in the ſame joint ap-
" probation of any performance, then this union of aſ-
" ſent, this combination of ſo many different judgments,
" ſtamps an high and indiſputable value on that perform-
" ance, which meets with ſuch general applauſe." This
" fine obſervation of Longinus is moſt remarkably verified
" in SHAKESPEARE: for all humours, ages, and inclina-
" tions,

" ations, jointly proclaim their approbation and eſteem of
" him; and will, I hope, be found true in moſt of the paſ-
" ſages which are here collected from him; I ſay, moſt;
" becauſe there are ſome, which I am convinced will not
" ſtand this teſt. The old, the grave, and the ſevere
" will diſapprove, perhaps, the more ſoft, (and as they
" may call them,) trifling love-tales, ſo elegantly breath-
" ed forth, and ſo emphatically extolled by the young
" the gay, and the paſſionate; while theſe will eſteem a-
" dull and languid, the ſober *ſaws* of morality, and the
" home-felt obſervations of experience. However, as it
" was my buſineſs to collect for readers of all taſtes and
" all complexions, let me deſire none to diſapprove what
" hits not with their own humour; but to turn over the
" page, and they will ſurely find ſomething acceptable
" and engaging."

But a further account of our author is to be met with in Mr. Pope's excellent preface, and likewiſe in Mr. Rowe's account of his life and writings, and in Ben Johnſon's poem; all which are given entire, together with Mr. Warburton's general criticiſm on his plays; by which the reader will ſee his opinion of the rank and precedence of each, as reduced to certain claſſes.

Mr.

MR. POPE'S PREFACE.

IT is not my deſign to enter into a criticiſm upon this author; though to do it effectually, and not ſuperficially, would be the beſt occaſion that any juſt writer could take, to form the judgment and taſte of our nation. For of all Engliſh poets Shakeſpeare muſt be confeſſed to be the faireſt and fulleſt ſubject for criticiſm, and to afford the moſt numerous, as well as moſt conſpicuous inſtances, both of beauties and faults of all ſorts. But this far exceeds the bounds of a preface; the buſineſs of which is only to give an account of the fate of his works, and the diſadvantages under which they have been tranſmitted to us. We ſhall hereby extenuate many faults which are his, and clear him from the imputation of many which are not: A deſign which, though it can be no guide to future critics to do him juſtice in one way, will at leaſt be ſufficient to prevent their doing him an injuſtice in the other.

I cannot however but mention ſome of his principal and characteriſtic excellencies, for which (notwithſtanding his defects) he is juſtly and univerſally elevated above all other dramatic writers. Not that this is the proper place of praiſing him, but becauſe I would not omit any occaſion of doing it.

If ever any author deſerved the name of an *original*, it was Shakeſpeare. Homer himſelf drew not his art ſo immediately from the fountains of nature; it proceeded through Ægyptian ſtrainers and channels, and came to him not without ſome tincture of the learning, or ſome caſt of the models, of thoſe before him. The poetry of Shakeſpeare was inſpiration indeed: he is not ſo much an imitator, as an inſtrument, of Nature; and it is not ſo juſt to ſay, that he ſpeaks from her, as that ſhe ſpeaks through him.

His *characters* are ſo much Nature herſelf, that it is a ſort of injury to call them by ſo diſtant a name as *copies* of her. Thoſe of other poets have a conſtant reſemblance, which ſhews that they received them from one

another, and were but multipliers of the ſame ima each picture, like a mock-rainbow, is but the reflect of a reflection. But every ſingle character in Shakeſpe is as much an individual as thoſe in life itſelf; it is impoſſible to find any two alike; and ſuch as from th relation or affinity in any reſpect appear moſt to twins, will upon compariſon be found remarkably tinct. To this life and variety of character, we m add the wonderful preſervation of it; which is ſ throughout his plays, that had all the ſpeeches b printed without the very names of the perſons, I beli one might have applied them with certainty to ev ſpeaker.

The *power* over our *paſſions* was never poſſeſſed in more eminent degree, or diſplayed in ſo different ſtances. Yet all along there is ſeen no labour, no pa to raiſe them; no preparation to guide our gueſs to effect, or be perceived to lead toward it: but the he ſwells, and the tears burſt out, juſt at the proper plac We are ſurpriſed the moment we weep; and yet u reflection find the paſſion ſo juſt, that we ſhould be ſ priſed if we had not wept, and wept at that very ment.

How aſtoniſhing is it again, that the paſſions direc oppoſite to theſe, laughter and ſpleen, are no leſs at command! that he is not more a maſter of the *great* t of the *ridiculous* in human nature; of our nobleſt tend neſſes, than of our vaineſt foibles; of our ſtrongeſt er tions, than of our idleſt ſenſations!

Nor does he only excel in the paſſions: in the coolr of reflection and reaſoning he is full as admirable. *ſentiments* are not only in general the moſt pertinent judicious upon every ſubject; but by a talent very pe liar, ſomething between penetration and felicity, he upon that particular point on which the bent of e argument turns, or the force of each motive depen This is perfectly amazing, from a man of no educat or experience in thoſe great and public ſcenes of which are uſually the ſubject of his thoughts: ſo that ſeems to have known the world by intuition, to h looked through human nature at one glance, and to the only author that gives ground for a very new opini

T

That the philoſopher, and even the man of the world, may be *born*, as well as the poet.

It muſt be owned, that with all theſe great excellencies, he has almoſt as great defects; and that as he has certainly written better, ſo he has perhaps written worſe than any other. But I think I can in ſome meaſure account for theſe defects, from ſeveral cauſes and accidents; without which it is hard to imagine, that ſo large and ſo enlightened a mind could ever have been ſuſceptible of them. That all theſe contingencies ſhould unite to his diſadvantage, ſeems to me almoſt as ſingularly unlucky, as that ſo many various (nay contrary) talents ſhould meet in one man, was happy and extraordinary.

It muſt be allowed, that ſtage-poetry, of all other, is more particularly levelled to pleaſe the *populace*, and its ſucceſs more immediately depending upon the *common ſuffrage*. One cannot therefore wonder, if Shakeſpeare, having at his firſt appearance no other aim in his writings than to procure a ſubſiſtence, directed his endeavours ſolely to hit the taſte and humour that then prevailed. The audience was generally compoſed of the meaner ſort of people; and therefore the images of life were to be drawn from thoſe of their own rank. Accordingly we find, that not our author's only, but almoſt all the old comedies, have their ſcene among *tradeſmen* and *mechanics*: and even their hiſtorical plays ſtrictly follow the common *old ſtories* or *vulgar traditions* of that kind of people. In tragedy, nothing was ſo ſure to *ſurpriſe*, and cauſe *admiration*, as the moſt ſtrange, unexpected, and conſequently moſt unnatural events and incidents; the moſt exaggerated thoughts; the moſt verboſe and bombaſt expreſſion; the moſt pompous rhimes, and thundering verſification. In comedy, nothing was ſo ſure to *pleaſe*, as mean buffoonery, vile ribaldry, and unmannerly jeſts of fools and clowns. Yet even in theſe our author's wit buoys up, and is borne above his ſubject: his genius in thoſe low parts, is like ſome prince of a romance in the diſguiſe of a ſhepherd or peaſant; a certain greatneſs and ſpirit now and then break out, which manifeſt his higher extraction and qualities.

It may be added, that not only the common audience

had no notion of the rules of writing, but few even of the better ſort piqued themſelves upon any great degree of knowledge or nicety that way; till Ben Johnſon getting poſſeſſion of the ſtage, brought critical learning into vogue: and that this was not done without difficulty, may appear from thoſe frequent leſſons (and indeed almoſt declamations) which he was forced to prefix to his firſt plays, and put into the mouth of his actors, the *Grex*, *Chorus*, &c. to remove the prejudices and inform the judgment of his hearers. Till then our authors had no thoughts of writing on the model of the ancients: their tragedies were only hiſtories in dialogue; and their comedies followed the thread of any novel as they found it, no leſs implicitly than if it had been true hiſtory.

To judge therefore of Shakeſpeare by Ariſtotle's rules, is like trying a man by the laws of one country, who acted under thoſe of another. He writ to the *people*; and writ at firſt without patronage from the better ſort, and therefore without aims of pleaſing them; without aſſiſtance or advice from the learned, as without the advantage of education or acquaintance among them; without that knowledge of the beſt models, the ancients, to inſpire him with an emulation of them; in a word, without any views of reputation, and of what poets are pleaſed to call *immortality*: ſome or all of which have encouraged the vanity, or animated the ambition of other writers.

Yet it muſt be obſerved, that when his performances had merited the protection of his prince, and when the encouragement of the court had ſucceeded to that of the town; the works of his riper years are manifeſtly raiſed above thoſe of his former. The dates of his plays ſufficiently evidence, that his productions improved, in proportion to the reſpect he had for his auditors. And I make no doubt this obſervation would be found true in every inſtance, were but editions extant from which we might learn the exact time when every piece was compoſed, and whether writ for the town or the court.

Another cauſe (and no leſs ſtrong than the former) may be deduced from our author's being a *player*, and forming himſelf firſt upon the judgments of that body

of

of men whereof he was a member. They have ever had a ſtandard to themſelves upon other principles than thoſe of Ariſtotle. As they live by the majority, they know no rule but that of pleaſing the preſent humour, and complying with the wit in faſhion; a conſideration which brings all their judgment to a ſhort point. Players are juſt ſuch judges of what is *right*, as tailors are of what is *graceful*. And in this view it will be but fair to allow, that moſt of our author's faults are leſs to be aſcribed to his wrong judgment as a poet, than to his right judgment as a player.

By theſe men it was thought a praiſe to Shakeſpeare, that he ſcarce ever *blotted a line*. This they induſtriouſly propagated; as appears from what we are told by Ben Johnſon in his *Diſcoveries*, and from the preface of Heminges and Condell to the firſt folio edition. But in reality (however it has prevailed) there never was a more groundleſs report, or to the contrary of which there are more undeniable evidences: As the comedy of *The Merry wives of Windſor*, which he entirely new-writ; *The Hiſtory of Henry* VI. which was firſt publiſhed under the title of *The contention of York and Lancaſter*; and that of Henry V. extremely improved; that of Hamlet, enlarged to almoſt as much again as at firſt, and many others. I believe the common opinion of his want of learning proceeded from no better ground. This too might be thought a praiſe by ſome, and to this his errors have as injudiciouſly been aſcribed by others. For it is certain, were it true, it could concern but a ſmall part of them: the moſt are ſuch as are not properly defects, but ſuperfœtations; and ariſe not from want of learning or reading, but from want of thinking or judging; or rather (to be more juſt to our author) from a compliance to thoſe wants in others. As to a wrong choice of the ſubject, a wrong conduct of the incidents, falſe thoughts, forced expreſſions, &c. if theſe are not to be aſcribed to the foreſaid accidental reaſons, they muſt be charged upon the poet himſelf, and there is no help for it. But I think the two diſadvantages which I have mentioned, (to be obliged to pleaſe the loweſt of people, and to keep the worſt of company,) if the conſideration be extended as far as it reaſonably may, will

appear ſufficient to miſlead and depreſs the greateſt genius upon earth. Nay, the more modeſty with which ſuch a one is endued, the more he is in danger of ſubmitting and conforming to others, againſt his own better judgment.

But as to his *want of learning*, it may be neceſſary to ſay ſomething more. There is certainly a vaſt difference between *learning and languages*. How far he was ignorant of the latter, I cannot determine; but it is plain he had much reading at leaſt, if they will not call it learning. Nor is it any great matter, if a man has knowledge, whether he has it from one language or from another. Nothing is more evident, than that he had a taſte of natural philoſophy, mechanics, ancient and modern hiſtory, poetical learning and mythology. We find him very knowing in the cuſtoms, rites, and manners of antiquity. In Coriolanus and Julius Cæſar, not only the ſpirit, but manners of the Romans are exactly drawn; and ſtill a nicer diſtinction is ſhown, between the manners of the Romans in the time of the former and of the latter. His reading in the ancient hiſtorians is no leſs conſpicuous, in many references to particular paſſages: and the ſpeeches copied from Plutarch in Coriolanus, may, I think, as well be made an inſtance of his learning, as thoſe copied from Cicero in Catiline of Ben Johnſon's. The manners of other nations in general, the Ægyptians, Venetians, French, &c. are drawn with equal propriety. Whatever object of nature, or branch of ſcience, he either ſpeaks of or deſcribes, it is always with competent, if not extenſive knowledge: his deſcriptions are ſtill exact; all his metaphors appropriated, and remarkably drawn from the true nature and inherent qualities of each ſubject. When he treats of ethic or politic, we may conſtantly obſerve a wonderful juſtneſs of diſtinction, as well as extent of comprehenſion. No one is more a maſter of the poetical ſtory, or has more frequent alluſions to the various parts of it. Mr. Wallet (who has been celebrated for this laſt particular) has not ſhewn more learning this way than Shakeſpeare. We have tranſlations from Ovid publiſhed in his name, among thoſe poems which paſs for his; and for ſome of which we have undoubted authority,

being

being publiſhed by himſelf, and dedicated to his Noble patron the Earl of Southampton. He appears alſo to have been converſant in Plautus, from whom he has taken the plot of one of his plays; he follows the Greek authors, and particularly Dares Phrygius, in another: although I will not pretend to ſay in what language he read them. The modern Italian writers of novels he was manifeſtly acquainted with; and we may conclude him to be no leſs converſant with the ancients of his own country, from the uſe he has made of Cnaucer in *Troilus and Creſſida*, and in the *Two Noble Kinſmen*, if that play be his, as there goes a tradition it was; and indeed it has little reſemblance of Fletcher, and more of our author than ſome of thoſe which have been received as genuine.

I am inclined to think, this opinion proceeded originally from the zeal of the partiſans of our author and Ben Johnſon; as they endeavoured to exalt the one at the expence of the other. It is ever the nature of parties to be in extremes; and nothing is ſo probable, as that becauſe Ben Johnſon had much the more learning, it was ſaid on the one hand that Shakeſpeare had none at all; and becauſe Shakeſpeare had much the moſt wit and fancy, it was retorted on the other, that Johnſon wanted both. Becauſe Shakeſpeare borrowed nothing, it was ſaid that Ben Johnſon borrowed every thing. Becauſe Johnſon did not write *extempore*, he was reproached with being a year about every piece; and becauſe Shakeſpeare wrote with eaſe and rapidity, they cried, He never once made a blot. Nay, the ſpirit of oppoſition ran ſo high, that whatever thoſe of the one ſide objected to the other, was taken at the rebound, and turned into praiſes; as injudiciouſly as their antagoniſts before had made them objections.

Poets are always afraid of envy; but ſure they have as much reaſon to be afraid of admiration. They are the Scylla and Charybdis of authors; thoſe who eſcape one, often fall by the other. *Peſſimum genus inimicorum laudantes*, ſays Tacitus: and Virgil deſires to wear a charm againſt thoſe who praiſe a poet without rule or reaſon;

——Si

———Si ultra placitum laudârit, baccare frontem
Cingito, ne vati noceat———

But however this contention might be carried on by their partisans on either side, I cannot help thinking these two great poets were good friends, and lived on amicable terms and in offices of society with each other. It is an acknowledged fact, that Ben Johnson was introduced upon the stage, and his first works encouraged, by Shakespeare. And after his death, that author writes *To the memory of his beloved Mr. William Shakespeare;* which shews as if the friendship had continued through life. I cannot for my own part find any thing *invidious* or *sparing* in those verses, but wonder Mr. Dryden was of that opinion. He exalts him not only above all his contemporaries, but above Chaucer and Spencer, whom he will not allow to be great enough to be ranked with him; and challenges the names of Sophocles, Euripides, and Æschilus, nay all Greece and Rome at once, to equal him; and (which is very particular) expresly vindicates him from the imputation of wanting *Art*, not enduring that all his excellencies should be attributed to *Nature*. It is remarkable too, that the praise he gives him in his *Discoveries*, seems to proceed from a *personal kindness:* he tells us, that he loved the man, as well as honoured his memory; celebrates the honesty, openness, and frankness of his temper; and only distinguishes, as he reasonably ought, between the real merit of the author, and the silly and derogatory applauses of the players. Ben Johnson might indeed be sparing in his commendations, (though certainly he is not so in this instance,) partly from his own nature, and partly from judgment. For men of judgment think they do any man more service in praising him justly, than lavishly. I say, I would fain believe they were friends, though the violence and ill-breeding of their followers and flatterers were enough to give rise to the contrary report. I would hope that it may be with *parties*, both in wit and state, as with those monsters described by the poets; and that their *heads* at least may have something human, though their *bodies* and *tails* are wild beasts and serpents.

As I believe that what I have mentioned gave rise to the

the opinion of Shakeſpeare's want of learning; ſo what has continued it down to us, may have been the many blunders and illiteracies of the firſt publiſhers of his works. In theſe editions their ignorance ſhines in almoſt every page. Nothing is more common than, *Actus tertia. Exit omnes. Enter three witches ſolus.* Their French is as bad as their Latin, both in conſtruction and ſpelling: their very Welch is falſe. Nothing is more likely than that thoſe palpable blunders of Hector's quoting Ariſtotle, with others of that groſs kind, ſprung from the ſame root; it not being at all credible, that theſe could be the errors of any man who had the leaſt tincture of a ſchool, or the leaſt converſation with ſuch as had. Ben Johnſon (whom they will not think partial to him) allows him at leaſt to have had *ſome* Latin; which is utterly inconſiſtent with miſtakes like theſe. Nay, the conſtant blunders in proper names of perſons and places, are ſuch as muſt have proceeded from a man who had not ſo much as read any hiſtory in any language: ſo could not be Shakeſpeare's.

I ſhall now lay before the reader ſome of thoſe almoſt innumerable errors, which have riſen from one ſource, the ignorance of the players, both as actors, and as his editors. When the nature and kinds of theſe are enumerated and conſidered, I dare to ſay, that not Shakeſpeare only, but Ariſtotle or Cicero, had their works undergone the ſame fate, might have appeared to want ſenſe, as well as learning.

It is not certain that any one of his plays was publiſhed by himſelf. During the time of his employment in the theatre, ſeveral of his pieces were printed ſeparately in quarto. What makes me think that moſt of theſe were not publiſhed by him, is the exceſſive careleſſneſs of the preſs: every page is ſo ſcandalouſly falſe ſpelled, and almoſt all the learned or unuſual words ſo intolerably mangled, that it is plain there either was no corrector to the preſs at all, or one totally illiterate. If any were ſupervifed by himſelf, I ſhould fancy the two parts of *Henry* IV. and *Midſummer-Night's Dream*, might have been ſo: becauſe I find no other printed with any exactneſs; and (contrary to the reſt) there is very little variation in all the ſubſequent editions of them. There are extant two prefaces, to the firſt quarto edition of Troilus

and

and Creſſida in 1609, and to that of *Othello;* by wh it appears, that the firſt was publiſhed without his kn ledge or conſent, and even before it was acted, ſo lat ſeven or eight years before he died; and that the la was not printed till after his death. The whole num of genuine plays which we have been able to find prin in his lifetime, amounts but to eleven. And of ſom theſe, we meet with two or more editions by diffe printers, each of which has whole heaps of traſh diffe from the other: which I ſhould fancy was occaſioned their being taken from different copies, belonging to ferent playhouſes.

The folio edition (in which all the plays we now ceive as his, were firſt collected) was publiſhed by players, Heminges and Condell, in 1623, ſeven years ter his deceaſe. They declare, that all the other editi were ſtolen and ſurreptitious, and affirm theirs to be pur from the errors of the former. This is true as to th teral errors, and no other; for in all reſpects elſe it is worſe than the quarto's.

Firſt, becauſe the additions of trifling and bombaſt ſages are in this edition far more numerous. For w ever had been added, ſince thoſe quarto's, by the act or had ſtolen from their mouths into the written pa were from thence conveyed into the printed text, and ſtand charged upon the author. He himſelf complai of this uſage in *Hamlet*, where he wiſhes, that *thoſe play the clowns, would ſpeak no more than is ſet down them. (Act* 3. *Sc.* 4.) But as a proof that he could eſcape it, in the old editions of *Romeo and Juliet*, the no hint of a great number of the mean conceits and baldries now to be found there. In others, the ſcenes of mobs, plebeians, and clowns, are vaſtly ſho than at preſent: and I have ſeen one in partic (which ſeems to have belonged to the playhouſe, by ing the parts divided with lines, and the actors name the margin,) where ſeveral of thoſe very paſſages added in a written hand, which are ſince to be foun the folio.

In the next place, a number of beautiful paſſages wh are extant in the firſt ſingle editions, are omitted in t as it ſeems, without any other reaſon, than their will

neſs to ſhorten ſome ſcenes: theſe men (as it was ſaid of Procruſtes) either lopping, or ſtretching an author, to make him juſt fit for their ſtage.

This edition is ſaid to be printed from the *original copies;* I believe they meant thoſe which had lain ever ſince the author's days in the playhouſe, and had from time to time been cut, or added to, arbitrarily. It appears, that this edition, as well as the quarto's, was printed (at leaſt partly) from no better copies than the *prompter's book*, or *piece-meal parts* written out for the uſe of the actors: for in ſome places their very names * are thro' careleſſneſs ſet down inſtead of the *perſonæ dramatis;* and in others the notes of direction to the *property-men* for their *moveables*, and to the *players* for their *entries*, are inſerted into the text, thro' the ignorance of the tranſcribers.

The plays not having been before ſo much as diſtinguiſhed by *acts* and *ſcenes*, they are in this edition divided according as they played them; often where there is no pauſe in the action, or where they thought fit to make a breach in it, for the ſake of muſic, maſks, or monſters.

Sometimes the ſcenes are tranſpoſed, and ſhuffled backward and forward; a thing which could no otherwiſe happen but by their being taken from ſeparate and piecemeal-written parts.

Many verſes are omitted entirely, and others tranſpoſed; from whence invincible obſcurities have ariſen, paſt the gueſs of any commentator to clear up, but juſt where the accidental glimpſe of an old edition enlightens us.

Some characters were confounded and mixed, or two put into one, for want of a competent number of actors. Thus, in the quarto edition of *Midſummer-Night's Dream*, Act 5. Shakeſpeare introduces a kind of maſter of the revels, called *Philoſtrate;* all whoſe part is given to another character (that of Egeus) in the ſubſequent editions. So alſo

* Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2. *Enter Prince Leonato, Claudio, and* Jack Wilſon, inſtead of *Balthaſar*. And in Act 4. *Cowley* and *Kemp* conſtantly through a whole ſcene.

Edit. fol. of 1623 *and* 1632.

alſo in *Hamlet* and *King Lear*. This too makes it probable, that the prompter's books were what they called the original copies.

From liberties of this kind, many ſpeeches alſo were put into the mouths of wrong perſons, where the author now ſeems chargeable with making them ſpeak out of character; or ſometimes perhaps for no better reaſon, than that a governing player, to have the mouthing of ſome favourite ſpeech himſelf, would ſnatch it from the unworthy lips of an underling.

Proſe from verſe they did not know, and they accordingly printed one for the other throughout the volume.

Having been forced to ſay ſo much of the players, I think I ought in juſtice to remark, that the judgment, as well as condition of that claſs of people, was then far inferior to what it is in our days. As then the beſt playhouſes were inns and taverns, (the *Globe*, the *Hope*, the *Red Bull*, the *Fortune*, &c.) ſo the top of the profeſſion were then mere players, not gentlemen of the ſtage. They were led into the buttery by the ſteward, not placed at the Lord's table, or Lady's toilette; and conſequently were entirely deprived of thoſe advantages they now enjoy, in the familiar converſation of our nobility, and an intimacy (not to ſay dearneſs) with people of the firſt condition.

From what has been ſaid, there can be no queſtion, but had Shakeſpeare publiſhed his works himſelf, (eſpecially in his latter time, and after his retreat from the ſtage,) we ſhould not only be certain which are genuine; but ſhould find in thoſe that are, the errors leſſened by ſome thouſands. If I may judge from all the diſtinguiſhing marks of his ſtyle, and his manner of thinking and writing, I make no doubt to declare, that thoſe wretched plays, *Pericles*, *Locrine*, *Sir John Oldcaſtle*, *Yorkſhire Tragedy*, *Lord Cromwel*, *The Puritan*, and *London Prodigal*, cannot be admitted as his. And I ſhould conjecture of ſome of the others, (particularly *Love's Labour's Loſt*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *Titus Andronicus*,) that only ſome characters, ſingle ſcenes, or perhaps a *few particular* paſſages, were of his hand. It is very *probable*, what occaſioned ſome plays to be ſuppoſed

Shakeſpear

Shakeſpeare's, was only this, that they were pieces produced by unknown authors, or fitted up for the theatre while it was under his adminiſtration; and no owner claiming them, they were adjudged to him, as they give ſtrays to the lord of the manor: a miſtake which (one may alſo obſerve) it was not for the intereſt of the houſe to remove. Yet the players themſelves, Heminges and Condell, afterwards did Shakeſpeare the juſtice to reject thoſe eight plays in their edition; though they were then printed in his name, in every body's hands, and acted with ſome applauſe; as we learn from what Ben Johnſon ſays of *Pericles* in his ode on the *New Inn*. That *Titus Andronicus* is one of this claſs, I am the rather induced to believe, by finding the ſame author openly expreſs his contempt of it in the *Induction* to *Bartholomew fair*, in the year 1614, when Shakeſpeare was yet living. And there is no better authority for theſe latter ſort, than for the former, which were equally publiſhed in his lifetime.

If we give into this opinion, how many low and vicious parts and paſſages might no longer reflect upon this great genius, but appear unworthily charged upon him? And even in thoſe which are really his, how many faults may have been unjuſtly laid to his account from arbitrary additions, expunctions, tranſpoſitions of ſcenes and lines, confuſion of characters and perſons, wrong applications of ſpeeches, corruptions of innumerable paſſages by the ignorance, and wrong corrections of them again by the impertinence of his firſt editors? From one or other of theſe conſiderations, I am verily perſuaded, that the greateſt and the groſſeſt part of what are thought his errors would vaniſh, and leave his character in a light very different from that diſadvantageous one in which it now appears to us.

I will conclude by ſaying of Shakeſpeare, that with all his faults, and with all the irregularity of his *drama*, one may look upon his works, in compariſon of thoſe that are more finiſhed and regular, as upon an ancient mathic piece of Gothic architecture, compared with a neat modern building. The latter is more elegant and ſhining, but *the former is more ſtrong and more ſolemn. It muſt be allowed, that in one of theſe there are mate-*

rials enough to make many of the other. It has m
the greater variety, and much the nobler apartme
though we are often conducted to them by dark,
and uncouth paſſages. Nor does the whole fail to ſt
us with greater reverence, though many of the parts
childiſh, ill-placed, and unequal to its grandeur.

N. B. *One paragraph of this preface is omitted, as
ting to matters peculiar to Mr. Pope's edition.*

Some Account of the Life and Writings of Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Written by N. ROWE, Esq.

IT ſeems to be a kind of reſpect due to the memory of excellent men, eſpecially of thoſe whom their wit and learning have made famous, to deliver ſome account of themſelves, as well as their works, to poſterity. For this reaſon, how fond do we ſee ſome people of diſcovering any little perſonal ſtory of the great men of antiquity! Their families, the common accidents of their lives, and even their ſhape, make, and features, have been the ſubject of critical enquiries. How trifling ſoever this curioſity may ſeem to be, it is certainly very natural; and we are hardly ſatisfied with an account of any remarkable perſon, till we have heard him deſcribed even to the very clothes he wears. As for what relates to men of letters, the knowledge of an author may ſometimes conduce to the better underſtanding his book: and though the works of Mr. Shakeſpeare may ſeem to many not to want a comment; yet I fancy ſome little account of the man himſelf may not be thought improper to go along with them.

He was the ſon of Mr. John Shakeſpeare, and was born at Stratford upon Avon, in Warwickſhire, in April, 1564. His family, as appears by the regiſter and public writings relating to that town, were of good figure and faſhion there, and are mentioned as gentlemen. His father, who was a conſiderable dealer in wool, had ſo large a family, ten children in all, that, though he was his eldeſt ſon, he could give him no better education than his own employment. He had bred him, it is true, for ſome time at a free ſchool; where it is probable he acquired what Latin he was maſter of: but the narrowneſs of his circumſtances, and the want of his aſſiſtance at home, forced his father to withdraw him from thence, and unhappily prevented his further proficiency in that language. It is without controverſy, that in his works we ſcarce find any traces of any thing that looks like an imitation of the ancients. The delicacy of his taſte, and

the natural bent of his own great *genius*, (equal, if not perior, to ſome of the beſt of theirs,) would certai have led him to read and ſtudy them with ſo much pl ſure, that ſome of their fine images would naturally h inſinuated themſelves into, and been mixed with his o writings; ſo that his not copying at leaſt ſomething fr them, may be an argument of his never having read the Whether his ignorance of the ancients were a diſadv tage to him or no, may admit of a diſpute: for thou the knowledge of them might have made him more c rect, yet it is not improbable, but that the regularity a deference for them, which would have attended that c rectneſs, might have reſtrained ſome of that fire, impet oſity, and even beautiful extravagance, which we admi in Shakeſpeare: and I believe we are better pleaſed wi thoſe thoughts, altogether new and uncommon, which h own imagination ſupplied him ſo abundantly with, than he had given us the moſt beautiful paſſages out of t Greek and Latin poets, and that in the moſt agreeab manner that it was poſſible for a maſter of the Engli language to deliver them.

Upon his leaving ſchool, he ſeems to have given e tirely into that way of living which his father propoſe to him; and, in order to ſettle in the world after a family manner, he thought fit to marry while he was yet very young. His wife was the daughter of one Hathaway ſaid to have been a ſubſtantial yeoman in the neighbour hood of Stratford. In this kind of ſettlement he conti nued for ſome time, till an extravagance that he was guil ty of, forced him both out of his country, and that wa of living which he had taken up: and though it ſeeme at firſt to be a blemiſh upon his good manners, and misfortune to him; yet it afterwards happily proved th occaſion of exerting one of the greateſt *genuiſes* that eve was known in dramatic poetry. He had, by a misfor tune common enough to young fellows, fallen into il company; and, amongſt them, ſome that made a fre quent practice of deer-ſtealing, engaged him with them more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy of Cherlecot, near Stratford. For thi *he was* proſecuted by that gentleman, as he thought *ſomewhat too* ſeverely; and, in order to revenge that uſa

uſage, he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the firſt eſſay of his poetry, be loſt, yet it is ſaid to have been ſo very bitter, that it redoubled the proſecution againſt him to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his buſineſs and family in Warwickſhire for ſome time, and ſhelter himſelf in London.

It is at this time, and upon this accident, that he is ſaid to have made his firſt acquaintance in the playhouſe. He was received into the company then in being, at firſt in a very mean rank; but his admirable wit, and the natural turn of it to the ſtage, ſoon diſtinguiſhed him, if not as an extraordinary actor, yet as an excellent writer. His name is printed, as the cuſtom was in thoſe times, amongſt thoſe of the other players, before ſome old plays, but without any particular account of what ſort of parts he uſed to play: and though I have enquired, I could never meet with any further account of him this way, than that the top of his performances was the ghoſt in his own Hamlet. I ſhould have been much more pleaſed, to have learned from ſome certain authority, which was the firſt play he wrote*. It would be without doubt a pleaſure to any man, curious in things of this kind, to ſee and know what was the firſt eſſay of a fancy like Shakeſpeare's. Perhaps we are not to look for his beginnings, like thoſe of other authors, in their leaſt perfect writings; Art had ſo little, and Nature ſo large a ſhare in what he did, that, for ought I know, the performances of his youth, as they were the moſt vigorous, and had the moſt fire and ſtrength of imagination in 'em, were the beſt. I would not be thought by this to mean, that his fancy was ſo looſe and extravagant, as to be independent on the rule and government of judgment; but that what he thought was commonly great, ſo juſtly and rightly conceived in itſelf, that it required little or no correction, and was immediately approved by an impartial judgment at the firſt ſight. But though the order of time in which the ſeveral pieces were written be generally uncertain, yet there are paſſages in

* *The higheſt date of any I can yet find, is Romeo and Juliet in 1596, when the author was thirty-three years old; and Richard II. in the next year, viz. the thirty-fourth of his age.*

ſome few of them which ſeem to fix their dates. So the *chorus* at the end of the fourth Act of *Henry* V. by a compliment very handſomely turned to the Earl of Eſſex, ſhews the play to have been written when that Lord was General for the Queen in Ireland: and his elogy upon Queen Eliſabeth, and her ſucceſſor King James, in the latter end of his *Henry* VIII. is a proof of that play's being written after the aceeſſion of the latter of thoſe two princes to the crown of England. Whatever the particular times of his writing were, the people of his age, who began to grow wonderfully fond of diverſions of this kind, could not but be highly pleaſed to ſee a *genius* ariſe among them of ſo pleaſurable, ſo rich a vein, and ſo plentifully capable of furniſhing their favourite entertainments. Beſides the advantages of his wit, he was in himſelf a good-natur'd man, of great ſweetneſs in his manners, and a moſt agreeable companion; ſo that it is no wonder if, with ſo many good qualities, he made himſelf acquainted with the beſt converſations of thoſe times. Queen Eliſabeth had ſeveral of his plays acted before her, and without doubt gave him many gracious marks of her favour. It is that maiden-princeſs plainly whom he intends by

——*A fair veſtal, throned by the weſt.* vol. i. p. 75.

And that whole paſſage is a compliment very properly brought in, and very handſomely applied to her. She was ſo well pleaſed with that admirable character of Falſtaff, in the two parts of *Henry* IV. that ſhe commanded him to continue it for one play more, and to ſhew him in love. This is ſaid to be the occaſion of his writing *The Merry Wives of Windſor*. How well ſhe was obeyed, the play itſelf is an admirable proof. Upon this occaſion it may not be improper to obſerve, that this part of Falſtaff is ſaid to have been written originally under the name of *Oldcaſtle**; ſome of that family being then remaining, the Queen was pleaſed to command him to alter it; upon which he made uſe of Falſtaff. The preſent offence was indeed avoided; but I don't know whether the author may not have been ſomewhat to blame in his ſecond choice; ſince it is certain, that Sir John Falſtaff, who was

* See the epilogue to *Henry* IV. part 2. vol. iv. p. 243.

was a Knight of the Garter, and a Lieutenant-General, was a name of diſtinguiſhed merit in the wars in France in Henry V. and Henry VI.'s times. What grace ſoever the Queen conferred upon him, it was not to her only he owed the fortune which the reputation of his wit made. He had the honour to meet with many great and uncommon marks of favour and friendſhip from the Earl of Southampton, famous in the hiſtories of that time for his friendſhip to the unfortunate Earl of Eſſex. It was to that Noble Lord that he dedicated his poem of *Venus and Adonis*. There is one inſtance ſo ſingular in the magnificence of this patron of Shakeſpeare's, that if I had not been aſſured that the ſtory was handed down by Sir William d'Avenant, who was probably very well acquainted with his affairs, I ſhould not have ventured to have inſerted, That my Lord Southampton at one time gave him a thouſand pounds, to enable him to go through with a purchaſe which he heard he had a mind to. A bounty very great, and very rare at any time, and almoſt equal to that profuſe generoſity the preſent age has ſhewn to French dancers and Italian ſingers.

What particular habitude or friendſhips he contracted with private men, I have not been able to learn, more than that every one who had a true taſte of merit, and could diſtinguiſh men, had generally a juſt value and eſteem for him. His exceeding candour and good-nature, muſt certainly have inclined all the gentler part of the world to love him, as the power of his wit obliged the men of the moſt delicate knowledge and polite learning to admire him.

His acquaintance with Ben Johnſon began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good-nature. Mr. Johnſon, who was at that time altogether unknown to the world, had offered one of his plays to the players, in order to have it acted; and the perſons into whoſe hands it was put, after having turned it careleſsly and ſuperciliouſly over, were juſt upon returning it to him, with an ill-natured anſwer, That it would be of no ſervice to their company; when Shakeſpeare luckily caſt his eye upon it, and found ſomething ſo well in it as to engage him firſt to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. Johnſon and his writings to the public.

Johnſon

Johnſon was certainly a very good ſcholar, and in that had the advantage of Shakeſpeare; though at the ſame time I believe it muſt be allowed; that what Nature gave the latter, was more than a balance for what books had given the former; and the judgment of a great man upon this occaſion was, I think, very juſt and proper. In a converſation between Sir John Sucking, Sir William d' Avenant, Endymion Porter, Mr. Hales of Eaton, and Ben Johnſon, Sir John Suckling, who was a profeſſed admirer of Shakeſpeare, had undertaken his defence againſt Ben Johnſon with ſome warmth; Mr. Hales, who had ſat ſtill for ſome time, told them, *That if Mr. Shakeſpeare had not read the ancients, he had likewiſe not ſtolen any thing from them; and that if he would produce any one topic finely treated by any of them, he would undertake to ſhew ſomething upon the ſame ſubject, at leaſt as well written by Shakeſpeare.*

The latter part of his life was ſpent, as all men of good ſenſe will wiſh theirs may be, in eaſe, retirement, and the converſation of his friends. He had the good fortune to gather an eſtate equal to his occaſion, and, in that, to his wiſh; and is ſaid to have ſpent ſome years before his death at his native Stratford. His pleaſurable wit and good-nature engaged him in the acquaintance, and intitled him to the friendſhip of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. Amongſt them, it is a ſtory almoſt ſtill remembered in that country, that he had a particular intimacy with Mr. Combe, an old gentleman noted thereabouts for his wealth and uſury. It happened, that in a pleaſant converſation amongſt their common friends, Mr Combe told Shakeſpeare in a laughing manner, that he fancied he intended to write his epitaph, if he happened to outlive him; and ſince he could not know what might be ſaid of him when he was dead, he deſired it might be done immediately. Upon which Shakeſpeare gave him theſe four verſes.

Ten in the hundred lies here ingrav'd.
'Tis a hundred to ten his ſoul is not ſav'd.
If any man aſk, Who lies in this tomb?
Oh! ho! quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe.

But

But the ſharpneſs of the ſatyr is ſaid to have ſtung the man ſo ſeverely, that he never forgave it.

He died in the fifty-third year of his age, and was buried on the north ſide of the chancel, in the great church at Stratford; where a monument is placed in the wall. On his grave-ſtone underneath is,

Good friend, for Jeſus' ſake forbear
To dig the duſt incloſed here.
Bleſs'd be the man that ſpares theſe ſtones,
And curs'd be he that moves my bones.

He had three daughters, of which two lived to be married; Judith, the elder, to one Mr. Thomas Quiney, by whom ſhe had three ſons, who all died without children; and Suſannah, who was his favourite, to Dr. John Hall, a phyſician of good reputation in that county. She left one child only, a daughter, who was married firſt to Thomas Naſh, Eſq; and afterwards, to Sir John Bernard of Abbington, but died likewiſe without iſſue.

This is what I could learn of any note, either relating to himſelf or family. The character of the man is beſt given in his writings. But ſince Ben Johnſon has made a ſort of an eſſay towards it in his *Diſcoveries*, I will give it in his words.

"I remember the players have often mentioned it as "an honour to Shakeſpeare, that in writing, whatſoever he penned, he never blotted out a line. My "anſwer hath been, *Would he had blotted a thouſand!* "which they thought a malevolent ſpeech. I had not "told poſterity this, but for their ignorance, who choſe "that circumſtance to commend their friend by, where-"in he moſt faulted; and to juſtify mine own candour; "for I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on "this ſide idolatry, as much as any. He was indeed "honeſt, and of an open and free nature; had an ex-"cellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expreſſions; "wherein he flowed with that facility, that ſometimes "it was neceſſary he ſhould be ſtopped: *Sufflaminandus "erat*, as Auguſtus ſaid of Haterius. His wit was in "his own power, would the rule of it had been ſo too.

Many

" Many times he fell into thoſe things which coul
" eſcape laughter; as when he ſaid in the perſon o
" ſar, one ſpeaking to him,

" *Cæſar, thou doſt me wrong.*

He replied,

" *Cæſar did never wrong, but with juſt cauſe*

" and ſuch like, which were ridiculous. But l
" deemed his vices with his virtues: there was
" more in him to be praiſed than to be pardoned."

As for the paſſage which he mentions out of S ſpeare, there is ſomewhat like it in Julius Cæſa without the abſurdity; nor did I ever meet with any edition that I have ſeen, as quoted by Mr. Jo Beſides his plays in this edition, there are two or aſcribed to him by Mr. Langbain, which I have ſeen, and know nothing of. He writ likewiſe *and Adonis*, and *Tarquin and Lucrece*, in ſtanza's, have been printed in a late collection of poems. the character given of him by Ben Johnſon, the good deal true in it: but I believe it may be as w preſſed by what Horace ſays of the firſt Roman wrote tragedy upon the Greek models, (or indeed lated them,) in his epiſtle to Auguſtus.

——Naturâ ſublimis & acer,
Nam ſpirat tragicum ſatis & feliciter audet,
Sed turpem putat in chartis metuitque lituram.

* If ever there was ſuch a line written by Shakeſpeare, I fancy it might have its place vol. 7. p. 44. after line 32, th

Cæſar has had great wrong.
3 Pleb. *Cæſar had never wrong, but with juſt cauſe.*

and very humorouſly in the character of a *Plebeian*. One mi lieve Ben Johnſon's remark was made upon no better cred ſome blunder of an actor in ſpeaking that verſe near the be of the third Act, p. 34. l. 41. 42.

Know, Cæſar doth not wrong; nor without cauſe
Will he be ſatisfied.——

But the verſe, as cited by Ben Johnſon, does not connect w *he be ſatisfied.* Perhaps this play was never printed in Ben time, and ſo he had nothing to judge by but as the actor ſpeak it. Mr. Pope.

and tragedies. Those which are called histo-
even ſome of his comedies, are really trage-
th a run or mixture of comedy amongſt them.
y of tragi-comedy was the common miſtake of
e; and is indeed become ſo agreeable to the
taſte, that though the ſeverer critics among us
bear it, yet the generality of our audiences ſeem
tter pleaſed with it than with an exact tragedy.
rry Wives of Windſor, The Comedy of Errors, and
ming of the Shrew, are all pure comedy; the reſt,
they are called, have ſomething of both kinds.
very eaſy to determine which way of writing he
ſt excellent in. There is certainly a great deal
tainment in his comical humours; and though
not then ſtrike at all ranks of people, as the
the preſent age has taken the liberty to do; yet
a pleaſing and a well diſtinguiſhed variety in
aracters which he thought fit to meddle with.
is allowed by every body to be a maſterpiece.
racter is always well ſuſtained, though drawn out
e length of three plays: and even the account of
h, given by his old landlady Mrs. Quickly, in
Act of *Henry* V. though it be extremely natural,
diverting as any part of his life. If there be
lt in the draught he has made of this lewd old

tor, under the name of *Juſtice Shallow*. He has giv him very near the ſame coat of arms which Dugda in his antiquities of that county, deſcribes for a fam there, and makes the Welſh parſon deſcant very ple ſantly upon them. That whole play is admirable; t humours are various, and well oppoſed: the main deſig which is to cure Ford of his unreaſonable jealouſy, extremely well conducted. In *Twelfth Night* there ſomething ſingularly ridiculous and pleaſant in the fa taſtical ſteward Malvolio. The paraſite and the va glorious in Parolles, in *All's well that ends well*, is good as any thing of that kind in Plautus or Teren Petruchio, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, is an uncomm piece of humour. The converſation of Benedick a Beatrice, in *Much ado about nothing*, and of Roſalind *As you like it*, have much wit and ſprightlineſs all alon His clowns, without which character there was hard any play writ in that time, are all very entertainin and I believe Therſites in *Troilus and Creſſida*, and Ap mantus in *Timon*, will be allowed to be maſterpiec of ill-nature and ſatyrical ſnarling. To theſe I mig add that incomparable character of Shylock the Jew, *The Merchant of Venice*. But though we have ſeen th play received and acted as a comedy, and the part the Jew performed by an excellent comedian, yet I ca not but think it was deſigned tragically by the auth There appears in it ſuch a deadly ſpirit of revenge, ſu a ſavage fierceneſs and fellneſs, and ſuch a bloody d ſignation of cruelty and miſchief, as cannot agree ther with the ſtyle or characters of comedy. The pl itſelf, take it altogether, ſeems to me to be one of t moſt finiſhed of any of Shakeſpeare's. The tale indee in that part relating to the caſkets, and the extravaga and unuſual kind of bond given by Antonio, is t much removed from the rules of probability. But, t king the fact for granted, we muſt allow it to be ve beautifully written. There is ſomething in the frien ſhip of Antonio to Baſſanio very great, generous, a tender. The whole fourth Act (ſuppoſing, as I ſaid, t fact to be probable) is extremely fine. But there a two paſſages that deſerve a particular notice. The fi is, what *Portio* ſays in praiſe of Mercy, and the other

power of muſic. The melancholy of Jaques, in *you like it*, is as ſingular and odd as it is diverting. id if, what Horace ſays,

Difficile eſt proprie communia dicere,

will be a hard taſk for any one to go beyond him in the ſcription of the ſeveral degrees and ages of man's life, ough the thought be old, and common enough.

——All the world is a ſtage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits *and their entrances,*
And one man in his time plays many parts;
His acts being ſeven ages. At firſt the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurſe's arms.
And then the whining ſchool-boy, with his ſatchel,
And ſhining morning-face, creeping like ſnail
Unwillingly to ſchool. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his miſtreſs' eye-brow. Then a ſoldier,
Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, ſudden and quick in quarrel;
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the juſtice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes ſevere, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wiſe ſaws and modern inſtances;
And ſo he plays his part. The ſixth age ſhifts
Into the lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon,
With ſpectacles on noſe, and pouch on ſide;
His youthful hoſe well ſav'd, a world too wide
For his ſhrunk ſhanks; and his big manly voice,
Turning again tow'rd childiſh treble, pipes
And whiſtles in his ſound. Laſt ſcene of all,
That ends this ſtrange eventful hiſtory,
Is ſecond childiſhneſs, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans every thing.

Vol. 2. p. 245.

His images are indeed every where ſo lively, that the ing he would repreſent ſtands full before you, and you ſee every part of it. I will venture to point out one ere which *is, I think,* as ſtrong and as uncommon as

any thing I ever ſaw. 'Tis an image of Patience. Speaking of a maid in love, he ſays,

———She never told her love;
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damaſk cheek: ſhe pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She ſat like Patience *on a monument,*
Smiling at Grief. Vol. 3. p. 107.

What an image is here given! and what a taſk would it have been for the greateſt maſters of Greece and Rome to have expreſſed the paſſions deſigned by this ſketch of ſtatuary! The ſtyle of his comedy is, in general, natural to the characters, and eaſy in itſelf; and the wit moſt commonly ſprightly and pleaſing, except in thoſe places where he runs into doggrel rhimes, as in *The Comedy of Errors*, and ſome other plays. As for his jingling ſometimes, and playing upon words, it was the common vice of the age he lived in. And if we find it in the pulpit, made uſe of as an ornament to the ſermons of ſome of the graveſt divines of thoſe times, perhaps it may not be thought too light for the ſtage.

But certainly the greatneſs of this author's genius does no where ſo much appear, as where he gives his imagination an entire looſe, and raiſes his fancy to a flight above mankind, and the limits of the viſible world. Such are his attempts in *The Tempeſt*, *Midſummer-night's Dream*, *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet*. Of theſe, *The Tempeſt*, however it comes to be placed the firſt by the publiſhers of his works, can never have been the firſt written by him. It ſeems to me as perfect in its kind as almoſt any thing we have of his. One may obſerve, that the unities are kept here with an exactneſs uncommon to the liberties of his writing; though that was what, I ſuppoſe, he valued himſelf leaſt upon, ſince his excellencies were all of another kind. I am very ſenſible, that he does, in this play, depart too much from that likeneſs to truth which ought to be obſerved in theſe ſort of writings; yet he does it ſo very finely, that one is eaſily drawn in to have more faith for his ſake, than reaſon does well allow of. His magic has ſomething in it very ſolemn and very poetical: and that extravagant character

character of Caliban is mighty well ſuſtained; ſhews a wonderful invention in the author, who could ſtrike out ſuch a particular wild image; and is certainly one of the fineſt and moſt uncommon groteſques that was ever ſeen. The obſervation which I have been informed three very great men * concurred in making upon this part, was extremely juſt, *That Shakeſpeare had not only found out a new character in his Caliban, but had alſo deviſed and adapted a new manner of language for that character.*

It is the ſame magic that raiſes the fairies in *Midſummer-night's Dream*, the witches in *Macbeth*, and the ghoſt in *Hamlet*, with thoughts and language ſo proper to the parts they ſuſtain, and ſo peculiar to the talent of this writer. But of the two laſt of theſe plays I ſhall have occaſion to take notice among the tragedies of Mr. Shakeſpeare. If one undertook to examine the greateſt part of theſe by thoſe rules which are eſtabliſhed by Ariſtotle, and taken from the model of the Grecian ſtage, it would be no very hard taſk to find a great many faults. But as Shakeſpeare lived under a kind of mere light of nature, and had never been made acquainted with the regularity of thoſe written precepts, ſo it would be hard to judge him by a law he knew nothing of. We are to conſider him as a man that lived in a ſtate of almoſt univerſal licence and ignorance: there was no eſtabliſhed judge, but every one took the liberty to write according to the dictates of his own fancy. When one conſiders, that there is not one play before him of a reputation good enough to entitle it to an appearance on the preſent ſtage, it cannot be but a matter of great wonder, that he ſhould advance dramatic poetry ſo far as he did. The fable is what is generally placed the firſt, among thoſe that are reckoned the conſtituent parts of a tragic or heroic poem; not, perhaps, as it is the moſt difficult or beautiful, but as it is the firſt properly to be thought of in the contrivance and courſe of the whole; and with the fable ought to be conſidered, the fit diſpoſition, order, and conduct of its ſeveral parts. As it is not in this province of the *drama* that the ſtrength and maſtery of

* Lord Falkland, Lord C. J. Vaughan, and Mr. Selden.

Shakeſpeare lay, ſo I ſhall not undertake the tedious and ill-natur'd trouble to point out the ſeveral faults he was guilty of in it. His tales were ſeldom invented, but rather taken either from true hiſtory, or novels and romances: and he commonly made uſe of them in that order, with thoſe incidents, and that extent of time in which he found them in the authors from whence he borrowed them. Almoſt all his hiſtorical plays comprehend a great length of time, and very different and diſtinct places: and in his *Antony and Cleopatra*, the ſcene travels over the greateſt part of the Roman empire. But, in recompence for his careleſſneſs in this point, when he comes to another part of the *drama*, *The manners of his characters, in acting or ſpeaking what is proper for them, and fit to be ſhewn by the poet*, he may be generally juſtified, and in very many places greatly commended. For thoſe plays which he has taken from the Engliſh or Roman hiſtory, let any man compare them, and he will find the character as exact in the poet as the hiſtorian. He ſeems indeed ſo far from propoſing to himſelf any one action for a ſubject, that the title very often tells you it is *The life of King John*, *King Richard*, *&c.* What can be more agreeable to the idea our hiſtorians give of Henry VI. than the picture Shakeſpeare has drawn of him! His manners are every where exactly the ſame with the ſtory; one finds him ſtill deſcribed with ſimplicity, paſſive ſanctity, want of courage, weakneſs of mind, and eaſy ſubmiſſion to the governance of an imperious wife, or prevailing faction: though at the ſame time the poet does juſtice to his good qualities, and moves the pity of his audience for him, by ſhewing him pious, diſintereſted, a contemner of the things of this world, and wholly reſigned to the ſevereſt diſpenſations of God's providence. There is a ſhort ſcene in the ſecond part of *Henry* VI. which I cannot but think admirable in its kind. Cardinal Beaufort, who had murdered the Duke of Glouceſter, is ſhewn in the laſt agonies on his deathbed, with the good King praying over him. There is ſo much terror in one, ſo much tenderneſs and moving piety in the other, *as muſt touch* any one who is capable either of fear or *pity*. *In his Henry* VIII. that prince is drawn with the great

eſs of mind, and all thoſe good qualities, which ributed to him in any account of his reign. If ults are not ſhewn in an equal degree, and the in this picture do not bear a juſt proportion to hts, it is not that the artiſt wanted either colours l in the diſpoſition of them: but the truth, I be- might be, that he forbore doing it out of regard een Eliſabeth; ſince it could have been no very reſpect to the memory of his miſtreſs, to have ex- ſome certain parts of her father's life upon the

He has dealt much more freely with the mini- f that great King; and certainly nothing was ever juſtly written, than the character of Cardinal y. He has ſhewn him inſolent in his proſperity; et, by a wonderful addreſs, he makes his fall and the ſubject of general compaſſion. The whole with his vices and virtues, is finely and exactly bed in the ſecond ſcene of the fourth Act. The les likewiſe of Queen Catharine in this play are very gly touched; and though the art of the poet has ed King Henry from any groſs imputation of in- ; yet one is inclin'd to wiſh the Queen had met i fortune more worthy of her birth and virtue. re the manners proper to the perſons repreſented, ſtly obſerved in thoſe characters taken from the n hiſtory. And of this, the fierceneſs and impa- of Coriolanus, his courage and diſdain of the on people, the virtue and philoſophical temper of s, and the irregular greatneſs of mind in M. An- are beautiful proofs. For the two laſt eſpecially, nd them exactly as they are deſcribed by Plutarch, whom certainly Shakeſpeare copied them. He has l followed his original pretty cloſe, and taken in l little incidents that might have been ſpared in a

But, as I hinted before, his deſign ſeems moſt only rather to deſcribe thoſe great men in the ſe- fortunes and accidents of their lives, than to take ngle great action, and form his work ſimply upon

However, there are ſome of his pieces where the is founded upon *one* action only. Such are more ally, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*. The in *Romeo and Juliet* is plainly the puniſhment of

their two families, for the unreaſonable feuds and animoſities that had been ſo long kept up between them, and occaſioned the effuſion of ſo much blood. In the management of this ſtory, he has ſhewn ſomething wonderfully tender and paſſionate in the love-part, and very pitiful in the diſtreſs. *Hamlet* is founded on much the ſame tale with the *Electra of Sophocles*. In each of them a young prince is engaged to revenge the death of his father; their mothers are equally guilty, are both concerned in the murder of their huſbands, and are afterwards married to the murderers. There is in the firſt part of the Greek tragedy ſomething very moving in the grief of Electra: but, as Mr. Dacier has obſerved, there is ſomething very unnatural and ſhocking in the manners he has given that princeſs and Oreſtes in the latter part. Oreſtes imbrues his hands in the blood of his own mother; and that barbarous action is performed, though not immediately upon the ſtage, yet ſo near, that the audience hear Clytemneſtra crying out to Ægyſthus for help, and to her ſon for mercy; while Electra her daughter, and a princeſs, (both of them characters that ought to have appeared with more decency,) ſtands upon the ſtage, and encourages her brother in the parricide. What horror does this not raiſe! Clytemneſtra was a wicked woman, and had deſerved to die; nay, in the truth of the ſtory, ſhe was killed by her own ſon: but to repreſent an action of this kind on the ſtage, is certainly an offence againſt thoſe rules of manners proper to the perſons, that ought to be obſerved there. On the contrary, let us only look a little on the conduct of Shakeſpeare. Hamlet is repreſented with the ſame piety towards his father, and reſolution to revenge his death, as Oreſtes; he has the ſame abhorrence for his mother's guilt, which, to provoke him the more, is heightened by inceſt: but it is with wonderful art, and juſtneſs of judgment, that the poet reſtrains him from doing violence to his mother. To prevent any thing of that kind, he makes his father's ghoſt forbid that part of his vengeance.

But howſoever thou purſu'ſt this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy ſoul contrive
Againſt thy mother aught; leave her to heav'n,
And to thoſe thorns that in her boſom lodge,
To prick and ſting her.——— Vol. 8. p. 106.

This is to diſtinguiſh rightly between *horror* and *terror*. The latter is a proper paſſion of tragedy; but the former ought always to be carefully avoided. And certainly no dramatic writer ever ſucceeded better in raiſing *terror* in the minds of an audience than Shakeſpeare has done. The whole tragedy of *Macbeth*, but more eſpecially the ſcene where the King is murdered, in the ſecond Act, as well as this play, is a noble proof of that manly ſpirit with which he writ; and both ſhew how powerful he was in giving the ſtrongeſt motions to our ſouls that they are capable of. I cannot leave *Hamlet*, without taking notice of the advantage with which we have ſeen this maſterpiece of Shakeſpeare diſtinguiſh itſelf upon the ſtage, by Mr. Betterton's fine performance of that part: A man, who though he had no other good qualities, as he has a great many, muſt have made his way into the eſteem of all men of letters by this only excellency. No man is better acquainted with Shakeſpeare's manner of expreſſion; and indeed he has ſtudied him ſo well, and is ſo much a maſter of him, that whatever part of his he performs, he does it as if it had been written on purpoſe for him, and that the author had exactly conceived it as he plays it. I muſt own a particular obligation to him, for the moſt conſiderable part of the paſſages relating to this life, which I have here tranſmitted to the public; his veneration for the memory of Shakeſpeare having engaged him to make a journey into Warwickſhire, on purpoſe to gather up what remains he could of a name for which he had ſo great a veneration.

The

The following Inſtrument was tranſmitted to th editors of Shakeſpeare's works, by John Anſti Eſq; Garter King at Arms. It is marked, G. 1; p. 349.

There is alſo a manuſcript in the herald's office, mark W. 2. p. 276. *where notice is taken of this coat, and th the perſon to whom it was granted, had borne magiſtracy Stratford upon Avon.*

TO all and ſingular noble and gentlemen of a eſtates and degrees, bearing arms, to whom thei preſents ſhall come: William Dethick, Garter Pri cipal King of Arms of England, and William Cam den, *alias* Clarencieulx, King of Arms for the ſoutl eaſt, and weſt parts of this realm, ſend greetings. Kno ye, that in all nations and kingdoms the record and r membrance of the valiant facts and virtuous diſpoſitio of worthy men, have been made known and divulge by certain ſhields of arms and tokens of chivalry; th grant or teſtimony whereof appertaineth unto us, by vi tue of our offices from the Queen's Moſt Excellent M jeſty, and her Highneſs's moſt noble and victorious pr genitors: Wherefore being ſolicited, and by credible r port informed, that John Shakeſpeare, now of Stratfo upon Avon, in the county of Warwick, Gentlema whoſe great-grandfather, for his faithful and approv ſervice to the late moſt prudent prince, King Henry VI of famous memory, was advanced, and rewarded wit lands and tenements, given to him, in thoſe parts Warwickſhire, where they have continued by ſome d ſcents in good reputation and credit; and for that th ſaid John Shakeſpeare having married the daughter, an one of the heirs of Robert Arden of Wellingcote in th ſaid county, and alſo produced this his ancient coat arms, heretofore aſſigned to him whilſt he was her Ma jeſty's officer and bailiff of that town: in conſideratio *of the premiſſes*, and for the encouragement of his p *ſterity*, unto whom ſuch blazon of arms and atchie

ments of inheritance from their ſaid mother, by the ancient cuſtom and laws of arms, may lawfully deſcend; we the ſaid Garter and Clarencieulx have aſſigned, granted, and confirmed, and by theſe preſents exemplified unto the ſaid John Shakeſpeare, and to his poſterity, that ſhield and coat of arms, *viz. In a field of gold upon a bend ſables a ſpear of the firſt, the point upward, headed argent;* and for his creſt or cogniſance, *A falcon, Or, with his wings diſplayed, ſtanding on a wreath of his colours, ſupporting a ſpear armed headed, or ſteeled ſilver,* fixed upon an helmet with mantle and taſſels; as more plainly may appear depicted in this margent: and we have likewiſe impaled the ſame with the ancient arms of the ſaid Arden of Wellingcote; ſignifying thereby, that it may and ſhall be lawful for the ſaid John Shakeſpeare, Gent. to bear and uſe the ſame ſhield of arms, ſingle or impaled, as aforeſaid, during his natural life; and that it ſhall be lawful for his children, iſſue, and poſterity, lawfully begotten, to bear, uſe, and quarter, and ſhew forth the ſame, with their due differences, in all lawful warlike feats and civil uſe or exerciſes, according to the laws of arms, and cuſtom that to gentlemen belongeth, without let or interruption of any perſon or perſons for uſe or bearing the ſame. In witneſs and teſtimony whereof, we have ſubſcribed our names, and faſtened the ſeals of our offices. Given at the office of Arms, London, the day of in the forty-ſecond year of the reign of our Moſt Gracious Sovereign Lady, Eliſabeth, by the grace of God, Queen of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. 1599.

To

To the memory of my beloved, the Author, Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, and what he hath left us.

TO draw no envy, Shakeſpeare, on thy *name*,
Am I thus ample to thy *book*, and *fame*;
While I confeſs thy *writings* to be ſuch,
As neither *man* nor *muſe* can praiſe too much.
'Tis true, and all mens' ſuffrage. But theſe ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy *praiſe*:
For ſeelieſt *Ignorance* on theſe may light,
Which, when it ſounds at beſt, but *echoes* right;
Or blind *Affection*, which doth ne'er advance
The *truth*, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty *Malice* might pretend this praiſe,
And think to ruin where it ſeem'd to raiſe.
Theſe are, as ſome infamous bawd or whore
Should praiſe a *matron*. What could hurt her more?
But thou art proof againſt them, and indeed
Above th' ill *fortune* of them, or the *need*.
I therefore will begin. *Soul* of the *age!*
Th' applauſe! delight! the wonder of our *ſtage!*
My Shakeſpeare, riſe. I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer or Spencer, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further to make thee a room:
Thou art a *monument* without a *tomb*;
And art alive ſtill, while thy *book* doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praiſe to give.
That I not mix thee ſo, my brain excuſes;
I mean with great, but diſproportion'd *muſes*:
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I ſhould commit thee ſurely with thy *peers*,
And tell how far thou didſt our Lily outſhine,
Or ſporting Kid, or Marlow's mighty line.
And though thou hadſt ſmall Latin, and leſs Greek,
From thence to honour thee, I would not ſeek
For names; but call forth thund'ring Æſchylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To live again, to hear thy *buſkin* tread,
And ſhake a ſtage: or, when thy ſocks were on,
Leave thee alone for the compariſon

inſolent Greece or haughty Rome
, or ſince did from their aſhes come.
my Britain, thou haſt one to ſhow,
all *ſcenes* of Europe homage owe.
ıt of an age, but for all time!
e *muſes* ſtill were in their prime,
Apollo he came forth to warm
ɔr like a Mercury to charm!
ſelf was proud of his *deſigns*,
to wear the dreſſing of his *lines!*
re ſo richly ſpun, and woven ſo fit,
ſhe will vouchſafe no other *wit*.
r Greek, tart Ariſtophanes,
nce, witty Plautus, now not pleaſe;
ıated, and deſerted lie,
ere not of *Nature's* family.
I not give *Nature* all: thy *Art*.
Shakeſpeare, muſt enjoy a part.
h the *poet's* matter *Nature* be,
oth give the *faſhion*. And, that he
to write a living *line*, muſt ſweat,
hine are,) and ſtrike the ſecond *heat*
muſes anvile; turn the ſame,
lf with it, that he thinks to frame;
laurel, he may gain a ſcorn,
d *poet's made*, as well as *born*.
wert thou. Look how the father's face
is iſſue, even ſo the race
ſpeare's mind and manners brightly ſhines
l torned and true filed lines:
f which he ſeems to ſhake a lance,
ſh'd at the eyes of *Ignorance*.
n of Avon! what a ſight it were
ee in our water yet appear,
thoſe flights upon the banks of Thames.
id take Eliza, and our James!
I ſee thee in the *hemiſphere*
, and made a *conſtellation* there!
h, thou *ſtar* of *poets*, and with rage,
ıce, chide, or chear the drooping *ſtage;*
ıce thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,
airs day, but for thy *volume's* light.

BEN. JOHNSON.

A general Criticiſm on SHAKESPEARE'S *Dramatic Wor by dividing them into four Claſſes, and ſo giving an eſtim of each Play reduced to its proper Claſs. By Mr. W burton.*

COMEDIES.

CLASS I.

		Vol.
1	Tempeſt	1
2	Merry Wives of Windſor	1
3	Meaſure for Meaſure	1
4	Merchant of Venice	2
5	Twelfth Night	3

CLASS II.

1	Midſummer-night's Dream	1
2	Much Ado About Nothing	2
3	As You Like It	2
4	All's Well that Ends Well	3
5	Winter's Tale	3

CLASS III.

1	Two Gentlemen of Verona	1
2	Love's Labour's Loſt	2

CLASS IV.

1	Taming of the Shrew	2
2	Comedy of Errors	2

TRAGEDIES.

CLASS I.

1	Henry IV. Part 1.	4
2	Henry IV. Part 2.	
3	King Lear	
4	Macbeth	
5	Julius Cæſar	
6	Hamlet	
7	Othello	

CLASS II.

1	King John
2	Henry V.
3	Richard III.
4	Henry VIII.
5	Timon of Athens
6	Antony and Cleopatra
7	Cymbeline

CLASS III.

1	Richard II.
2	Coriolanus
3	Troilus and Creſſida
4	Romeo and Juliet

CLASS IV.

1	Henry VI. Part 1.
2	Henry VI. Part 2.
3	Henry VI. Part 3.
4	Titus Andronicus

The comedies and tragedies in the laſt claſs are tainly not of Shakeſpeare. The moſt that can be of them is, that he has, here and there, corrected dialogue, and now and then added a ſcene. It may juſt worth while to obſerve, in this place, that the w firſt Act of Fletcher's *Two noble kinſmen* was wrot Shakeſpeare, but in his worſt manner.

he BEAUTIES of *SHAKESPEARE*, regularly ſelected from each Play. By WILLIAM DODD, B. A.

VOLUME I.

THE TEMPEST.

AN uſurping ſubſtitute compared to ivy, *p.* 6. *l.* 7. 8. 9.
Ariel's deſcription of his managing the ſtorm, *p.* 9. *l.* 12. *to* 22. 26. *to* 32.
Ariel's expreſſion a little above is very fine and pictureſque, *l.* 6. 7.
As is the following of Proſpero, *p.* 11. *l.* 7. *to* 11.
Caliban's curſes, *p.* 13. *l.* 10 *to* 13. 20. *to* 36.
Caliban's exultation after Proſpero tells him, *he ſought to violate the honour of his child*, has ſomething in it very ſtrikingly in character, *p.* 14 *l.* 2. 3. 4.
A lover's ſpeech, *p.* 18. *l.* 13. *to* 20.
A deſcription of Ferdinand's ſwimming aſhore, *p.* 21. *l.* 34. *to* 42.
Sleep, a comforter to ſorrow, *p.* 24. *l.* 1. 2. 3.
A fine apoſiopeſis, *p.* 24. *l.* 15. *to* 21.
Caliban's curſes, *p.* 28. *l.* 12. *to* 30.
A ſatyr on the Engliſh curioſity, *p.* 29. *l.* 1. *to* 7.
Caliban's promiſes, *p* 32. *l.* 11. *to* 16. 19. *to* 25.
There perhaps cannot be conceived any thing more beautiful and natural than ſcene 1. of act 3. Ferdinand's ſpeech bearing a log, is expreſſive of true and unbiaſſed affection, *p.* 33. *l* 4. *to* 19.
Miranda's offering to carry the logs for him, is peculiarly elegant, *p.* 33. *l.* 31. 32. 33.
And afterwards, how innocent, *p.* 35. *l.* 23. *to* 26.
Guilty conſcience, *p.* 43. *l.* 13. 14. 15.
Continence before marriage, *p.* 44. *l.* 10. *to* 17.
Paſſion too ſtrong for vows, *p.* 45. *l.* 10. *to* 13.
Vanity of human nature, *p.* 48. *l.* 14. *to* 24.
Drunkards inchanted by Ariel, *p.* 49 *l.* 1. *to* 13.
Light of foot, *p.* 49. *l.* 30. 31.
Tears, *p.* 52. *l.* 12. 13.
Compaſſion and clemency ſuperior to revenge, *p.* 52. *l.* 20. *to* 29.
Fairies and magic, *p.* 52. *l.* 34. *to* 41. *p.* 53. *l.* 1. *to* 11.
Noſes returning, *p.* 53. *l.* 31. *to* 35. *p.* 54. *l.* 6. *to* 9.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

A Father's authority, *p.* 63. *l.* 40. 41. *p* 64. *l.* 1. 2. 3.
A Nun, *p.* 64. *l.* 20. *to* 31.
True love ever croſſed, p. 64. *l.* 4. 5. 6. 7. 10. 11. 14. *to* 22.
Indignation, p. 67. *l.* 1. *to* 10.

Moon, *p.* 68. *l.* 2. 3. 4.
Love deſcribed, *p.* 68. *l.* 26. *to* 35.
Puck, or Robin Good Fellow, *p.* 72. *l.* 39. 40. 41. *p.* 73. *to* 12*.
Fairy jealouſy, and the effects of it, *p.* 74. *l.* 1. *to* 34.
Love in idleneſs, *p.* 68. *l.* 26. *to* 35.
A Fairy bank, *p.* 78. *l.* 15. *to* 20.
Fairy courteſies, *p.* 87. *l.* 30. *to* 40.
Female friendſhip, *p.* 93. *l.* 30. *to* 41. *p.* 94. *l.* 1. *to* 10.
Day-break, *p.* 98. *l.* 24. *to* 27.
Dew in flowers, *p.* 102. *l.* 26. *to* 29.
Hunting, *p.* 104. *l.* 9. *to* 18.
Hounds, *p.* 104. *l.* 19. *to* 25.
The power of imagination, *p.* 108. *l.* 24. *to* 34.
Simpleneſs and duty, *p.* 110. *l.* 27. 28. 31. 32.
Modeſt duty always acceptable, *p.* 110. *l.* 39. *to* 42. *p.* 111. *to* 7.
Clock, *p.* 117. *l.* 21.
Night, *p.* 117. *l.* 30. *to* 39. *p.* 118. *l.* 1. 2.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Love commended and diſpraiſed, *p.* 121. *l.* 25. *to* 32. *p.* 122. *l.*
Love froward and diſſembling, *p.* 126 *l.* 4. *to* 8.
The advantage of travel, *p.* 128. *l.* 37. 38. 39. *p.* 129. *l.* 1.
Love compared to an April day, *p.* 130. *l.* 24. *to* 27.
A comical deſcription of a man in love, *p.* 131. *l.* 17. *to* 30.
An accompliſhed young gentleman, *p.* 139. *l.* 16. *to* 21.
Contempt of love puniſhed, *p.* 141. *l.* 6. *to* 19.
Love compared to a waxen image, *p.* 142. *l.* 38. 39. 40.
Oppoſition in love increaſes it, *p.* 146. *l.* 9. *to* 30.
A faithful and conſtant lover, *p.* 147. *l.* 28. *to* 31.
Gifts prevalent with women, *p.* 150. *l.* 18. 19. 20.
A lover's baniſhment, *p.* 152. *l.* 17. *to* 28.
A beautiful perſon petitioning in vain, *p.* 153. *l.* 30. *to* 39.
Hope the lover's ſtaff, *p.* 154. *l.* 13. 14.
Love compared to a figure on ice, *p.* 157. *l.* 30. 31. 32.
Three things hated of women, *p.* 158. *l.* 16. 17. 18.
The power of poetry with women, *p.* 159. *l.* 15. *to* 23.
The power of action, *p.* 171. *l.* 24. *to* 31.
A lover in ſolitude, *p.* 175. *l.* 9. *to* 20.
Love unreturned, *p.* 176. *l.* 12. *to* 15.
Infidelity in a friend, *p.* 177. *l.* 1. *to* 5.
Repentance, *p.* 177. *l.* 14. 15.
Inconſtancy in man, *p.* 178. *l.* 9. *to* 12.

* We cannot (ſays Mr. Dodd) help admiring Shakeſpeare's excellence *in theſe* fictitious characters. No man ever equalled him *deſcriptions of* ghoſts and fairies; no man ever like him.

With reſpect to *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, which is the next play in order, Mr. Dodd, in his preface, has the following obſervation. "There are many paſſages in Shakeſpeare, ſo cloſely connected "with the plot and characters, and on which their beauties ſo wholly "depend, that it would have been abſurd and idle to have produced "them here. Hence the reader will find little of the *inimitable Fal-* "*ſtaff* in this work, and not one line extracted from the *Merry* "*Wives of Windſor*, one of Shakeſpeare's beſt, and moſt juſtly admi- "red comedies. Whoever reads that play, will immediately ſee "there was nothing either proper or poſſible for this work."

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Virtue given to be exerted, *p.* 257. *l.* 25. *to* 33.
Pardon, the ſanction of wickedneſs, *p.* 265. *l.* 7. 8. 9.
A ſevere, ſaint-like governor, *p.* 265. *l.* 20. *to* 24.
Reſolution, *p.* 267. *l.* 35. 36. 37.
The prayers of maidens effectual, *p.* 267. *l.* 37. *to* 41.
All men frail, *p.* 268. *l.* 20. *to* 28 *.
The faults of others no juſtification of our own, *p.* 268. *l.* 29. *to* 34. 34. *p.* 269. *l.* 1. *to* 5.
Mercy frequently miſtaken, *p.* 275. *l.* 29. 30.
Mercy in governors commended, *p.* 277. *l.* 31. *to* 35.
The duty of mutual forgiveneſs, *p.* 278. *l.* 4. *to* 11.
Juſtice, *p.* 278. *l.* 35. *to* 40.
The abuſe of authority, *p.* 279. *l.* 1. 2. 3.
Great mens' abuſe of power, *p.* 279. *l.* 5. *to* 18.
The privilege of authority, *p.* 279. *l.* 23. 24. 26. 27.
The power of virtuous beauty, *p.* 280. *l.* 27. *to* 41. *p.* 281. *l.* 1. *to* 9.
Love in a grave, ſevere governor, *p.* 282. *l.* 25. *to* 40.
A ſimile on the preſence of the beloved object, *p.* 283. *l.* 5. *to* 16.
Lowlineſs of mind, *p.* 284. *l.* 28. *to* 31.
Temporal far better than eternal death, *p.* 285. *l.* 17. 18. 19.
Womens' frailty, *p.* 285. *l.* 37. *to* 42. *p.* 286. *l.* 1.
Hope the only relief of the miſerable, *p.* 287. *l.* 27. 28.
Moral reflections on the vanity of life, *p.* 287. *l.* 30. *to* 35. *p.* 288. *l.* 1. *to* 30.
The terrors of death moſt in apprehenſion, *p.* 289. *l.* 34. *to* 41.
An outwardly pious governor, *p.* 290. *l.* 6. *to* 15.
The terrors of death, *p.* 290. *l.* 42. *p.* 291. *l.* 1. *to* 16.
Virtue and goodneſs, *p.* 293. *l.* 19.

* This (ſays Mr. Dodd) is a fine remark, and worthy the attention of all thoſe who reflect vehemently on the offences of others, and never remember the frailty and imperfection of their own nature: like thoſe ſo ſeverely condemned by our bleſſed Saviour, who could obſerve the mote in their brother's eye, but perceived not the beam in their own. Our excellent author, well knowing, that, notwithſtanding this, *the offences of others* were no juſtification of our own, *has added a fine anſwer to this* ſpeech, to obviate that objection.

A bawd. *p.* 295. *l.* 23. *to* 30.
Calumny unavoidable, *p.* 299. *l.* 30. *to* 33.
Greatneſs ſubject to cenſure, *p.* 304. *l.* 3. *to* 8.
Sound ſleep, *p.* 304. *l.* 26. 27.

VOLUME II.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

PEace inſpires love *p.* 9. *l.* 9. *to* 12.
Friendſhip in love, *p.* 16. *l.* 31. *to* 36.
Merit always modeſt, *p.* 24. *l.* 18. 19.
Benedick the bachelor's recantation, *p.* 28. *l.* 24. *to* 35. *p.* 29. *l.* 1 *to* 4.
Favourites compared to honey-ſuckles, *&c. p.* 30. *l.* 4. *to* 8.
A ſcornful and ſatyrical beauty, *p.* 31. *l.* 10. *to* 15. 19. *to* 30.
Diſſimulation, *p.* 45. *l.* 19. *to* 26.
Innocence diſcovered by the countenance, *p.* 48. *l.* 30. *to* 36.
Reſolution, *p.* 49. *l.* 21. *to* 31.
The deſire of loved objects heightened by their loſs, *p.* 50. *l.* 7. *to* 2[illegible]
Talking braggarts, *p.* 52. *l.* 28. *to* 32.
Counſel of no weight in miſery, *p.* 55. *l.* 21. *to* 38. *p.* 56. *l.* 1 *to* 12.
A ſatyr on the Stoic philoſophers, *p.* 56. *l.* 14. *to* 19.
Talking braggarts, *p.* 58. *l.* 3. *to* 11.
Villain to be noted, *p.* 62. *l.* 10. 11. 12.
Day-break, *p.* 67. *l.* 17. *to* 20.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

MIrth and melancholy, *p.* 73. *l.* 40. 41. 42. *p.* 74. *l.* 1. *to* 4.
The imprudence of ſetting too great a value on the world *p.* 74. *l.* 24. 25.
The true value of the world, *p.* 74. *l.* 27. 28.
Chearfulneſs, *p.* 74. *l.* 30. *to* 37.
Affected gravity, *p.* 74. *l.* 37. *to* 41. *p.* 75. *l.* 1. *to* 7.
Loquacity, *p.* 75. *l.* 26. *to* 30.
Mediocrity, *p.* 77. *l.* 25. *to* 29.
Speculation more eaſy than practice, *p.* 77. *l.* 32. *to* 38. *p.* 7[illegible] *l.* 1. 2.
Hypocriſy, *p.* 83. *l.* 8. *to* 13.
The Jew's commands to his daughter, *p.* 94. *l.* 17. *to* 24.
Fruition more languid than expectation, *p.* 95. *l.* 12. *to* 26.
The parting of friends, *p.* 100. *l.* 3. *to* 16.
Honour ought to be conferred on merit only, *p.* 101. *l.* 22. *to* 34.
Love-meſſenger compared to an April day, *p.* 102. *l.* 38. 39. 40. *p.* 103. *l.* 1. 2.
A Jew's revenge, *p.* 104. *l.* 24. *to* 31. *p.* 105. *l.* 1. 2.
Muſic, p. 107. *l.* 30. *to* 40.

e deceit of ornament, or appearances, *p.* 108. *l.* 22. *to* 39. *p.* 109. *l.* 1. *to* 10.
rtia's picture, *p.* 109. *l.* 24. *to* 36.
ſucceſsful lover compared to a conqueror, *p.* 110. *l.* 12. *to* 17.
s thoughts to the inarticulate joys of a croud, *p.* 111. *l.* 7. *to* 13.
placable revenge, *p.* 115. *l.* 20. *to* 24.
pert, bragging youth, *p.* 117. *l.* 34. *to* 42. *p.* 118. *l.* 1. *to* 6.
ffectation in words, *p.* 119. *l.* 37. *to* 41. *p.* 120. *l.* 1.
ercy, *p.* 125. *l.* 21. *to* 34.
rtune, *p.* 127. *l.* 24. *to* 28.
deſcription of a moon-light night, *p.* 134. *l.* 30. *to* 41.
luſic, *p.* 135. *l.* 4. *to* 24.
good deed compared to a candle, *&c. p.* 135. *l.* 27. 28.
loon-light night, *p.* 136. *l.* 25. 26. 27.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Elf-denial a conqueſt, *p.* 142. *l.* 1, 2, 3.
The vanity of pleaſures, *p.* 143. *l.* 24. 25.
n Study, *p.* 143. *l.* 36. *to* 41. *p.* 145. *l.* 1. *to* 4.
roſt, *p.* 144. *l.* 15. 16.
conceited courtier, or man of compliments, *p.* 146. *l.* 4. *to* 13.
eauty, *p.* 154. *l.* 18. *to* 22.
merry man, *p.* 155. *l.* 34. *to* 42. *p.* 156. *l.* 1. 2.
comical deſcription of Cupid, or Love, *p.* 165. *l.* 14. *to* 34.
ſonnet, *p.* 176. *l.* 36. *to* 39. *p.* 177. *l.* 1. *to* 10.
nother ſonnet, *p.* 178. *l.* 13. *to* 32.
ne power of love, *p.* 184. *l.* 12. *to* 34.
omens' eyes, *p.* 184. *l.* 35. *to* 39.
l and jeſter, *p.* 213. *l.* 12. *to* 23.
ring, a ſong, *p.* 214.
inter, a ſong, *p.* 215.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Lay-fellows, *p.* 230. *l.* 12. *to* 15.
Beauty, *p.* 231. *l.* 12.
man in a man's dreſs, *p.* 231. *l.* 17. *to* 25.
itude preferred to a court-life, and the advantages of adverſity, *p.* 232. *l.* 5. *to* 21.
lections on a wounded ſtag, *p.* 232. *l.* 26. *to* 39. *p.* 233. *l.* 1. *to* 25.
ſpicuous virtue expoſed to envy, *p.* 234. *l.* 37. 38. *p.* 235. *l.* 1. *to* 4.
itude in an old ſervant, *p.* 235. *l.* 29. *to* 42. *p.* 236. *l.* 1. *to* 4.
over deſcribed, *p.* 237. *l.* 21. *to* 30.
leſcription of a fool, and his morals on the time, *p.* 241. *l.* 38. 39. *p.* 242. *l.* 1. *to* 23.
ool's liberty of ſpeech, *p.* 242. *l.* 29 *to* 39.
pology for ſatyr, *p.* 243. *l.* 11 *to* 29.

A tender petition, *p.* 244. *l.* 14. *to* 23.
The world compared to a ſtage, *p.* 245. *l.* 8. *to* 35 *:
Ingratitude, a ſong, *p.* 246. *l.* 6 *to* 11. 16. *to* 21.
A lover deſcribed, *p.* 256. *l.* 24. *to* 34.
Real paſſion diſſembled, *p.* 266. *l.* 24. *to* 42. *p.* 267. *l.* 1. *to* 8.
The different ſorts of melancholy, *p.* 267. *l.* 28. *to* 33.
Marriage alters the temper of both ſexes, *p.* 268. *l.* 38. *to* 42. *p.* 269. *l.* 1. *to* 6.
Cupid (or Love's) parentage, *p.* 271. *l.* 16. *to* 20.
A fine deſcription of a ſleeping man, about to be deſtroyed by a ſnake and a lioneſs, *p.* 273. *l.* 35. *to* 41 *p.* 274. *l.* 1. *to* 8†.
Love deſcribed, *p.* 279. *l.* 21. 22. 27. 32. *to* 36.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

HOunds, *p.* 294. *l.* 1. 2.
Painting, *p.* 294. *l.* 4. *to* 8.
Woman's tongue, *p.* 308. *l.* 16. *to* 42. *p.* 309. *l.* 1. *to* 4.
A deſcription of a mad wedding, *p.* 328. *l.* 39. 40. *p.* 329. *l.* 1. *to* 21.
The mind alone valuable, *p.* 345. *l.* 2. *to* 10.
A lovely woman, *p.* 349. 350 *in the notes.*
The wife's duty to her huſband, *p.* 359. *l.* 4. *to* 36.

VOLUME III.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ADvice, *p.* 3. *l.* 11. *to* 19.
Too ambitious love, *p.* 3. *l.* 40. 41. *p.* 6. *l.* 1. *to* 13.
A paraſitical, vain coward, *p.* 4. *l.* 16. *to* 20.
The remedy of evils generally in ourſelves, *p.* 7. *l.* 17. *to* 20.
Honour due to perſonal virtue, not to birth, *p.* 28. *l.* 16. *to* 32.
Self-accuſation of too great love, *p.* 40. *l. ult. p.* 41. *l.* 1. *to* 26.
A maid's honour, *p.* 43. *l.* 33. 34.
Advice to young girls, *p.* 43. *l. ult. p.* 44. *l.* 1. *to* 9.

* This compariſon of life to a ſtage-play, has been no uncommon one with the poets and other authors long before Shakeſpeare's time: but I believe we may challenge all that went before him, and all that have ſucceeded him, to equal the beauties of this ſpeech. Mr. Dodd.

† I don't remember (ſays Mr. Dodd) ever to have met with more excellent and picturesque deſcription than this. The old oak, the wretched man, the gilded ſnake, juſt approaching the opening of his mouth, gliding away at the ſight of Orlando, the poſture of the lioneſs, whoſe fury and hunger he amazingly augments, by telling us, *her udders were all drawn dry*, and her lying in expectation of *his waking*, are all imagined and expreſſed with the greateſt ſtrength *of fancy*, and beauty of diction.

Cul

Cuſtom of ſeducers, *p.* 54. *l.* 21. *to* 24.
Chaſtity, *p.* 55. *l.* 11. *to* 15.
Life chequered, *p.* 57. *l.* 34. *to* 37.
A cowardly braggart, *p.* 64. *l.* 7. *to* 16.
Againſt delay, *p.* 72. *l.* 22. *to* 25.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

Muſic, *p.* 81. *l.* 19. *to* 25.
Natural affection akin to love, *p.* 82. *l.* 20. *to* 26.
A deſcription of Sebaſtian's eſcape, *p.* 83. *l.* 3. *to* 9.
A beautiful boy, *p.* 88. *l.* 34. *to* 39.
Reſolved love, *p.* 96. *l.* 7. *to* 16.
Diſguiſe, *p.* 99. *l.* 16. *to* 21.
True love, *p.* 105. *l.* 9. *to* 14.
In love the woman ſhould be youngeſt, *p.* 105. *l.* 26. *to* 32.
Concealed love, *p.* 117. *l.* 37. *to* 41. *p.* 118. *l.* 1.
A jeſter, *p.* 114. *l. ult. p.* 115. *l.* 1. *to* 8.
Unſought love, *p.* 117. *l.* 19. *to* 26.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Man's pre-eminence, *p.* 158. *l.* 3. *to* 12.
Patience eaſier taught than practiſed, *p.* 158 *l.* 19. *to* 24.
Defamation, *p.* 160. *l.* 20. *to* 24.
Jealouſy, *p.* 162. *l.* 2. *to* 8. *p.* 163. *l.* 1. 2.
Slander, *p.* 169. *l.* 9. 10.
A woman's jealouſy more deadly than poiſon, *p.* 190. *l.* 12. *to* 25.
A deſcription of a beggarly conjurer, or a fortune-teller, *p.* 194. *l.* 35. *to* 42. *p.* 195. *l.* 1.
Old age deſcribed, *p.* 196. *l.* 34. *to* 41.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

Youthful innocence, *p* 204. *l.* 5. *to* 8. 11. *to* 20.
Jealouſy, *p.* 210. *l.* 35. *to* 42. *p.* 211. *l.* 1. *to* 5.
King killing deteſtable, *p.* 212. *l.* 33. *to* 38.
Knowledge ſometimes hurtful, *p.* 217. *l.* 17. *to* 23.
The ſilence of innocence eloquent, *p.* 223. *l.* 19. 20.
An infant to be expoſed, *p.* 229. *l.* 31. *to* 35.
Innocence, *p.* 232. *l.* 11. 12. 13.
Deſpair of pardon, *p.* 237, *l.* 5. *to* 12.
An account of a ghoſt's appearing in a dream, *p.* 238. *l.* 27. *to* 39. *p.* 239. *l.* 1. *to* 13.
An infant expoſed, *p.* 239. *l.* 23. *to* 29.
A deſcription of a wreck by a clown, *p.* 240. *l.* 23. *to* 37.
A garland for old men, *p.* 250. *l.* 2. *to* 6.
Nature and art, *p.* 250. *l.* 10. *to* 31.
A garland for middle aged men, *p.* 250. *l.* 35. *to* 42. *p.* 251. *l.* 1. 2. 3.

A garland for young men, *p.* 251. *l.* 4. *to* 26.
A lover's commendation *p.* 251. *l.* 34. *to* 42. *p.* 252. *l.* 1. 2. 3.
True love, *p.* 252. *l.* 35. *to* 40.
Preſents little regarded by real lovers, *p.* 257. *l.* 20. *to* 39. *p.* 25
l. 1. 2. 3.
A father the beſt gueſt at his ſon's nuptials, *p.* 259. *l.* 2. *to* 20.
Rural ſimplicity, *p.* 260. *l.* 21. *to* 25.
Proſperity the bond, affliction the looſer of love, *p.* 264. *l.* 16. 17.
Wonder proceeding from ſudden joy, *p.* 278. *l.* 36. *to* 40. *p.* 27
l. 1. 2.
Statue, *p.* 284. *l.* 40. 41. 42. *p.* 285. *l.* 1. *to* 4. 16. *to* 19.
A widow compared to a turtle, *p.* 287. *l.* 1. *to* 4.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN *.

NEW titles, *p.* 294. *l.* 5. *to* 28.
A deſcription of England, *p.* 297. *l.* 16. *to* 23.
A deſcription of an Engliſh army, *p.* 298. *l.* 12. *to* 29.
Courage, *p.* 298. *l.* 32. 33. 34.
A boaſter, *p.* 300. *l.* 30. 31. *in the notes.*
A deſcription of victory by the French, *p.* 304. *l.* 29. *to* 38. *p.* 305
l. 1.
The fame, by the Engliſh, *p.* 305. *l.* 4. *to* 16.
A compleat lady, *p.* 308. *l.* 13. *to* 18.
On commodity, or ſelf-intereſt, *p.* 312. *l.* 4. *to* 19.
Tokens of grief, *p.* 313. *l.* 23. *to* 30.
A mother's fondneſs for a beautiful child, *p.* 314. *l.* 3. *to* 15.
Grief, *p.* 314. *l.* 30. 31.
The horrors of uncloſing a conſpiracy, *p.* 324. *l.* 14. *to* 35†.
A mother's ravings, *p.* 326. *l.* 35. *to* 39. *p.* 327. *l.* 1. 2. 3. *l.* 1. *to* 1
in the notes.
A mother's grief, *p.* 327. *l.* 4. *to* 18. *p.* 328. *l.* 1. *to* 8.
Deſpondency, *p.* 328. *l.* 19. *to* 22.
Departing diſeaſes, *p.* 328. *l.* 25. *to* 28.

* The ſtyle all through this excellent play is grand and equal, an it abounds with a great variety of fine topics, and affecting paſſage Shakeſpeare ſeems to have had a particular reſpect for Faulcon bridge, whoſe character is well maintained; as is that of the King than whom none could have been a more proper perſon for tragedy I know not by what ſingular good fortune too it has happened, tha the text is remarkably correct, and free from that multitude of mi takes wherewith moſt of our author's works ſo unhappily abound Mr. Dodd.

† The reader (ſays Mr. Dodd.) cannot but be ſtruck with the pe culiar excellencies of this ſpeech. We ſee into the very workings o K. John's troubled ſoul, while he is wiſhing, yet afraid to diſcloſe hi bloody purpoſe to Hubert; and how finely does the author deſcrib *the ſituation* the mind ſhould be in to hear and embrace ſuch a pro *poſal, the* place fitteſt to diſcloſe it in, the time moſt ſuitable to pou *it into the* boſom of the hearer.

Da

Danger lays hold of any ſupport, *p.* 329. *l.* 9. 10.
Arthur's pathetic ſpeeches to Hubert, *p.* 330. *l.* 35. 36. 37. *p.* 331. *l.* 1. 2. 3. 29. *to* 42. *p.* 332. *l.* 1. *to* 4. 15. *to* 23. 32. 33. *p.* 333. *l.* 1. *to* 5.
To add to perfection, ſuperfluous, and ſuſpicious, *p.* 334. *l.* 23. *to* 28. 33. *to* 39.
A murtherer's look, *p.* 336. *l.* 5. *to* 9.
A ſtruggling conſcience, *p.* 336. *l.* 12. *to* 15.
News-tellers, on the death of Arthur, *p.* 339. *l.* 10. *to* 27.
Kings' evil purpoſes too ſervily and haſtily executed, *p.* 339 *l.* 34. *to* 38. *p.* 340. *l.* 1. 2.
A villain's look, and wicked zeal, *p.* 340. *l.* 8. *to* 12. 20. *to* 26.
Hypocriſy, *p.* 344. *l.* 17. *to* 20.
Deſpair, *p.* 344. *l.* 39. 40. 41. *p.* 345. *l.* 1. *to* 6.
A man's tears, *p.* 349. *l.* 16. *to* 30.
Drums, *p.* 352. *l.* 18. 19. 21. *to* 27.
The approach of death, *p.* 357. *l.* 11. *to* 15.
Madneſs, occaſioned by poiſon, *p.* 358. *l.* 4. *to* 10. 12. *to* 18.
England invincible, if unanimous, *p.* 360. *l.* 12. *to* 18.

VOLUME IV.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF K. RICHARD II.

Reputation, *p.* 6. *l.* 17. 18. 19.
Cowardice, *p.* 8. *l.* 4. 5.
Baniſhment, conſolation under it, *p.* 16. *l.* 19. *to* 37.
Thoughts ineffectual to moderate afflictions, *p.* 16. *l.* 38. *to* 42. *p.* 17. *l.* 1. *to* 5.
Popularity, *p.* 17. *l. ult. p.* 18. *l.* 1. *to* 13.
England deſcribed, *p.* 20. *l.* 10. *to* 19. 30. *to* 35.
Grief, *p.* 27. *l.* 16. *to* 22.
Hope deceitful, *p.* 28. *l.* 32. *to* 36.
The prognoſtics of war, *p.* 35. *l.* 31. *to* 35.
Richard's ſpeech to England, on his arrival, *p.* 37. *l.* 29. *to* 40. *p.* 38. *l.* 1. *to* 7.
The ſun riſing after a dark night. *p.* 38 *l.* 18. *to* 28.
On the vanity of power, and miſery of Kings, *p.* 41. *l.* 10. *to* 41. *p.* 42. *l.* 1. 2.
Melancholy ſtories, *p.* 61. *l.* 36. *to* 39. *p.* 62. *l.* 1. 2.
A deſcription of Bolingbroke's and Richard's entry into London, *p.* 63. *l.* 25. *to* 29. *p.* 64. *l.* 1. *to* 25.
Violets, *p.* 64. *l.* 37. 38.
K. Richard's ſoliloquy in priſon, *p.* 71. *l.* 18. *to* 28. *p.* 72. *l.* 1. *to* 19.

THE FIRST PART OF HENRY IV.

Peace after civil war, *p.* 77. *l.* 24. *to* 32. *p.* 78. *l.* 1. *to* 10.
Hotſpur's *deſcription of a finical courtier*, *p.* 86. *l.* 30. to 40. *p.* 87. *l.* 1. *to* 24.

Danger,

Danger, *p.* 90. *l.* 33. *to* 36.
Honour, *p.* 91. *l.* 3. *to* 10.
Lady Percy's pathetic ſpeech to her huſband, *p.* 100. *l.* 17. *to* 41. *p.* 101. *l.* 1. *to* 4.
Prodigies ridiculed, *p.* 117. *l.* 7. *to* 14. 21. *to* 27.
On miſerable rhymers, *p.* 119. *l.* 40, 1, 2. *p.* 120. *l.* 1, 2, 3, 4.
Punctuality in bargain, *p.* 120. *l.* 6. *to* 9.
A huſband ſung to ſleep by a fair wife, *p.* 122. *l.* 11. *to* 20.
K. Henry IV's pathetic ſpeech to his ſon, *p.* 124. *l.* 30. *to* 41. *p.* 125. *l.* 1. *to* 34.
A gallant warrior, *p.* 136. *l.* 12. *to* 18.
Falſtaff's catechiſm, *p.* 146. *l.* 36. *to* 42. *p.* 147. *l.* 1. *to* 6.
Life demands action, *p.* 149. *l.* 17. *to* 20.

THE SECOND PART OF HENRY IV.

RUmour deſcribed, *p.* 158. *l.* 40, 1, 2. *p.* 159. *l.* 1. *to* 15.
Contention, *p.* 160. *l* 12, 13, 14.
Poſt-meſſenger deſcribed, *p.* 161. *l.* 6. *to* 18.
Meſſenger with ill news, *p.* 161. *l.* 33. *to* 36. *p.* 162. *l.* 3. *to* 6. 30. *to* 39.
Greater griefs deſtroy the leſs, *p.* 163. *l.* 35. *to* 42. *p.* 164. *l.* 1. *to* 13.
The fickleneſs of the vulgar, *p.* 174. *l.* 4. *to* 11.
On ſleep, *p.* 195. *l.* 37. *to* 42. *p.* 196. *l.* 1. *to* 20.
The character of K. Henry V. by his father, *p.* 220. *l.* 29. *to* 37. *p.* 221. *l.* 1. 2. 3.
On Fortune, *p.* 222. *l.* 31. *to* 36.
Reflections on a crown, *p.* 224. *l.* 10. *to* 18.
Gold, *p.* 225. *l.* 18. *to* 29.
The Chief Juſtice to K. Henry V. whom he had impriſoned, *p.* 234. *l.* 21. *to* 35.

THE LIFE OF HENRY V.

PRologue, *p.* 245. *l.* 30, 1, 2. *p.* 246. *l.* 1. *to* 5.
Conſideration, *p.* 247. *l.* 25. *to* 28.
K. Henry V. his perfections *p.* 247. *l.* 36. *to* 42. *p.* 248. *l.* 1. *to* 6.
The commonwealth of bees, *p.* 254. *l.* 13. *to* 30.
Warlike ſpirit, *p.* 260. *l.* 31. *to* 38. *p.* 261. *l.* 1. 2. 3.
England, its ſituation deſcribed, *p.* 261. *l.* 8. *to* 14.
Falſe appearances, *p.* 265. *l.* 4. *to* 18.
A deſcription of a fleet ſetting ſail, *p.* 272. *l.* 41. 42 *p.* 273. *l.* 1. *to* 9.
A deſcription of night in a camp, *p.* 291. *l.* 32. *to* 37. *p.* 292. *l.* 1. *to* 36.
The miſeries of royalty, *p.* 299. *l.* 7. *to* 36. *p.* 300. *l.* 1. *to* 18.
A deſcription of the miſerable ſtate of the Engliſh army, *p.* 302. *l.* 19. *to* 32.
K. Henry's ſpeech before the battle at Agincourt, *p.* 304. *l.* 17, *to* 27.
A deſcription of the Duke of York's death, *p.* 310. *l.* 2. *to* 13.
The miſeries of war, *p.* 323. *l.* 14. *to* 28.

The

THE FIRST PART OF HENRY VI*.

GLory, *p.* 341. *l.* 25. 26. 27.
Marriage, *p.* 405. *l.* 29. 30. 36. *to* 39.

VOLUME V.

THE SECOND PART OF HENRY VI.

A Reſolved ambitious woman, *p.* 12. *l.* 14. *to* 20.
The Lord ever to be remembered, *p.* 24. *l.* 23. 24.
Eleanor to the Duke of Glo'ſter, when doing penance, *p.* 34. *l.* 16. *to* 24.
Silent reſentment deepeſt, *p.* 37. *l.* 40. 41.
A guilty countenance, *p.* 47. *l.* 38. 39.
A deſcription of a murthered perſon, *p.* 50. *l.* 35. *to* 42. *p.* 51. *l.* 1. *to* 11.
A good conſcience, *p.* 42. *l.* 28. *to* 32.
Remorſeleſs hatred, *p.* 54. *l.* 33. *to* 41. *p.* 55. *l.* 1. *to* 11. 17. *to* 20.
Parting lovers, *p.* 55. *l.* 34. *to* 42. *p.* 56. *l.* 1. *to* 5.
Dying with the perſon beloved, preferable to parting, *p.* 56. *l.* 31. *to* 36.
The deathbed-horrors of a guilty conſcience, *p.* 57. *l.* 28. *to* 38†.
Night deſcribed, *p.* 58. *l.* 19. *to* 25.

* With reſpect to the three parts of *Henry* VI. Mr. Dodd has the following obſervation. "It is not the buſineſs or intention of this "work, to enter into a conſideration of the genuineneſs of ſome of "thoſe compoſitions which a regenerally received as Shakeſpeare's, "though diſputed, and I think we may add juſtly, by the critics. "Among the reſt none appear leſs worthy of our inimitable author, "than the three following, (the three parts of *Henry* VI.) Some "fine ſtrokes in them ſufficiently aſſure us Shakeſpeare lent a hand. "That he compoſed the whole, I can by no means perſuade myſelf. "However, I leave it to the diſcuſſion of others; and only beg leave "to obſerve, that there are beſide the few paſſages I have ſelected, "many ſingle lines, which I could not well produce as beauties ſe-"parately conſidered, that merit obſervation."

† Nothing can more admirably picture to us the horror of a guilty conſcience, than this frantic raving of the Cardinal:

When death's approach is ſeen ſo terrible——
Ah, what a ſign it is of evil life!

Thus hath guilt, even in this world, its due reward, and iniquity is not ſuffered to go unpuniſhed. The well-weighing ſuch frightful ſcenes might, perhaps, be of no ſmall ſervice to ſuch as deſpiſe lectures from the pulpit, and laugh at the intereſted repreſentations of divines. Mr Dodd.

Kent

Kent deſcribed, *p.* 72. *l.* 5. *to* 8.
Lord Say's apology for himſelf, *p.* 72. *l.* 12. *to* 21.

THE THIRD PART OF HENRY VI.

THE tranſports of a crown, *p.* 99. *l.* 13. *to* 16.
A hungry lion, *p.* 101. *l.* 5. *to* 8.
The Duke of York on the gallant behaviour of his ſons, *p.* 101. *l.* 15. *to* 30.
A father's paſſion on the murther of a favourite child, *p.* 105. *l.* 31. *to* 35. *p.* 106. *l.* 3. *to* 14.
The Duke of York in battle, *p.* 107. *l.* 10. *to* 14.
Morning deſcribed, *p.* 107. *l.* 18. *to* 21.
The morning's dawn, *p.* 119. *l.* 2. *to* 5.
The bleſſings of a ſhepherd's life, *p.* 119. *l.* 22. *to* 41. *p.* 120. *l.* 1. *to* 14.
Mob, *p.* 127. *l.* 36. *to* 41.
A ſimile on ambitious thoughts *p.* 132. *l.* 6. *to* 11.
Duke of Glouceſter's deformity, *p* 132. *l.* 25. *to* 35.
His diſſimulation, *p.* 133. *l.* 12. *to* 24.
Henry VI. on his own lenity, *p.* 155. *l.* 39. *to* 42. *p.* 156. *l.* 1. *to*
The Earl of Warwick's dying ſpeech, *p.* 160. *l.* 13. *to* 34.
Omens on the birth of Richard III. *p.* 168. *l.* 13. *to* 35.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF K. RICHARD III.

RIchard, on his own deformity, *p.* 172. *l.* 8. *to* 34
His love for Lady Anne, *p.* 180. *l.* 15. *to* 32.
On his own perſon, after his ſucceſsful addreſſes, *p.* 182. *l.* 38. *to* *p.* 183. *l.* 1. *to* 4.
Queen Margaret's execrations, *p.* 188. *l.* 37. *to* 42. *p.* 189. *l.* 1. *to*
High birth, *p.* 190. *l.* 2. 3. 4.
Richard's hypocriſy, *p.* 191. *l.* 33. *to* 37.
Clarence's dream, *p.* 192. *l.* 25. *to* 40. *p.* 193. *entire*. *p.* 194. *l.* *to* 9.
Sorrow, *p.* 194. *l.* 13. 14.
Greatneſs, its cares, *p.* 194. *l.* 15. *to* 20.
The murtherer's account of conſcience, *p.* 195. *l.* 27. *to* 37.
Deceit, *p.* 204. *l.* 4. 5.
Submiſſion to Heaven, our duty, *p.* 205. *l.* 26. *to* 30.
The vanity of truſt in men, *p.* 223. *l.* 22. *to* 27.
Contemplation, *p.* 229. *l.* 21, 2, 3.
A deſcription of the murther of the two young princes in the Tow *p.* 239. *l.* 40. 41. *p.* 240. *l.* 1. *to* 20.
Expedition, *p.* 241. *l.* 14. *to* 18.
Queen Margaret's exprobration, *p.* 243. *l.* 25. *to* 42. *p.* 244. *l.* 1.
His mother's character of K. Richard, *p.* 245. *l.* 33. *to* 36.
Hope, *p.* 258. *l.* 11. 12.
A fine evening, *p.* 258. *l. ult. p.* 259. *l.* 1. 2.
Day-break, *p.* 260. *l.* 35. 36.

Richmond's prayer, *p.* 261. *l.* 19. *to* 28.
Richard ſtarting out of his dream, *p.* 263. *l. ult. p.* 264. *l.* 1. *to* 5.
Conſcience, *p.* 267. *l.* 25. 26.
Richard's ſoliloquy before the battle, *p.* 268. *l.* 24. *to* 28.
His behaviour after an alarum, *p.* 268. *l. ult. p.* 269. *l.* 1. *to* 6.

THE LIFE OF HENRY VIII.

Anger, *p.* 277. *l.* 5. *to* 8.
Action to be carried on with reſolution, *p.* 282. *l.* 11. *to* 27.
New cuſtoms, *p.* 286. *l.* 17. 18. 19.
The Duke of Buckingham's prayer for the King, *p.* 295. *l.* 7. *l.* 11.
Dependents not to be too much truſted by great men, *p.* 296. *to* 2.
A good wife, *p.* 298. *l.* 10. *to* 16. [*to* 8.
The bleſſings of a low ſtation, *p.* 302. *l.* 13. *to* 16.
Queen Catharine's ſpeech to her huſband, *p.* 305. *l.* 36. *to* 41. *p.* 306. *l.* 1. *to* 21.
Her ſpeech to Cardinal Wolſey, *p.* 308. *l.* 8. *to* 19.
On her own merit, *p.* 315. *l.* 26. *to* 38.
Compared to a lily, *p.* 316. *l.* 13. 14. 15.
Obedience to princes, *p.* 316. *l.* 25. 26. 27.
Terror, its outward effects, *p.* 320. *l.* 36. *to* 40. *p.* 321. *l.* 1. 2. 3.
Firm allegiance, *p.* 323. *l.* 8. *to* 13.
Anger, its external effects, *p.* 323. *l.* 24. *to* 28.
Falling greatneſs, *p.* 324. *l.* 1. *to* 6.
The viciſſitudes of life, *p.* 327. *l.* 25. *to* 41. *p.* 328. *l.* 1. *to* 6.
Cardinal Wolſey's ſpeech to Cromwell, *p.* 329. *l.* 34. *to* 42. *p.* 330. *l.* 1. *to* 21.
Applauſe, *p.* 333. *l.* 20. *to* 30.
Cardinal Wolſey's death, *p.* 335. *l.* 18. *to* 31.
His vices and virtues, *p.* 335. *l.* 31. *to* 40. *p.* 336. *l.* 1. *to* 8. 12. *to* 32.
Malicious men, *p.* 348. *l.* 2. 3. 4.
A churchman deſcribed, *p.* 348. *l.* 23. *to* 26.
Humanity, *p.* 348. *l.* 36. 37 †.
Abp Cranmer's prophecy, *p.* 355. l. 2. *to* 42. *p.* 356. *l.* 1. 2 ‡.

VOLUME

† The poet, (ſays Mr. Dodd,) in the former part of the play, gives us the ſame humane and tender ſentiment:

———*O my Lord,*
Preſs not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue. *p.* 327. *l.* 4. 5.

Nothing can afford us a better idea of the author's excellent mind; and we are aſſured, from the account we have of his character, he was remarkable for his humanity, benevolence, and many virtues.

Look how the father's face
Lives in his iſſue, even ſo the race
Of Shakeſpeare's mind and manners brightly ſhines
In his well-turned, true-filed lines.. Ben Johnſon.

‡ *The poet's excellence in ſo* beautifully keeping up the propriety *his characters, can never be ſufficiently* admired; no expreſſions could

VOLUME. VI.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING LEAR.

AN alienated child, *p.* 6. *l.* 30. *to* 41. *p.* 7. *l.* 1.
Baſtardy, *p.* 12. *l.* 15. *to* 29 †.
Aſtrology ridiculed, *p.* 15. *l.* 21. *to* 36.
Ingratitude in a child, *p.* 24. *l.* 32. 33. 34.
Flattering ſycophants, *p.* 34. *l.* 29. *to* 37.
Plain, blunt men *p.* 35. *l.* 14. *to* 23.
A deſcription of Bedlam beggars, *p.* 37. *l.* 24. *to* 29. *p.* 38. *to* 10.
The faults of infirmity pardonable, *p.* 41. *l.* 8. *to* 16.
Unkindneſs, *p.* 42. *l.* 1. 2.
Offences miſtaken, *p.* 43. *l.* 35. 36.
Riſing paſſion, *p.* 44. *l.* 22. *to* 33.
The neceſſaries of life few, *p.* 45. *l.* 34. *to* 37.
Lear on the ingratitude of his daughters, *p.* 45. *l.* 42. 43. *p.* 46 *to* 12.
Wilful men, *p.* 46. *l* 35. 36. 37.
A deſcription of Lear's diſtreſs amidſt the ſtorm, *p.* 47. *l.* 11.
His paſſionate exclamations amidſt the tempeſt, *p.* 48. *l.* 29. *p.* 49. *l.* 1. 6. *to* 16. 32. *to* 40. *p.* 50. *l.* 1. *to* 15. *p.* 52. *to* 41. *p.* 53. *l.* 1. 2. 12. *to* 16. 34. *to* 40. *p.* 54. *l.* 1. 2.

could have ſo well become the mouth of an Archbiſhop as ſcri ones; and we may obſerve, what graces this elegant complim his *princeſs* gains from thence. The bleſſings of Solomon's reig ſet forth in the firſt of Kings, chap. iv.; where particularly 'tis "Every man dwelt ſafely under his vine:" and ſo in the Pr Micah, "They ſhall ſit every man under his vine, and under hi tree; and none ſhall make them afraid: for all people will wa very one in the name of his god, *&c.*" See *chap.* iv. *verſe.* 4.

† *l.* 25 *& ſeqq.* How much theſe lines are in character, m ſeen by that monſtrous wiſh of Vanini, the Italian Atheiſt, tract, *De admirandis* naturæ reginæ deæque *mortalium arcanis*, ed at Paris 1616, the very year our poet died. *O utinam extr timum & connubialem thorum eſſem procreatus! Ita enim pr tores mei* in venerem incaluiſſent ardentiùs, ac cumulatim affati generoſa *ſemina contuliſſent, è quibus ego formæ blanditiam ac e tiam, robuſtas corporis vires, mentemque innubilam conſequutus fu At quia* conjugatorum ſum ſoboles, his orbatus ſum bonis. Ha book been publiſhed but ten or twenty years ſooner, who woul have believed that Shakeſpeare alluded to this paſſage? But the nity of his genius foretold, as it were, what ſuch an Atheiſt, a nini would ſay, when he wrote upon ſuch a ſubject. Mr. Wa *ton.*——But if, (ſays Mr. Dodd,) ſuppoſing Vanini had wrote *we ſhould* have imagined Shakeſpeare alluded to him; why ma *not, as it is,* believe Vanini alluded to Shakeſpeare?

On man, *p.* 54. *l.* 30. *to* 37.
The juſtice of providence, *p.* 66. *l* 21. *to* 27.
Patience and ſorrow, *p.* 76. l. 9. *to* 17.
A deſcription of Lear diſtracted, *p* 78. *l.* 16. *to* 21.
A deſcription of Dover cliff, *p.* 73. *l.* 33. *to.* 40. *p.* 74. *l.* 1. *to* 7.
Glo'ſter's farewell to the world, *p.* 74. *l.* 21. *to* 27.
Lear, in his madneſs, on the groſs flatterers of princes, *p.* 76. *l.* 12. *to* 21.
On the abuſe of power, *p.* 77. *l.* 31. *to* 42. *p.* 78. *l.* 1.
Cordelia on the ingratitude of her ſiſters, *p.* 82. *l.* 3. *to* 6. 8. *to* 13. 16. *to.* 20.
Lear to Cordelia, when taken priſoners, *p.* 87. *l.* 4. *to* 18.
The juſtice of the gods *p.* 91. *l.* 37. 38.
Edgar's account of his diſcovering himſelf to his father, *&c. p.* 92. *l.* 10. *to* 42. *p.* 93. *l.* 1. *to* 6.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

Painting, *p.* 102. *l.* 25. *to* 29.
The pleaſure of doing good, *p.* 108. *l.* 29. *to* 38.
Faithful ſteward, *p.* 119. *l.* 22. *to* 18.
Ingratitude of Timon's friends, *p.* 220. *l.* 28, *to* 40. *p.* 121. *l.* 1. *to* 5.
Laſt duelling, *p.* 131. *l.* 7, *to* 16.
Timon's execrations on the Athenians, *p.* 136. *l.* 35. *to* 38. *p.* 137. *l.* 1. *to* 29.
A friend forſaken, *p.* 138. *l.* 8. *to* 15.
In gold, *p.* 140. *l.* 1. *to* 22.
Timon's ſpeech to Alcibiades, *p* 142. *l.* 17. *to* 38.
His ſpeech to the courtezans, *p.* 143. *l.* 22. *to* 34.
His reflections on the earth, *p.* 144. *l.* 12. *to* 33.
His diſcourſe with Apemantus, *p.* 145. *l.* 3. *to* 33. *p.* 146. *l.* 16. *to* 41. *p.* 147. *l.* 1. 2.
In gold, *p.* 149. *l* 36. *to* 41. *p.* 150. *l.* 1. *to* 7.
Timon's ſpeech to the thieves, *p.* 150. *l.* 40. 41. *p.* 151. *l.* 1. *to* 30.
His remark upon his honeſt ſteward, *p.* 153. *l.* 6. *to* 17.
Wrong and inſolence, *p.* 161. *l.* 21. *to* 24.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

MErcy, *p.* 167. *l. ult. p.* 168. *l.* 1. 2.
Thanks, *p.* 170. *l.* 25. 26.
Invitation to love, *p.* 182. *l.* 31. *to* 38. *p.* 183. *l.* 1. *to* 10.
Dark and melancholy vale deſcribed, *p.* 184, *l.* 36. *to* 41. *p.* 185. *l.* 1. *to* 6.
Sing in a dark pit, *p.* 188, *l.* 15. *to* 19.
Young lady playing on the lute, and ſinging, *p.* 191. *l.* 24. to 37.
Lady's tongue cut out, *p.* 194. *l.* 17. *to* 21.
Perſon in deſpair, compared to one on a rock, *&c.* p. 194. l. 28. *to* 32.

Tears compared to dew on a lily, *p.* 195. *l.* 4. 5. 6.
Reflections on killing a fly, *p.* 201. *l.* 23. *to* 30.
Revenge, *p.* 221. *l.* 38. *to* 42. *p.* 222. *l.* 1. *to* 8.

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH.

Witches deſcribed, *p.* 236. *l.* 16. *to* 24 *.
Macbeth's temper deſcribed, *p.* 242. *l.* 9. *to* 16.
Lady Macbeth's ſoliloquy on the news of Duncan's approach, 242. *l.* 37. *to* 40. *p.* 243. *l.* 1. *to* 14.
Macbeth's irreſolution, *p.* 245. *l.* 16. *to* 38. *p.* 246. *l.* 1. *to* 5 †.
True fortitude, *p.* 246. *l.* 29. 30.
Macbeth's ſoliloquy at murdering the King, *p.* 249. *l.* 10. *to* *p.* 250. 51. *entire. p.* 252. *l.* 1. *to* 20 ‡.
His guilty conſcience, and fears of Banquo, *p.* 263. *l.* 4. *to* 22. *to* 37. *p.* 264. *l.* 1. *to* 14.
His ſurpriſe at the ſight of Banquo's ghoſt, *p.* 266. *l.* 21. *to* 41. 267. 8. *entire. p.* 269. *l. to* 18.

* Shakeſpeare's excellence in theſe fictitious characters hath b before obſerved, *p.* 1. In ſuch circles, indeed, none could m like him; *ghoſts*, *witches*, and *fairies*, ſeem to acknowledge him th ſovereign. We muſt obſerve, that the reality of witches was firm believed in our author's time, not only eſtabliſhed by law, but by ſhion alſo; and that it was not only unpolite, but criminal to do it: and, as hath been remarked [by Mr. Samuel Johnſon, the celeb ted author of the *Rambler*,] "upon this general infatuation, Sha ſpeare might be eaſily allowed to found a play, eſpecially ſince he followed with great exactneſs ſuch hiſtories as were then thou true: nor can it be doubted, that the ſcenes of inchantment, ho ever they may now be ridiculed, were both by himſelf and his dience thought awful and affecting." Mr. Dodd.

† The arguments (ſays Mr. Johnſon) by which Lady Macbe perſuades her huſband to commit the murder, afford a proof Shakeſpeare's knowledge of human nature. She urges the excelle and dignity of courage: a glittering idea which has dazzled m kind from age to age, and animated ſometimes the houſe-breal and ſometimes the conqueror. But this ſophiſm Macbeth has ever deſtroyed, by diſtinguiſhing true from falſe fortitude, in a l and a half; of which it may almoſt be ſaid, that they ought to ſtow immortality on the author, though his other productions h been loſt.

‡ *p.* 249. *l.* 33. *& ſeqq.* "Hear not, O earth, my ſteps, leſt thy v ſtones ſhould prate, ſhould tell of where I am, and what I am ab to perpetrate, and by their *prating*, or making a noiſe, take aw that ſilence, the preſent horror, from the time, which ſo well ſu with it." For what could be more dreadful to ſuch a mind as Mac*beth's*, than ſo univerſal a ſilence, when all nature deeply huſh *muſt ſeem* to his guilty mind, as liſtening to his purpoſe, and *tending* to the act he was about to perform? Mr. Dodd.

Witches, their power, *p.* 274. *l.* 5. *to* 16.
Malcolm's character of himſelf, *p.* 282. *l.* 36. *to* 41. *p.* 283. *l.* 1. *to* 39.
An oppreſſed country, *p.* 285. *l.* 1. *to* 10.
Macduff on the murder of his wife and children, *p.* 285. *l.* 37. *to* 41. *p.* 286. *entire. p.* 287. *l.* 1. *to* 16.
Lady Macbeth's behaviour with a taper in her hand *p.* 288. *entire. p.* 289. *l.* 1. *to* 10.
Deſpiſed old age, *p.* 291. *l.* 13. *to* 19.
Diſeaſes of the mind incurable, *p.* 291. *l.* 36. *to* 40. *p.* 292. *l.* 1.
Reflections on life. *p.* 293. *l.* 32. *to* 38. *p.* 294. *l.* 1 2. 3.

CORIOLANUS.

THE mob, *p.* 304. *l.* 9. *to* 25.
An imaginary deſcription of Coriolanus warring, *p.* 309. *l.* 19. *to* 41. *p.* 310. *l.* 1. 2.
Doing our duty merits not praiſe, *p.* 319. *l.* 13. *to* 19.
Popularity, *p.* 328. *l.* 9. *to* 26.
The miſchief of anarchy, *p.* 345. *l.* 35. *to* 39.
The character of Coriolanus, *p.* 350. *l.* 19. *to* 25.
Valour and policy, *p.* 354. *l.* 18. *to* 22.
The method to gain popular favour, *p.* 355. *l.* 12. *to* 25.
Coriolanus, his abhorrence of flattery, *p.* 356 *l.* 16. *to* 29.
His mother's reſolution on his ſtubborn pride, *p.* 356. *l.* 30. *to* 37.
His deteſtation of the vulgar, *p.* 361. *l.* 4. *to* 17.
Precepts againſt ill fortune *p.* 362. *l.* 2. *to* 11.
On common friendſhips, *p.* 367. *l.* 6. *to* 17.
Martial friendſhip, *p.* 370. *l.* 23. *to* 41. *p.* 371. *l.* 1. 2.
The ſeaſon of ſolicitation, *p.* 381. *l.* 37. *to* 41. *p.* 382. *l.* 1. 2. 3.
Obſtinate reſolution *p.* 386. *l.* 8. *to* 23.
Relenting, tenderneſs, *p.* 386. *l.* 28. *to* 40.
Chaſtity, *p.* 387. *l.* 14. *to* 17.
Coriolanus's prayer for his ſon, *p.* 387. *l.* 22. *to* 27.
His mother's pathetic ſpeech to him, *p.* 388. *l.* 9. *to* 20. 25. *to* 29.
Peace after a ſiege, *p.* 392. *l.* 19. *to* 24.

VOLUME VII.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

PAtriotiſm, *p.* 8. *l.* 7. *to* 12.
Caſſius's contempt of Cæſar, *p.* 8. *l.* 20. *to* 39. *p.* 9. *l.* 1. *to* 39.
Cæſar's diſlike of Caſſius, *p.* 11. *l.* 3. *to* 17.
The ſpirit of liberty, *p.* 16. *l.* 25. *to* 36.
Ambition covered with ſpecious humility, *p.* 19. *l.* 11. *to* 17.
Conſpiracy dreadful till executed, *p.* 20. *l.* 19. *to* 25 *.

* That nice critic, Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus, confeſſes, that he could not find thoſe great ſtrokes, which he calls the terrible graces, any

Conſpiracy deſcribed, *p.* 20. *l.* 37, *to* 40. *p.* 21. *l.* 1. *to* 4.
Againſt cruelty, *p.* 23. *l.* 20. *to* 26.
Sleep, *p.* 25. *l.* 3. 4. 5. 6.
Portia's ſpeech to Brutus, *p.* 25. *l.* 12. *to* 32.

Calphurn

any where ſo frequent as in Homer. I believe the ſucceſs would the ſame likewiſe, if we ſought for them in any other of our auth beſides our Britiſh Homer, Shakeſpeare. This deſcription of the cc dition of conſpirators has a pomp and terror in it that perfectly toniſhes. Our excellent Mr. Addiſon, whoſe modeſty made him ſon times diffident in his own genius, but whoſe exquiſite judgment ways led him to the ſafeſt guides, has paraphraſed this fine deſcr tion, in his *Cato*.

O think, what anxious moments paſs between
The birth of plots, and their laſt fatal periods.
Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death.

But we are no longer to expect thoſe *terrible graces*, which he co not hinder from evaporating in the tranſfuſion. We may obſe two things on his imitation. Firſt, That the ſubjects of theſe two co ſpiracies being ſo very different, (the fortune of Cæſar and the R man empire being concerned in the firſt, and that of only a f auxiliary troops in the other,) Mr. Addiſon could not with that p priety bring in that magnificent circumſtance, which gives the t rible grace to Shakeſpeare's deſcription.

The genius and the mortal inſtruments
Are then in council.———

For kingdoms, in the poetical theology, beſides their *good*, have th *evil* geniuſes likewiſe, repreſented here, with the moſt daring ſtre of fancy, as ſitting in council with the conſpirators, whom he c the *mortal inſtruments*. But this would have been too great an paratus to the rape and deſertion of Syphax and Sempronius. Secondly, The other thing very obſervable is, that Mr. Addiſon wa warmed and affected with the fire of Shakeſpeare's deſcription, th inſtead of copying his author's ſentiments, he has, before he was ware, given us only the image of his own expreſſions, on the readi his great original. For,

Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death,

are but the affections raiſed by ſuch forcible images as theſe,

———*All the interim is*
Like a phantaſma, or a hideous dream.
———*The ſtate of man,*
Like to a little kingdom, ſuffers then
The nature of an inſurrection.

Comparing the mind of a conſpirator to an anarchy, is juſt *beautiful:* but the interim to a hideous dream, has ſomething in wonde

Calphurnia to Cæſar, on the prodigies ſeen the night before his death, *p.* 28. *l.* 12. *to* 41.
Againſt the fear of death, *p.* 28. *l.* 32. *to* 37.
Danger, *p.* 29. *l.* 36. *to* 39. *in the notes.*
Envy, *p.* 32. *l.* 6. 7.
Revenge, *p.* 40. *l.* 41. *p.* 41. *l.* 1. 2. 3.
Brutus's ſpeech to the people, *p.* 42. *l.* 12. *to* 29.
Antony's funeral oration, *p.* 43. *l.* 36. *to* 41. *p.* 44. *l.* 1. *to* 29. *p.* 45. *entire. p.* 46. *l.* 1. 2. 3. 10. *to* 39. *p.* 47. *l.* 2. 3. 8. *to* 29.
Ceremony inſincere, *p.* 51. *l.* 35. *to* 40. *p.* 52. *l.* 1. 2. 3.
Brutus's diſcourſe with Caſſius, *p.* 52. *l.* 36. 37. 38. *p.* 53. 54. 55. *entire. p.* 56. *l.* 1. *to* 12. 20. *to* 23. *p.* 57. *l.* 1. *to* 19.
Opportunity to be ſeized on in all affairs, *p.* 58. *l. ult. p.* 59. *l.* 1. *to* 6.
The parting of Brutus and Caſſius, *p.* 64. *l.* 39. 40. *p.* 65. *l.* 1. *to* 14.
Melancholy the parent of error, *p.* 67. *l.* 17. *to* 21.
Antony's character of Brutus, *p.* 71. *l.* 36. *to* 40. *p.* 72. *l.* 1. 2. 3.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

LOve the nobleneſs of life, *p.* 74. *l.* 32. *to* 39.*
Antony's vices and virtues, *p.* 84. *l.* 25. *to* 40. *p.* 85. *l.* 1. *to* 8. 35. *to* 41. *p.* 86. *l.* 1. *to* 10 †.
Cleopatra on the abſence of Antony, *p.* 87. *l.* 11. *to* 27.
The vanity of human wiſhes, *p.* 89. *l.* 10. *to* 13.
A deſcription of Cleopatra's ſailing down the Cydnus, *p.* 96. *l.* 15. *to* 41. *p.* 97. *l.* 1. 2 ‡.

Cleopatra's

wonderfully natural, and lays the human ſoul ſo open, that one cannot but be ſurpriſed, that any poet, who had not himſelf been ſome time or other engaged in a conſpiracy, could ever have given ſuch force of colouring to truth and nature. Mr. Warburton.

* It is remarked by Plutarch, of Antony, that his language and manner of ſpeaking was like his temper, turgid and ambitious; and that he affected the Aſiatic manner, which was ſo. Shakeſpeare, we find, not only from the ſtyle of the preſent, but many other of Antony's ſpeeches, was no ſtranger to this: which is a proof of his learning, as well as his inimatable excellence in keeping up the truth of his characters. Mr. Dodd.

† The judicious reader will be much pleaſed to find the vices and virtues of Antony ſo juſtly ſet forth, ſo agreeable to all the accounts we have of his character in hiſtory. Doubtleſs no ſmall knowledge in antiquity was neceſſary for ſo exact a conformity to the characters of the ancients. Mr. Dodd.

‡ As Dryden *plainly entered the liſts* with Shakeſpeare, in deſcribing *this magnificent appearance of* Cleopatra, I ſhall here give Dryden's *deſcription entire, leaving it* to the reader to decide the victory.

Her

Cleopatra's infinite power in pleaſing, *p.* 97. *l.* 22. *to* 27.
The unſettled humour of lovers, *p.* 99. *l.* 24. *to* 37. *p.* 100. *l.* *to* 13.
Ambition jealous of a too ſucceſsful friend, *p.* 112. *l.* 11. *to* 15.
Octavia's entrance, what it ſhould have been, *p.* 119. *l.* 35. *to* *p.* 120. *l.* 1. *to* 7.
Women, *p.* 128. *l.* 31. *to* 33.
Fortune forms our judgment, *p.* 130. *l.* 5. *to* 8.
Loyalty, *p.* 130. *l.* 17. *to* 22.
Wiſdom ſuperior to fortune, *p.* 131. *l.* 26. 27. 28.
Vitious perſons infatuated by heaven, *p* 132. *l.* 28. *to* 32.
Fury expels fear, *p.* 134 *l. ult. p.* 135. *l.* 1. *to* 5.
A maſter taking leave of his ſervants, *p.* 136. *l.* 28. *to* 37.
Early riſing the way to eminence, *p.* 139. *l.* 8. 9.
Antony to Cleopatra, at his return with victory, *p.* 142. *l.* 24. *to*
Lothed life, *p.* 143. *l.* 32. *to* 35.
Antony's deſpondency, *p.* 145. *l.* 22. *to* 28.
Departing greatneſs, *p.* 146. *l.* 27. 28.
Antony, on his faded glory, *p.* 146. *l. ult. p.* 147. *l.* 1. *to* 23.
A deſcription of Cleopatra's ſuppoſed death, *p.* 147. *l.* 32. *to* 39.
Cleopatra on the death of Antony, *p.* 153. *l.* 39. *to* 42. *p.* 154. *l* *to* 11.
Death, *p.* 156. *l.* 35. *to* 39. *p.* 157. *l.* 1. *to* 4.
Cleopatra's dream and deſcription of Antony, *p.* 157. *l.* 14. *to* 3
Firm reſolution, *p.* 164. *l.* 8. *to* 14.
Cleopatra's ſpeech on applying the aſp, *p.* 165. *l.* 14. *to* 42. *p.* 1 *l.* 1. *to* 16.

Her galley down the ſilver Cydnus row'd;
The tackling ſilk, the ſtreamers wav'd with gold,
The gentle winds were lodg'd in purple ſails,
Her nymphs like Nereids round her couch were plac'd,
Where ſhe, another ſea-born Venus, lay.
She lay, and leant her cheek upon her hand;
And caſt a look ſo languiſhingly ſweet,
As if ſecure of all beholders' hearts,
Neglecting ſhe could take 'em. Boys, like Cupids,
Stood fanning, with their painted wings, the winds
That play'd about her face. But if ſhe ſmil'd,
A darting glory ſeem'd to blaze abroad,
That mens' deſiring eyes were never weary'd,
But hung upon the object. To ſoft flutes
The ſilver oars kept time; and while they play'd,
The hearing gave new pleaſure to the ſight,
And both to thought. 'Twas heav'n, (or ſomewhat more;)
For ſhe ſo charm'd all hearts, that gazing crouds
Stood panting on the ſhore, and wanted breath
To give their welcome voice.

CYMBELINE.

ing lovers, *p.* 176. *l.* 2. *to* 27.
e baſeneſs of falſehood to a wife, *p.* 186. *l.* 20. *to* 38.
ı's bed-chamber, and Iachimo riſing from the trunk, *p.* 191.
23, *to* 40. *p.* 192. *entire.*
). 195. *l.* 9. *to* 15.
r on women, *p.* 202. *l.* 28. *to* 41. *p.* 203. *l.* 6. *to* 22.
's impatience to meet her huſband, *p.* 207. *l.* 11. *to* 41. *p.* 208.
1 *to* 6.
n a foreſt, *p.* 208. *l.* 10. *to* 40. *p.* 209. *entire. p.* 210. *l.* 1.
11.
rce of nature, *p.* 210. *l.* 13. *to* 32.
r, *p.* 211. *l.* 35. *to* 40. *p.* 212. *l.* 1. 2.
's innocency, *p.* 212. *l.* 3. *to* 7.
nan in man's dreſs, *p.* 215. *l.* 13. *to* 24.
n in boy's clothes, *p.* 221. *l.* 11. *to* 33.
, *p.* 222. *l.* 7. 8. 9.
eſs innocence, *p.* 226. *l.* 23. *to* 35.
art, *p.* 227. *l.* 34. 35. *p.* 228. *l.* 1. 2.
ardineſs, *p.* 229. *l.* 4. *to* 7.
royalty, *p.* 230. *l.* 35. *to* 42. *p.* 231. *l.* 1. *to* 5.
ions on Imogen's ſuppoſed death, *p.* 231. *l.* 24. *to* 33. *p.* 232.
1. *to* 33. *p.* 233. *l.* 9. *to* 20.
l dirge, *p.* 233. *l.* 29. *to* 40. *p.* 234. *l.* 1. *to* 4.
ı awaking, *p.* 234. *l.* 25. *to* 40. *p.* 235. *l.* 1. 2. 3.
l army, *p.* 242. *l.* 27. *to* 37.
p. 244. *l.* 10. *to* 15.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

: in a brave young ſoldier, *p.* 265. *l.* 36. *to* 39. *p.* 266. *l.* 1. 3.
9. *p.* 267. *l.* 6. *to* 21.
not equal to our hopes, *p.* 276. *l.* 33. *to* 37. *p.* 277. *l.* 1. 2.
ree, *p.* 279. *l.* 23. *to* 38.
t in war ſuperior to action, *p.* 281. *l.* 31. *to* 40. *p.* 282. *l.* 1.
t, *p.* 282. *l.* 19. *to* 22.
p. 290. *l.* 12. *to* 15.
e and revenge, *p.* 294. *l.* 11. 12. 13.
ecting lover, *p.* 306. *l.* 20. *to* 27. *l.* 30. *to* 39. *p.* 307. *l.* 1. 2.
). *to* 14.
ncy in love proteſted, *p.* 310. *l.* 30. *to* 37. *p.* 311. *l.* 1. *to* 17.
ures, pride, *p.* 313. *l.* 7. 8. 9.
eſs contemptible when it declines, *p.* 247. *l.* 37. *to* 42. *p.* 248.
1. *to* 7.
r, continued acts neceſſary to preſerve its luſtre, *p.* 315. *l.* 28.
42. *p.* 316. *l.* 1. *to* 19.
hook off by a ſoldier, *p.* 317. *l.* 24. *to* 27.
parting *in the morning, p.* 322. *l.* 15. *to* 18. 20. *to* 23.
farewell, p. 326. *l.* 32. *to* 38.

Troilus's character of the Grecian youths, *p.* 327. *l.* 27. *to* 33.
A trumpeter, *p.* 329. *l.* 38. 39. 40. *p.* 330. *l.* 1. 2.
Diomede's manner of walking, *p.* 330. *l.* 6. 7. 8.
A deſcription of Creſſida, *p.* 331. *l.* 4. *to* 12. †
The character of Troilus, 332. *l.* 22. *to* 33.
Hector in battle, *p.* 334. *l.* 39. 40. 41. *p.* 335. *l.* 1. *to* 9.
Honour more dear than life *p.* 347. *l.* 13. 14. 15.
Pity to be diſcarded in war, *p.* 347. *l.* 36. *to* 39.

VOLUME VIII.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

LOve, *p.* 9. *l.* 23. *to* 27.
On dreams, *p.* 17. *l.* 13. *to* 29. *p.* 18. *l.* 1. *to* 36.
A beauty deſcribed, *p.* 20. *l.* 18. *to* 23.
The courtſhip between Romeo and Juliet in the garden, *p.* 24. *l.* 32. *to* 38. *p.* 25. *l.* 1. *to* 33. 37. *to* 42. *p.* 26. 27. 28. *entire. p.* 29. *l.* 1. *to* 27.
Love's heralds, *p.* 37. *l.* 20. *to* 24.
Violent delights not laſting, *p.* 39. *l.* 28. 29. 30.
Lovers light of foot, *p.* 39. *l.* 36. *to* 39. *p.* 40. *l.* 1.
A lover's impatience, *p.* 45. *l. ult. p.* 46. *l.* 1. *to* 9.
Romeo on his baniſhment, *p.* 49. *l.* 35. *to* 40. *p.* 50. *entire. p.* 51. *l.* 1. *to* 11.
Juliet's invitation to Romeo for his ſtay, *p.* 54. *l. ult. p.* 55. *l.* 1. *to* 24.
Her ſoliloquy, on drinking the portion, *p.* 66. *l.* 20. *to* 39. *p.* 67. *l.* 1. *to* 26.
Romeo's deſcription of, and diſcourſe with the apothecary, *p.* 73. *l.* 25. *to* 42. *p.* 74. *l.* 1. *to* 35.
His laſt ſpeech over Juliet, in the vault, *p.* 78. *l.* 14. *to* 41. *p.* 79. *l.* 1. 2. 3.

HAMLET.

PRodigies, *p.* 88. *l.* 38. *to* 41. *p.* 89. *l.* 1. *to* 4.
Ghoſts vaniſh at the crowing of the cock, and the reverence paid to Chriſtmas-time, *p.* 89. *l.* 35. *to* 38. *p.* 90. *l.* 1 *to* 14.

† Nothing can exceed this deſcription of a wanton woman. Richard III. ſpeaking of Jane Shore, ſays,

We ſay that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a paſſing pleaſing tongue. vol. 5. *p.* 174. *l.* 22. 23.

But in *Iſaiah*. there is a deſcription of the wanton daughters of Zion which is peculiarly beautiful. "Becauſe the daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with ſtretched forth necks, and wanton eyes, walking, and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet, *&c*" chap iii. 16. Mr. Dodd.

Morn

Morning, *p.* 90. *l.* 16. 17.
Real grief, *p.* 92. *l.* 29. *to* 39.
Immoderate grief diſcommended, *p.* 93. *l.* 1. *to* 21.
Hamlet's ſoliloquy on his mother's marriage, *p.* 94. *l.* 10. *to* 39. *p.*
A compleat man, *p.* 95. *l.* 35. 36. [95. *l.* 2.
Cautions to young ladies, *p.* 98. *l.* 9. *to* 14. 35. *to* 39.
A ſatyr on ungracious paſtors, *p.* 99. *l.* 12. *to* 18.
A father's advice to his ſon going to travel, *p.* 99. *l.* 29. *to* 39.
p. 100. *l.* 1 *to* 11.
Hamlet, on the appearance of his father's ghoſt, *p.* 102. *l.* 17. *to* 20.
p. 103. *l.* 1. *to* 14.
The miſchiefs it might tempt him to, *p.* 103. *l.* 31. *to* 39. *p.* 104. *l.* 1.
Hamlet's conference with the ghoſt, *p.* 104. *the whole ſcene, ending*
p. 107. *l.* 21.
Ophelia's deſcription of Hamlet's mad addreſs to her, *p.* 112. *l.* 8.
Old age, *p.* 113. *l.* 6. *to* 10. [*to* 33.
Happineſs conſiſts in opinion, *p.* 120. *l.* 16. 17. 18.
Hamlet's account of his own melancholy, and reflections on man
p. 121. *l.* 21. *to* 37.
His reflections on the player and himſelf, *p.* 127. *l.* 27. *to* 41. *p.* 128.
Hypocriſy, *p.* 130. *l.* 15. *to* 24. [*entire.*
Life and death weighed, *p.* 130. *l.* 28. *to* 41. *p.* 131. *l.* 1. *to* 19 †.
Calumny unavoidable, *p.* 132. *l.* 28. 29.
A noble mind diſordered, *p.* 133. *l.* 3. *to* 13.
Hamlet's directions and advice to the players, *p.* 134. *l.* 4. *to* 39.
p. 135. *l.* *to* 10.

† Mr. Guthrie in his *Eſſay on tragedy*, contraſts this ſoliloquy of Hamlet with that of Cato, thus. "The ſpeech of Cato is that of a ſcholar, a philoſopher, and a man of virtue: all the ſentiments of ſuch a ſpeech are to be acquired by inſtruction, by reading, by converſation; Cato talks the language of the porch and academy. Hamlet, on the other hand, ſpeaks that of the human heart, ready to enter upon a deep, a dreadful, a deciſive act. His is the real language of mankind, of its higheſt to its loweſt order; from the king to the cottager, from the philoſopher to the peaſant. It is a language which a man may ſpeak without learning; yet no learning can improve, nor philoſophy mend it. This cannot be ſaid of Cato's ſpeech. It is dictated from the head rather than the heart; by courage rather than nature. It is the ſpeech of predetermined reſolution, and not of human infirmity: it is the language of uncertainty, not of perturbation; it is the language of doubting; but of ſuch doubts as the ſpeaker is prepared to cut aſunder, if he cannot reſolve them. The words of Cato are not like thoſe of Hamlet, the emanations of the ſoul: they are therefore improper for a ſoliloquy, where the diſcourſe is ſuppoſed to be held with the heart, that fountain of truth. Cato ſeems inſtructed as to all he doubts: while irreſolute, he appears determined; and beſpeaks his quarters, while *he queſtions whether there* is lodging. How different from this *is the conduct of Shakeſpeare* on the ſame occaſion!"

On

On flattery, and an even-minded man, *p.* 135. *l.* 26. *to* 39. *p.* 136.
Midnight, *p.* 144. *l.* 33. *to* 41. [*l.* 1. *to* 5.
The King's deſpairing ſoliloquy, and Hamlet's reflections on him, *p.* 146. *l.* 7. *to* 41. *p.* 147. *l.* 1. *to* 24.
Part of the ſcene between Hamlet and his mother, *p.* 149. *l.* 1. *to* 11. 15. 17. *to* 31. *p.* 150. *l.* 13. *to* 16. 33. *to* 41. *p.* 151. 152. *entire. p.* 153. *l.* 1. *to* 27.
Hamlet's reflections on his own irreſolution, *p.* 159. *l.* 7. *to* 40. *p.* 160. *l.* 1. 2.
Sorrows rarely ſingle, *p.* 162. *l.* 4. 5. 6.
The divinity of kings, *p.* 163. *l.* 17. *to* 20.
A deſcription of Ophelia's drowning, *p.* 171. l. 20. *to* 37.
Hamlet's reflections on Yorick's ſcull. *p.* 176. l. 36. *to* 42. *p.* 177.
A ſpotleſs virgin buried, *p.* 178. l. 17. *to* 21. [l. 1. *to* 10.
Melancholy, *p.* 179. l. 31. *to* 35.
Providence directs our actions, *p.* 180. l. 18. 19. 20.
A health, *p.* 187. l. 20. *to* 24.

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE†.

PReferment, *p.* 193. l. 24. *to* 27.
In diſpraiſe of honeſty, *p.* 193. l. 33. *to* 41. *p.* 194. l. 1. *to* 16.
Love the ſole motive of Othello's marrying, *p.* 198. l. 24. *to* 28.
Othello's relation of his courtſhip to the ſenate, *p.* 203 l. 17. *to* 35. *p.* 204. l. 32. *to* 42. *p.* 205. l. 1. *to* 28.
Perfect content, *p.* 217. l. 18. *to* 27.
A lover's exclamation, *p.* 235. l. 35. 36. 37.
Othello's firſt ſuſpicion, *p.* 236. l. 15. *to* 34.
Reputation, *p.* 237. l. 28. *to* 35.
Othello's ſoliloquy after having been worked up to jealouſy by Iago, *p.* 240. l. 22. *to* 37.
Jealouſy, *p.* 242. l. 18. 19. 20. [l. 1. *to* 11.
The tortures of jealouſy, *p.* 242. l. 27. *to* 42. *p.* 243. *entire. p.* 244.
Othello's ſpeech after having received the mandate, when confirmed in his ſuſpicions, *p.* 259. l. 36. *to* 42. *p.* 260. l. 1. *to* 7.
His pathetic upbraiding of his wife, *p.* 261. l. 33. *to* 41. *p.* 262. *entire. p.* 263. l. 1. *to* 18.
Deſdemona's faithfulneſs, *p.* 265. l. 9. *to* 23.
Othello's ſoliloquy in the bed-chamber, *p.* 274. l. 33. *to* 39. *p.* 275. l. 1. *to* 18.
His confuſion, after having murdered his wife, *p.* 277. l. 24. *to* 34.
His love for her, *p.* 279. l. 7. *to* 10.
His bitter remorſe, *p.* 282. l. 32. *to* 35. *p.* 283. l. 1. *to* 19.
His laſt ſpeech, *p.* 285. l. 4. *to* 22.

† The beauties of this play (ſays Mr. Dodd) are peculiarly Shakeſpeare's own. There are in it many excellencies which could not be introduced in this work, depending on circumſtances, ſo nicely adapted, *no* reader can reliſh them extracted from the tragedy, which *is itſelf one* compleat beauty.

THE

TEMPEST.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

NSO, *King of Naples.*	Trinculo, *a jester.*
ıstian, *his brother.*	Stephano, *a drunken butler.*
ſpero, *the rightful duke of ſilan.*	*Maſter of a ſhip, Botſwain, and Mariners.*
honio, *his brother, the uſurping Duke of Milan.*	Miranda, *daughter to Proſpero.*
inand, *ſon to the King of Naples.*	Ariel, *an aiery ſpirit.*
zalo, *an honeſt old counſellor of Naples.*	Iris, Ceres, Juno, *Nymphs*, *Reapers*, } *Spirits, employed in the maſque.*
ian, iſco, } *Lords.*	
ban, *a ſalvage, and deformed ave.*	*Other ſpirits attending on Proſpero.*

SCENE, *an uninhabited iſland.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

On a ſhip at ſea.

A tempeſtuous noiſe of thunder and lightning heard.

Enter a Shipmaſter, and a Boatſwain.

ſtaſt. BOATSWAIN.——

oatſ. Here, maſter: what cheer?

ſtaſt. Good, ſpeak to th' mariners: fall to't yarely, e run ourſelves a-ground; beſtir, beſtir. [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

oatſ. Hey, my hearts; cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare; the top-ſail; *tend to* th' maſter's whiſtle;—blow, *them burſt thy wind, if* room enough.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and others.

Alon. Good boatſwain, have care: where's the maſter? play the men.

Boatſ. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the maſter, boatſwain?

Boatſ. Do you not hear him? you mar our labour; keep your cabins; you aſſiſt the ſtorm.

Gonz. Nay, good, be patient.

Boatſ. When the ſea is. Hence——what care theſe roarers for the name of King? to cabin; ſilence; trouble us not.

Gonz. Good, yet remember whom thou haſt aboard.

Boatſ. None that I more love than myſelf. You are a counſellor; if you can command theſe elements to ſilence, and work the peace o' the preſent, we will not hand a rope more; uſe your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd ſo long, and make yourſelf ready in your cabin for the miſchance of the hour, if it ſo hap. Cheerly, good hearts: out of our way, I ſay. [*Exit.*

Gonz. I have great comfort from this fellow; methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand faſt, good fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his deſtiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage: if he be not born to be hang'd, our caſe is miſerable. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatſwain.

Boatſ. Down with the top-maſt: yare, lower, lower; bring her to try with main-courſe. A plague upon the howling!

A cry within. Re-enter Sebaſtian, Anthonio, and Gonzalo.

they are louder than the weather or our office. Yet again? what do you here? ſhall we give o'er, and drown? have you a mind to ſink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blaſphemous, uncharitable dog.

Boatſ. Work you then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang; you whoreſon, inſolent noiſe-maker; we are leſs afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

nz. I'll warrant him from drowning, tho' the ſhip no ſtronger than a nut-ſhell, and as leaky as an ıch'd wench.

atſ. Lay her a-hold, a-hold; ſet her two courſes ſea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

ar. All loſt! to prayers! to prayers! all loſt! [*Exe.*

atſ. What, muſt our mouths be cold?

nz. The King and Prince at pray'rs! let us aſſiſt 'em, our caſe is as theirs.

b. I'm out of patience.

it. We're merely cheated of our lives by drunkards. wide-chopt raſcal——'Would thou might'ſt lie waſhing of ten tides! [drowning,

nz. He'll be hang'd yet, igh every drop of water ſwear againſt it, gape at wid'ſt to glut him.

fuſed noiſe within.] Mercy on us!

plit, we ſplit! farewell, my wife and children! ıer, farewell! we ſplit, we ſplit! we ſplit!

t. Let's all ſink with the King. [*Exit.*

b. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*

nz. Now would I give a thouſand furlongs of ſea ı acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, hing; the wills above be done, but I would fain die death! [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The inchanted iſland.*

Enter Proſpero and Miranda.

ra. If by your art (my deareſt father) you have he wild waters in this roar, allay them: ky, it ſeems, would pour down ſtinking pitch, hat the ſea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek, es the fire out. O! I have ſuffer'd thoſe that I ſaw ſuffer: a brave veſſel e had, no doubt, ſome noble creatures in her) d all to pieces. O the cry did knock ıſt my very heart: poor ſouls, they periſh'd! I been any god of pow'r, I would ſink the ſea within the earth, or ere ıld the good ſhip ſo have ſwallow'd, and

The fraighting ſouls within her.
Pro. Be collected;
No more amazement; tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.
Mira. O wo the day!
Pro. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee my dear one, thee my daughter,) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I'm more, or better
Than Proſpero, maſter of a full-poor cell,
And thy no greater father.
Mira. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.
Pro. 'Tis time,
I ſhould inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me: ſo!
[*Lays down his ma*
Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes, have comf
The direful ſpectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compaſſion in thee,
I have with ſuch proviſion in mine art
So ſafely order'd, that there's no ſoul loſt,
No not ſo much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the veſſel
Which thou heard'ſt cry, which thou ſaw'ſt ſink: ſit do
For thou muſt now know farther.
Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but ſtopt,
And left me to a bootleſs inquiſition;
Concluding, *Stay; not yet.*——
Pro. The hour's now come.
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canſt thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think, thou canſt; for then thou waſt not
Out three years old.
Mira. Certainly, Sir, I can.
Pro. By what? by any other houſe, or perſon?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept in thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream, than an aſſurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?
Pro. Thou hadſt, and more, Miranda: but how is it,
That this lives in thy mind? what ſeeſt thou elſe
In the dark back-ward and abyſme of time?
If thou remember'ſt aught, ere thou cam'ſt here;
How thou cam'ſt here, thou may'ſt.
Mira. But that I do not.
Pro. 'Tis twelve years ſince, Miranda; twelve years ſince
Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and
A prince of pow'r.
Mira. Sir, are not you my father?
Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She ſaid, thou waſt my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan; thou his only heir,
A princeſs, no worſe iſſu'd.
Mira. O the heav'ns!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or bleſſed was't, we did?
Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play (as thou ſay'ſt) were we heav'd thence;
But bleſſedly help'd hither.
Mira. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' th' teene that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance. Pleaſe you, farther.
Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Anthonio—
I pray thee, mark me;——(that a brother ſhould
Be ſo perfidious!) he whom next thyſelf
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my ſtate; (as, at that time,
Through all the ſignories it was the firſt;
And Proſpero the prime Duke, being ſo reputed
In dignity; and for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; thoſe being all my ſtudy:)
The government I caſt upon my brother,
And to my ſtate grew ſtranger; being tranſported,
And rapt in ſecret ſtudies. Thy falſe uncle——
Dost thou attend me?)
Mira. Sir, moſt heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant ſuits,
How to deny them; whom t' advance, and whom
To traſh for overtopping; new created
The creatures that were mine; I ſay, or chang'd 'em,
Or elſe new form'd 'em; having both the key
Of officer and office, ſet all hearts i' th' ſtate
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And ſuck'd my verdure out on't.——Thou attend'ſt not.

Mira. Good Sir, I do.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me then.
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To cloſeneſs, and the bettering of my mind,
With that which, but by being ſo retired,
O'erpriz'd all popular rate, in my falſe brother
Awak'd an evil nature; and my truſt,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falſehood in its contrary as great
As my truſt was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence *ſans* bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might elſe exact; like one,
Who having, unto truth, by telling oft,
Made ſuch a ſinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie; he did believe
He was indeed the Duke, from ſubſtitution,
And executing th' outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative. Hence his ambition growing.
Doſt thou hear?

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafneſs.

Pro. To have no ſcreen between this part he play'
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Abſolute Milan. Me, poor man!——my library
Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates
(So dry he was for ſway) wi' th' King of Naples,
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to his crown; and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas poor Milan!)
To moſt ignoble ſtooping.

Mira. O the heav'ns!

Pro. Mark his condition, and th' event; then tell me,
If this might be a brother?
Mira. I ſhould ſin,
To think but nobly of my grand-mother;
Good wombs have bore bad ſons.
Pro. Now the condition:
This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearks my brother's ſuit;
Which was, that he, in lieu o' th' premiſſes,
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,
Should preſently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother. Whereon
A treacherous army levy'd, one midnight
Fated to th' purpoſe, did Anthonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' th' dead of darkneſs,
The miniſters for the purpoſe hurry'd thence
Me, and thy crying ſelf.
Mira. Alack, for pity!
I not rememb'ring how I cry'd out then,
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint,
That wrings mine eyes to't.
Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the preſent buſineſs,
Which now's upon's; without the which this ſtory
Were moſt impertinent.
Mira. Why did they not
That hour deſtroy us?
Pro. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that queſtion. Dear, they durſt not
(So dear the love my people bore me) ſet
A mark ſo bloody on the buſineſs; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurry'd us aboard a bark;
Bore us ſome leagues to ſea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcaſe of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, ſail, nor maſt; the very rats
Inſtinctively had quit it: there they hoiſt us,
To cry to th' ſea, that roar'd to us; to ſigh
To th' winds, whoſe pity, ſighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.
Mira. Alack! what trouble

Was I then to you!
Pro. O! a cherubim
Thou waſt, that did preſerve me. Thou didſt ſmile,
Infuſed with a fortitude from heav'n,
(When I have mock'd the ſea with drops full-ſalt;
Under my burthen groan'd;) which rais'd in me
An undergoing ſtomach, to bear up
Againſt what ſhould enſue.
Mira. How came we a-ſhore?
Pro. By providence divine.
Some food we had, and ſome freſh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity (being then appointed
Maſter of this deſign) did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, ſtuffs, and neceſſaries,
Which ſince have ſteeded much. So of his gentleneſs,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furniſh'd me
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.
Mira. Would I might
But ever ſee that man!
Pro. Now, I ariſe:——
Sit ſtill, and hear the laſt of our ſea-ſorrow.
Here in this iſland we arriv'd, and here
Have I, thy ſchoolmaſter, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not ſo careful.
Mira. Heav'ns thank you for't! And now, I pray you Sir,
(For ſtill 'tis beating in my mind) your reaſon
For raiſing this ſea-ſtorm?
Pro. Know thus far forth,
By accident moſt ſtrange, bountiful Fortune
(Now my dear lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this ſhore: and, by my preſcience
I find, my zenith doth depend upon
A moſt auſpicious ſtar; whoſe influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.——Here ceaſe more queſtions;
Thou art inclin'd to ſleep. 'Tis a good dulneſs,
And give it way; I know, thou canſt not chuſe.

Miranda ſ

ome away, ſervant, come; I'm ready now:
pproach, my Ariel. Come.

SCENE III. *Enter Ariel.*

Ari. All hail, great maſter! grave Sir, hail! I come
o anſwer thy beſt pleaſure: be't to fly;
o ſwim; to dive into the fire; to ride
n the curl'd clouds: to thy ſtrong bidding taſk
riel, and all his qualities.
Pro. Haſt thou, ſpirit,
erform'd to point the tempeſt that I bade thee?
Ari. To every article.
boarded the King's ſhip: now on the beak,
ow in the waſte, the deck, in every cabin,
flam'd amazement. Sometimes I'd divide,
nd burn in many places; on the top-maſt,
he yards, and bolt-ſprit, would I flame diſtinctly;
hen meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precurſers
f dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
nd ſight out-running were not; the fire and cracks
f ſulphurous roaring the moſt mighty Neptune
eem'd to beſiege, and make his bold waves tremble;
ea, his dread trident ſhake.
Pro. My brave, brave ſpirit!
ho was ſo firm, ſo conſtant, that this eoil
ould not infect his reaſon?
Ari. Not a ſoul
ut felt a fever of the mind, and play'd
me tricks of deſperation: all, but mariners,
ung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the veſſel,
hen all a-fire with me: the King's ſon Ferdinand
ith hair up-ſtaring (then like reeds, not hair)
as the firſt man that leap'd, cry'd, "Hell is empty;
And all the devils are here."
Pro. Why, that's my ſpirit!
ut was not this nigh ſhore?
Ari. Cloſe by, my maſter.
Pro. But are they, Ariel, ſafe?
Ari. Not a hair periſh'd:
ſuſtaining garments not a blemiſh,
than before. And as thou bad'ſt me,
I have diſpers'd them 'bout the iſle:

The King's ſon have I landed by himſelf,
Whom I left cooling of the air with ſighs,
In an odd angle of the iſle, and ſitting,
His arms in this ſad knot.

Pro. Of the King's ſhip
The mariners, ſay how thou haſt diſpos'd,
And all the reſt o' th' fleet?

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the King's ſhip; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dſt me up at midnight, to fetch dew
From the ſtill-vex'd Bermoothes *, there ſhe's hid:
The mariners all under hatches ſtow'd,
Who, with a charm join'd to their ſuffered labour,
I've left aſleep; and for the reſt o' th' fleet,
(Which I diſpers'd,) they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound ſadly home for Naples;
Suppoſing that they ſaw the King's ſhip wreck'd,
And his great perſon periſh.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:
What is the time o' th' day?

Ari. Paſt the mid ſeaſon, at leaſt two glaſſes.

Pro. The time 'twixt ſix and now
Muſt by us both be ſpent moſt preciouſly.

Ari. Is there more toil? ſince thou doſt give me
Let me remember thee what thou haſt promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moody?
What is't thou canſt demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more.

Ari. I pr'ythee,
Remember, I have done thee worthy ſervice;

* This is the Spaniſh pronunciation of Bermudas: the a
of which iſland, in Purchas's pilgrimage, is, that it was cal
iſland of devils, and *the inchanted iſland;* theſe names being g
from the monſtrous tempeſts which there have been often ſuf
And again ſpeaking of the whole cluſter of iſlands with wh
great one is ſurrounded, he ſaith, The iſlands ſeem rent with
of thunder lightning and rain, which threaten in time to dev
all.

'old thee no lies, made no miſtakings, ſerv'd
Vithout or grudge, or grumblings; thou didſt promiſe
'o bate me a full year.
Pro. Doſt thou forget
rom what a torment I did free thee?
Ari. No.
Pro. Thou doſt; and think'ſt it much to tread the ooze
f the ſalt deep;
'o run upon the ſharp wind of the north;
'o do me buſineſs in the veins o' th' earth,
Vhen it is bak'd with froſt.
Ari. I do not, Sir.
Pro. Thou li'ſt, malignant thing! haſt thou forgot
he foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Vas grown into a hoop? haſt thou forgot her?
Ari. No, Sir.
Pro. Thou haſt: where was ſhe born? ſpeak; tell me.
Ari. Sir, in Argier.
Pro. Oh, was ſhe ſo? I muſt
nce in a month recount what thou haſt been,
Vhich thou forget'ſt. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
'or miſchiefs manifold and ſorceries terrible
'o enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'ſt, was baniſh'd: for one thing ſhe did,
They would not take her life. Is not this true?
Ari. Ay, Sir.
Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by th' ſailors; thou, my ſlave,
As thou report'ſt thyſelf, waſt then her ſervant.
And, for thou waſt a ſpirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refuſing her grand heſts, ſhe did confine thee,
By help of her more potent miniſters,
And in her moſt unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Impriſon'd, thou didſt painfully remain
A dozen years, within which ſpace ſhe dy'd,
And left thee there: where thou didſt vent thy groans,
As faſt as mill-wheels ſtrike. Then was this iſland
(Save for the ſon that ſhe did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human *ſhape.*

Ari.

Ari. Yes; Caliban her ſon.

Pro. Dull thing, I ſay ſo: he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in ſervice. Thou beſt know'ſt,
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breaſts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo: it was mine art,
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, maſter.

Pro. If thou more murmur'ſt, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty intrails, till
Thou'ſt howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, maſter.
I will be correſpondent to command,
And do my ſp'riting gently.

Pro. Do ſo: and after two days
I will diſcharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble maſter:
What ſhall I do? ſay, what? what ſhall I do?

Pro. Go make thyſelf like to a nymph o' th' ſea.
Be ſubject to no ſight but mine; inviſible
To every eye-ball elſe. Go take this ſhape,
And hither come in it: go hence with diligence.
[*Exit* Ariel.
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou haſt ſlept well;
Awake———

Mira. The ſtrangeneſs of your ſtory put
Heavineſs in me.

Pro. Shake it off: come on;
We'll viſit Caliban my ſlave, who never
Yields us kind anſwer.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, Sir,
I do not love to look on———

Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miſs him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and ſerve in offices
That profit us. What ho! ſlave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! ſpeak.

Cal. [*within.*] There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I ſay; there's other buſineſs for thee.
Come, thou tortoiſe! when?———

Enter Ariel like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! my quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My Lord, it ſhall be done. [*Exit.*

Pro. Thou poiſonous ſlave, got by the devil himſelf
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth.

SCENE IV. *Enter Caliban.*

Cal. "As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholeſome fen,
Drop on you both! a ſouth-weſt blow on ye,
And blifter you all o'er!"

Pro. For this, be ſure, to-night thou ſhalt have cramps,
Side-ſtiches that ſhall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vaſt of night that they may work,
All exerciſe on thee: thou ſhalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more ſtinging
Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. "I muſt eat my dinner.
This iſland's mine by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'ſt from me. When thou cameſt firſt,
Thou ſtroak'dſt me, and mad'ſt much of me; and wouldſt give me
Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the leſs,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And ſhew'd thee all the qualities o' th' iſle,
The freſh ſprings, brine-pits; barren place, and fertile.
Curs'd be I, that I did ſo! all the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the ſubjects that you have,
Who firſt was mine own king; and here you ſty me"
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The reſt of th' iſland.

Pro. Thou moſt lying ſlave,
Whom ſtripes may *move, not kindneſs*; I have us'd thee
(*Filth as thou art*) *with humane care*, and lodg'd
In mine own cell, till thou didſt ſeek to violate

The honour of my child.

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho!——I wou'd it had been done!
Thou didſt prevent me, I had peopled elſe
This iſle with Calibans.

Pro. Abhorred ſlave;
Which any print of goodneſs wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pity'd thee,
Took pains to make thee ſpeak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other. When thou couldſt not, ſavage,
Shew thine own meaning, but wouldſt gabble like
A thing moſt brutiſh, I endow'd thy purpoſes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race,
(Tho' thou didſt learn) had that in't, which good nature
Could not abide to be with; therefore waſt thou
Deſervedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadſt deſerv'd more than a priſon———

Cal. You taught me language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curſe: the red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-ſeed, hence!
Fetch us in fewel, and be quick (thou wert' beſt)
To anſwer other buſineſs. Shrug'ſt thou, malice?
If thou neglect'ſt, or doſt unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,
That beaſts ſhall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, 'pray thee.
I muſt obey; his art is of ſuch pow'r,
It would controul my dam's god Setebos,
And make a vaſſal of him.

Pro. So, ſlave, hence! [*Exit Caliban.*

SCENE V. *Enter Ferdinand; and Ariel invisible, playing and ſinging.*

ARIEL's SONG.

Come unto theſe yellow ſands,
And then take hands:
Curt'ſied when you have, and kiſs;
(The wild waves whiſt;)

Foot it featly here and there,
And, ſweet ſprites, the burthen bear.
[Burthen, diſperſedly.
Hark, hark, bough-waugh: the watch-dogs bark, bough-waugh.
i. Hark, hark, I hear
The ſtrain of ſtrutting chanticlere
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-do.

Fer. Where ſhould this muſic be; i' th' air, or earth?—
ſounds no more: and, ſure, it waits upon
me god o' th' iſland. Sitting on a bank,
eeping againſt the King my father's wreck,
iis muſic crept by me upon the waters;
llaying both their fury and my paſſion,
ith its ſweet air; thence I have follow'd it,
it hath drawn me rather——but 'tis gone.
), it begins again.

ARIEL's SONG.

Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made:
Thoſe are pearls, that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth ſuffer a ſea-change,
Into ſomething rich and ſtrange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.
Hark, now I hear them, ding-dong, bell.
[Burthen: ding-dong.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father;
iis is no mortal buſineſs, nor no ſound
at the earth owns: I hear it now above me.

SCENE VI.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eyes advance,
nd ſay, what thou ſeeſt yond.
Mira. What is't, a ſpirit?
ord, how it looks about! believe me, Sir,
carries a brave form. But 'tis a ſpirit.
Pro. No, wench; it eats, and ſleeps, and hath ſuch
ſenſes
we have, ſuch. This gallant, which thou ſeeſt,

Was in the wreck: and, but he's ſomething ſtain'd
With grief, (that's beauty's canker,) thou might'ſt ca
him
A goodly perſon. He hath loſt his fellows,
And ſtrays about to find 'em.
Mira. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever ſaw ſo noble.
Pro. It goes on, I ſee, [*Aſid*
As my ſoul prompts it. Spirit, fine ſpirit, I'll free th
Within two days for this.
Fer. Moſt ſure, the goddeſs
On whom theſe ayres attend! vouchſafe, my pray'r
May know, if you remain upon this iſland;
And that you will ſome good inſtruction give,
How I may bear me here: my prime requeſt
(Which I do laſt pronounce) is, O you wonder!
If you be made or no?
Mira. No wonder, Sir,
But certainly a maid.
Fer. My language! heav'ns!
I am the beſt of them that ſpeak this ſpeech,
Were I but where 'tis ſpoken!
Pro. How? the beſt?
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?
Fer. A ſingle thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee ſpeak of Naples. He does hear me;
And that he does, I weep: myſelf am Naples,
Who with mine eyes (ne'er ſince at ebb) beheld
The King my father wreck'd.
Mira. Alack, for mercy!
Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Mil
And his brave ſon, being twain.
Pro. The Duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could controul thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't.—At the firſt ſight,
They have chang'd eyes: (delicate Ariel,
I'll ſet thee free for this.) A word, good Sir.
I fear, you've done yourſelf ſome wrong: a word——
Mira. Why ſpeaks my father ſo ungently? this
Is the third man that I e'er ſaw; the firſt
That e'er I ſigh'd for. Pity mo[illegible] my father

To be inclin'd my way!
Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queen of Naples.
Pro. Soft, ſir: one word more.———
They're both in either's power: but this ſwift buſineſs
I muſt uneaſy make, leſt too light winning
Make the prize light. Sir, one word more; I charge thee,
That thou attend me:—thou doſt here uſurp
The name thou ow'ſt not, and haſt put thyſelf
Upon this iſland, as a ſpy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.
Fer. No, as I'm a man.
Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in ſuch a temple.
If the ill ſpirit have ſo fair an houſe,
Good things will ſtrive to dwell with't.
Pro. Follow me———
Speak not you for him: he's a traitor. Come,
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
Sea-water ſhalt thou drink; thy food ſhall be
The freſh-brook muſſels, wither'd roots, and huſks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.
Fer. No;
I will reſiſt ſuch entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power.
[*He draws, and is charm'd from moving.*
Mira. O dear father,
Make not too raſh a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.
Pro. What, I ſay,
My foot my tutor? put thy ſword up, traitor,
Who mak'ſt a ſhew, but dar'ſt not ſtrike; thy conſcience
Is ſo poſſeſs'd with guilt: come from thy ward;
For I can here diſarm thee with this ſtick,
And make thy weapon drop.
Mira. Beſeech you, father.
Pro. Hence: hang not on my garment.
Mira. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his ſurety.
Pro. *Silence: one word more*
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,

An advocate for an impoſtor? huſh!
Thou think'ſt there are no more ſuch ſhapes as he,
Having ſeen but him and Caliban; fooliſh wench!
To th' moſt of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.
Mira. My affections
Are then moſt humble: I have no ambition
To ſee a goodlier man.
Pro. Come on, obey;
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.
Fer. So they are.
My ſpirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loſs, the weakneſs which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, and this man's threats,
To whom I am ſubdu'd, were but light to me,
Might I but through my priſon once a day
Behold this maid: all corners elſe o' th' earth
Let liberty make uſe of; ſpace enough
Have I in ſuch a priſon.
Pro. It works: come on.
(Thou haſt done well, fine Ariel:) follow me.
Hark, what thou elſe ſhalt do me. [*To Ar*
Mira. Be of comfort,
My father's of a better nature, Sir,
Than he appears by ſpeech. This is unwonted,
Which now came from him.
Pro. Thou ſhalt be as free
As mountain-winds; but then exactly do
All points of my command.
Ari. To th' ſyllable.
Pro. Come, follow: ſpeak not for him. [*Exe*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Another part of the iſland.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Fr
ciſco, and others.

Gon. BESEECH you, Sir, be merry: you have ca
(So have we all) of joy! for our eſcape
Is much beyond our loſs; our ſtint of woe

Is common; every day, ſome ſailor's wife,
The maſters of ſome merchant, and the merchant,
Have juſt our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
(I mean of preſervation,) few in millions
Can ſpeak like us: then wiſely, good Sir, weigh
Our ſorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace *.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The 'viſer will not give o'er ſo.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit, by and by it will ſtrike.

Gon. Sir——

Seb. One——Tell——

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd; comes to the entertainer——

Seb. A dollor.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed; you have ſpoken truer than you propoſe'd.

Seb. You have taken it wiſelier than I meant you would.

Gon. Therefore, my Lord——.

Ant. Fie, what a ſpendthrift is he of his tongue?

Alon. I pr'ythee, ſpare.——

Gon. Well, I have done: but yet—

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a good wager, firſt begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done: the wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this iſland ſeem to be deſart—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha;——So, you're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almoſt inacceſſible——

Seb.

* All this that follows after the words *Pr'ythee, peace.*——to the words, *You cram theſe words*, &c. ſeems to have been interpolated, perhaps by the players;) the verſes there beginning again; and all that is between in proſe, *not only*, being very impertinent ſtuff, but *moſt improper and ill-placed drollery*, in the mouths of unhappy *ſhip-wrecked people. There is* more of the ſame ſort interſperſed in the *remaining part of the ſcene. Pope.*

Seb. Yet———

Adr. Yet———

Ant. He could not miſs't.

Adr. It muſt needs be of ſubtile, tend[illegible]nd delicate temperance.

Ant. *Temperance* was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a ſubtle, as he moſt learnedly deliver'd.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here moſt ſweetly

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a [illegible]

Gon. Here is every thing advanta[illegible]s to life.

Ant. True, ſave means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none or little.

Gon. How luſh and luſty the graſs looks? how green?

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He miſſes not much.

Seb. No: he does but miſtake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almoſt beyond credit———

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gon. That our garments being (as they were) drench'd in the ſea, hold notwithſtanding, their freſhneſs and gloſſes; being rather new-dy'd, than ſtain'd with ſalt-water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could ſpeak, would it not ſay, he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falſely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as freſh as when we put them on firſt in Afric, at the marriage of the King's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a ſweet marriage, and we proſper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never grac'd before with ſuch a paragon to their Queen.

Gon. Not ſince widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow, a pox o' that: how came that widow in? widow Dido?

Seb. What if he had ſaid, widower Æneas too? *Good Lord*, how you take it!

Adr.

Adr. Widow Dido, ſaid you? you make me ſtudy of that: ſhe was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, Sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I aſſure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houſes too.

Ant. What impoſſible matter will he make eaſy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this iſland home in his pocket, and give it his ſon for an apple.

Ant. And, ſowing the kernels of it in the ſea, bring forth more iſlands.

Gon. Ay.

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments ſeem now as freſh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queen.

Ant. And the rareſt that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beſeech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido!

Gon. Is not my doublet, Sir, as freſh as the firſt day I wore it? I mean, in a ſort.

Ant. That ſort was well fiſh'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage.

Alon. You cram theſe words into mine ears againſt
The ſtomach of my ſenſe. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My ſon is loſt; and, in my rate, ſhe too;
Who is ſo far from Italy remov'd,
I ne'er again ſhall ſee her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what ſtrange fiſh
Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran. Sir, he may live.
I ſaw him beat the ſurges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trode the water;
Whoſe enmity he flung aſide, and breaſted
The ſurge moſt ſwoln that met him: his bold head
Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himſelf with his good arms in luſty ſtrokes
To th' ſhore; that o'er his wave-worn baſis bow'd,
As ſtooping to relieve him. I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

Alon.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourſelf for this great loſs,
That would not bleſs our Europe with your daughter,
But rather loſe her to an African;
Where ſhe, at leaſt, is baniſh'd from your eye,
Who hath cauſe to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwiſe
By all of us; and the fair ſoul herſelf
Weigh'd between lothneſs and obedience, at
Which end the beam ſhould bow. We've loſt your ſon,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this buſineſs' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them:
The fault's your own.

Alon. So is the deareſt o' th' loſs.

Gon. My Lord Sebaſtian,
The truth, you ſpeak, doth lack ſome gentleneſs,
And time to ſpeak it in: you rub the ſore,
When you ſhould bring the plaiſter.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And moſt chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good Sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I the plantation of this iſle, my Lord——

Ant. He'd ſow't with nettle-ſeed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the King on't, what would I do?

Seb. Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

Gon. " I' th' commonwealth, I would by contraries
" Execute all things: for no kind of traffic
" Would I admit; no name of magiſtrate;
" Letters ſhould not be known; wealth, poverty,
" And uſe of ſervice, none; contract, ſucceſſion,
" Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
" No uſe of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
" No occupation, all men idle, all,
" And women too, but innocent and pure;
" No ſov'reignty."

Seb. And yet he would be King on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. "All things in common nature ſhould produce,
" Without ſweat or endeavour. Treaſon, felony,
" Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
" Would I not have; but nature ſhould bring forth,
" Of its own kind, all foyzon, all abundance,
" To feed my innocent people."

Seb. No marrying 'mong his ſubjects?

Ant. None, man; all idle, whores and knaves.

Gon. I would with ſuch perfection govern, Sir,
" excel the golden age.

Seb. Save his Majeſty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, do you mark me, Sir?

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more; thou doſt talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your Highneſs; and did it to miniſter occaſion to theſe gentlemen, who are of ſuch ſenſible and nimble lungs, that they always uſe to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: ſo you may continue, and laugh at nothing ſtill.

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave metal; you would lift the moon out of her ſphere, if we would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel, playing ſolemn muſic.

Seb. We would ſo, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, my good Lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you, I will not adventure my diſcretion ſo weakly: will you laugh me aſleep? for I am very heavy.

Ant. Go ſleep, and hear us.

Alon. What all ſo ſoon aſleep? I wiſh mine eyes would with themſelves ſhut up my thoughts: I find, they are inclin'd to do ſo.

Seb. Pleaſe you, Sir,

Do

Do not omit the heavy offer of it.
It ſeldom viſits ſorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.
Ant. We two, my Lord,
Will guard your perſon, while you take your reſt,
And watch your ſafety.
Alon. Thank you: wond'rous heavy———
[*All ſleep but Seb. and Ant.*
Seb. What a ſtrange drowſineſs poſſeſſes them?
Ant. It is the quality o' th' climate.
Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids ſink? I find not
Myſelf diſpos'd to ſleep.
Ant. Nor I, my ſpirits are nimble:
They fell together all as by conſent,
They dropt as by a thunder-ſtroke. What might,
Worthy Sebaſtian—O, what might—no more.
And yet, methinks, I ſee it in thy face,
What thou ſhould'ſt be: th' occaſion ſpeaks thee, and
My ſtrong imagination ſees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.
Seb. What! art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not hear me ſpeak?
Seb. I do; and, ſurely,
It is a ſleepy language; and thou ſpeak'ſt
Out of thy ſleep; what is it thou didſt ſay?
This is a ſtrange repoſe, to be aſleep
With eyes wide open; ſtanding, ſpeaking, moving,
And yet ſo faſt aſleep!
Ant. Noble Sebaſtian,
Thou let'ſt thy fortune ſleep: die rather: wink'ſt,
Whilſt thou art waking.
Seb. Thou doſt ſnore diſtinctly;
There's meaning in thy ſnores.
Ant. I am more ſerious than my cuſtom. You
Muſt be ſo too, if heed me; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er.
Seb. Well; I am ſtanding water.
Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.
Seb. Do ſo: to ebb
Hereditary ſloth inſtructs me.

Ant. O!
If you but knew, how you the purpoſe cheriſh,
Whilſt thus you mock it; how, in ſtripping it,
You more inveſt it: ebbing men, indeed,
Moſt often do ſo near the bottom run,
By their own fear or ſloth.
Seb. Pr'ythee, ſay on;
The ſetting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.
Ant. Thus, Sir:
Although this lord, of weak remembrance, this,
(Who ſhall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd) hath here almoſt perſuaded
(For he's a ſpirit of perſuaſion, only
Profeſſes to perſuade) the King, his ſon's alive:
'Tis as impoſſible that he's undrown'd,
As he that ſleeps here, ſwims.
Seb. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.
Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you? No hope, that way, is
Another way ſo high an hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubt diſcovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That Ferdinand is drown'd?
Seb. He's gone.
Ant. Then tell me
Who's the next heir of Naples?
Seb. Claribel.
Ant. She that is Queen of Tunis; ſhe that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; ſhe that from Naples
Can have no note *, unleſs the ſun were poſt,
(The man i' th' moon's too ſlow,) till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; ſhe, from whom
We were ſea-ſwallów'd; tho' ſome, caſt again,
(And by that deſtiny perform an act,
Whereof, what's paſt is prologue; what to come
In yours and my diſcharge——
Seb. What ſtuff is this? how ſay you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's Queen of Tunis;

* No advices by letter.

So is the heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.
Ant. A space, whose ev'ry cubit
Seems to cry out, How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake. Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them, why, they were no worse
Than now they are: there be that can rule Naples,
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply, and unnecessarily,
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O that you bore
The mind that I do; what a sleep was this
For your advancement! do you understand me?
Seb. Methinks I do.
Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?
Seb. I remember,
You did supplant your brother Prosp'ro.
Ant. True:
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before. My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.
Seb. But, for your conscience———
Ant. Ay, Sir; where lies that?
If 'twere a kybe, 'twould put me to my slipper:
But I feel not this deity in my bosom.
Ten consciences, that stand 'twixt me and Milan,
Candy'd be they, and melt, e'er they molest!
Here lies your brother———
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: you doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for ay might put
This ancient Moral, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.
Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent: as thou got'st Milan,

I'll come by Naples. Draw thy ſword; one ſtroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'ſt;
And I the King ſhall love thee.
Ant. Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like
To fall it on Gonzalo.
Seb. O, but one word———

Enter Ariel, with muſic and ſong.

Ari. My maſter through his art foreſees the danger
That you his friend are in; and ſends me forth
(For elſe his project dies) to keep them living.
[*Sings in Gonzalo's ear.*

While you here do ſnoaring lie,
Open-ey'd conſpiracy
His time doth take:
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off ſlumber and beware:
Awake! awake!

Ant. Then let us both be ſudden.
Gon. Now, good angels, preſerve the King!
[*They wake.*
Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake! why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghaſtly looking?
Gon. What's the matter?
Seb. While we ſtood here ſecuring your repoſe,
even now we heard a hollow burſt of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did 't not wake you?
It ſtrook mine ear moſt terribly.
Alon. I heard nothing.
Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monſter's ear;
To make an earthquake: ſure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.
Alon. Heard you this?
Gon. Upon my honour, Sir, I heard a humming,
And that a ſtrange one too, which did awake me.
I ſhak'd you, Sir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,
I ſaw their weapons drawn: there was a noiſe,
That's verity. 'Tis beſt we ſtand on guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground, and let's make further ſearch
For my poor ſon.

Gon. Heav'ns keep him from theſe beaſts!
For he is, ſure, i' th' iſland.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. Proſpero my lord ſhall know what I have done.
So, King, go ſafely on to ſeek thy ſon. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Changes to another part of the iſland.*

Enter Caliban with a burden of wood; a noiſe of thunder heard.

Cal. "All th' infections that the ſun ſucks up,
"From bogs, fens, flats, on Proſper fall, and make him
"By inch-meal a diſeaſe! his ſpirits hear me,
"And yet I needs muſt curſe. But they'll not pinch,
"Fright me with urchin-ſhews, pitch me i' th' mire,
"Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
"Out of my way, unleſs he bid 'em; but
"For every trifle are they ſet upon me.
"Sometimes like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
"And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
"Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
"Their pricks at my foot-fall; ſometimes am I
"All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
"Do hiſs me into madneſs. Lo! now! lo!"

Enter Trinculo.

Here comes a ſp'rit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in ſlowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither buſh nor ſhrub to bear off any weather at all, and another ſtorm brewing; I hear it ſing i' th' wind: yond ſame black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bumbard that would ſhed his liquor. If it ſhould thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond ſame cloud cannot chuſe but fall by pailfuls ——— What have we here? a *man* or a *fiſh*? dead or alive? A *fiſh*; he ſmells like a *fiſh*: a very ancient and fiſh-like ſmell. A kind of

not of the neweſt, Poor John: a ſtrange fiſh! "Were "I in England now, as once I was, and had but this "fiſh painted, not an holiday-fool there but would give "a piece of ſilver. There would this monſter make "a man; any ſtrange beaſt there makes a man; when "they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, "they will lay out ten to ſee a dead Indian." Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! warm, o' my troth! I do now let looſe my opinion, hold it no longer, this is no fiſh, but an iſlander that hath lately ſuffer'd by a thunder-bolt. Alas! the ſtorm is come again. My beſt way is to creep under his gaberdine: there is no other ſhelter hereabout; "miſery acquaints a man with "ſtrange bedfellows:" I will here ſhrowd, till the dregs of the ſtorm be paſt.

Enter Stephano, ſinging.

Ste. I ſhall no more to ſea, to ſea, here ſhall I die a-ſhore. This is a very ſcurvy tune to ſing at a man's funeral; well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

Sings. *The maſter, the ſwabber, the boatſwain, and I,*
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate;
For ſhe had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a ſailor, Go hang:
She lov'd not the ſavour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might ſcratch her, where-e'er ſhe did itch.
Then to ſea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a ſcurvy tune too; but here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me, oh!

Ste. What's the matter? have we devils here? do you put tricks upon's with ſalvages, and men of Inde? ha? I have not ſcap'd drowning, to be afraid now of your four legs; for it hath been ſaid, As proper a man ever went upon four legs, cannot make him give ground; and it ſhall be ſaid ſo again, while Stephano breathes at his noſtrils.

Cal. The ſpirit torments me: oh!

Ste. This is ſome monſter of the iſle with four legs, who hath got, *as I take it*, an ague: where the devil ſhould

ſhould he learn our language? I will give him ſome relief, if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a preſent for any Emperor that ever trode on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee; I'll bring my wood home faſt r.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wiſeſt: he ſhall taſte of my bottle. If he never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit; if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him: he ſhall pay for him, that hath him, and that ſoundly.

Cal. Thou doſt me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it, by thy trembling: now Proſper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, Cat; open your mouth: this will ſhake your ſhaking, I can tell you, and that ſoundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

Trin. I ſhould know that voice: it ſhould be——— but he is drown'd; and theſe are devils; O! defend me———

Ste. Four legs and two voices; a moſt delicate monſter! "his forward voice now is to ſpeak well of "his friend; his backward voice is to ſpatter foul "ſpeeches, and to detract." If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come: Amen! I will pour ſome in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano,——

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! this is a devil, and no monſter: I will leave him; I have no long ſpoon.

Trin. Stephano! if thou beeſt Stephano, touch me, and ſpeak to me; for I am Trinculo; be not afraid, thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beeſt Trinculo, come forth, I'll pull thee by the leſſer legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, theſe are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed: how cam'ſt thou to be the ſiege of this moon-calf? can he vent Trinculoes?

Trin.

Trin. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-ſtroke: but art thou not drown'd, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drown'd. Is the ſtorm over-blown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the ſtorm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans ſcap'd!

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about, my ſtomach is not conſtant.

Cal. Theſe be fine things, an if they be not ſprights: that's a brave god, and bears celeſtial liquor; I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didſt thou ſcape? how cameſt thou hither? ſwear, by this bottle, how thou cam'ſt hither. I eſcap'd upon a butt of ſack, which the ſailors heav'd over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, ſince I was caſt aſhore.

Cal. I'll ſwear upon that bottle, to be thy true ſubject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; ſwear then, how eſcap'dſt thou?

Trin. Swom aſhore, man, like a duck; I can ſwim like a duck; I'll be ſworn.

Ste. Here, kiſs the book. Though thou can'ſt ſwim like a duck, thou art made like a gooſe.

Trin. O Stephano, haſt any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by th' ſea-ſide, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf, how does thine ague?

Cal. Haſt thou not dropt from heav'n?

Ste. Out o' th' moon, I do aſſure thee. I was the man in th' moon when time was.

Cal. I have ſeen thee in her; and I do adore thee: my miſtreſs ſhew'd me thee, and thy dog and thy buſh.

Ste. Come, ſwear to that; kiſs the book: I will furniſh it anon with new contents: ſwear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very ſhallow monſter: I afraid of him? a very ſhallow monſter: the man i' th' moon?——a moſt poor credulous monſter: well drawn, monſter, in good ſooth.

Cal. I'll ſhew thee every fertile inch o' th' iſle, and *I will kiſs thy foot: I pr'ythee,* be my god.

Trin.

Trin. By this light, a moſt perfidious and drunken monſter; when his god's aſleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiſs thy foot. I'll ſwear myſelf thy ſubject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and ſwear.

Trin. I ſhall laugh myſelf to death at this puppy-headed monſter: a moſt ſcurvy monſter! I could find in my heart to beat him ———

Ste. Come, kiſs.

Trin. ——But that the poor monſter's in drink: an abominable monſter!

Cal. "I'll ſhew thee the beſt ſprings; I'll pluck thee
"berries,
"I'll fiſh for thee, and get thee wood enough.
"A plague upon the tyrant that I ſerve!
"I'll bear him no more ſticks, but follow thee,
"Thou wond'rous man."

Trin. A moſt ridiculous monſter, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. "I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
"And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
"Shew thee a jay's neſt, and inſtruct thee how
"To ſnare the nimble marmazet; I'll bring thee
"To cluſt'ring filberds, and ſometimes I'll get thee
"Young ſhamois from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?"

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way without any more talking. Trinculo, the King and all our company elſe being drown'd, we will inherit here. Here, bear my bottle; fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly.*] *Farewell, maſter; farewell, farewell.*

Trin. A howling monſter; a drunken monſter.

Cal. *No more dams I'll make for fiſh,*
Nor fetch in firing at requiring,
Nor ſcrape trencher, nor waſh diſh,
Ban' Ban', Caealyban
Has a new maſter, get a new man.
Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monſter, lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Before Proſpero's cell.

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

Fer. THERE be ſome ſports are painful, but their labour
Delight in them ſets off: ſome kinds of baſeneſs
Are nobly undergone, and moſt poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean taſk wou'd be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious: but
The miſtreſs, which I ſerve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleaſures: O, ſhe is
Ten times more gentle, than her father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harſhneſs. I muſt move
Some thouſands of theſe logs, and pile them up,
Upon a ſore injunction. My ſweet miſtreſs
Weeps when ſhe ſees me work, and ſays, Such baſeneſs
Had ne'er like executer; I forget;
But theſe ſweet thoughts do ev'n refreſh my labour,
Moſt buſy-leſs, when I do it.

Enter Miranda; and Proſpero, at a diſtance unſeen.

Mira. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not ſo hard; I would the lightning had
Burnt up thoſe logs, that thou'rt enjoin'd to pile:
Pray, ſet it down, and reſt you; when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you: my father
Is hard at ſtudy; pray now, reſt yourſelf;
He's ſafe for theſe three hours.
Fer. O moſt dear miſtreſs,
The ſun will ſet before I ſhall diſcharge
What I muſt ſtrive to do.
Mira. If you'll ſit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that;
I'll carry't to the pile.
Fer. No, precious creature,
I had rather crack my ſinews, break my back,
Than you ſhould ſuch diſhonour undergo,
While I ſit lazy by.

Mira.

Mira. It would become me,
As well as it does you; and I ſhould do it
With much more eaſe: for my good-will is to it,
And yours it is againſt.
Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected;
This viſitation ſhews it.
Mira. You look wearily.
Fer. No, noble miſtreſs; 'tis freſh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beſeech you,
(Chiefly that I might ſet it in my prayers)
What is your name?
Mira. Miranda. O my father,
I've broke your heſt to ſay ſo.
Fer. Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's deareſt to the world! full many a lady
I've ey'd with beſt regard, and many a time
Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear; for ſeveral virtues
Have I lik'd ſeveral women, never any
With ſo full ſoul, but ſome defect in her
Did quarrel with the nobleſt grace ſhe ow'd,
And put it to the foil. But you, O you,
So perfect, and ſo peerleſs, are created
Of every creature's beſt.
Mira. I do not know
One of my ſex; no woman's face remember,
Save from my glaſs mine own; nor have I ſeen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father; how features are abroad,
I'm ſkilleſs of; but, by my modeſty,
(The jewel in my dower,) I would not wiſh
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a ſhape,
Beſides yourſelf, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.
Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a King;
(I would, not ſo!) and would no more endure
This wooden ſlavery, than I would ſuffer
The fleſh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my ſoul ſpeak;

The very inſtant that I ſaw you, did
My heart fly to your ſervice, there reſides
To make me ſlave to it; and, for your ſake,
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heav'n, O earth, bear witneſs to this ſound,
And crown what I profeſs with kind event,
If I ſpeak true; if hollowly, invert
What beſt is boaded me, to miſchief! I,
Beyond all limit of what elſe i' th' world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I'm glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter
Of two moſt rare affections! heav'ns rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthineſs, that dare not offer,
What I deſire to give; and much leſs take,
What I ſhall die to want: but this is trifling;
And all the more it ſeeks to hide itſelf,
The bigger bulk it ſhews. Hence, baſhful cunning;
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence.
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow,
You may deny me; but I'll be your ſervant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My miſtreſs, deareſt,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My huſband then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom; here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't; and now farewell,
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thouſand, thouſand. [*Exeunt.*

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are ſurpris'd withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere ſupper-time, muſt I perform
Much buſineſs appertaining. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *Changes to another part of the iſland.*

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me; when the butt is out, we will drink water, not a drop before; therefore bear up, and board 'em, ſervant-monſter; drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monſter! the folly of this iſland! they ſay, there's but five upon this iſle; we are three of them, if the other two be brain'd like us, the ſtate totters.

Ste. Drink, ſervant-monſter, when I bid thee; thy eyes are almoſt ſet in thy head.

Trin. Where ſhould they be ſet elſe! he were a brave monſter indeed, if they were ſet in his tail.

Ste. My man-monſter hath drown'd his tongue in ſack: for my part, the ſea cannot drown me. I ſwam, ere I could recover the ſhore, five and thirty leagues, off and on; by this light, thou ſhalt be my lieutenant, monſter, or my ſtandard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you liſt; he's no ſtandard.

Ste. We'll not run, Monſieur monſter.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie like dogs, and yet ſay nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, ſpeak once in thy life, if thou beeſt a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? let me lick thy ſhoe; I'll not ſerve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou lieſt, moſt ignorant monſter, I am in caſe to juſtle a conſtable; why, thou deboſh'd fiſh thou, was there ever a man a coward that hath drunk ſo much ſack as I to-day? wilt thou tell a monſtrous lie, being but half a fiſh, and half a monſter?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me: wilt thou let him, my Lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he! that a monſter ſhould be ſuch a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again; bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree——the poor monſter's my ſubject, and he ſhall not ſuffer indignity.

Cal.

. I thank my Noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd
rken once again to the ſuit I made to thee?
Marry, will I; kneel, and repeat it; I will ſtand,
ſhall Trinculo.

Enter Ariel inviſible.

. As I told thee before, I am ſubject to a tyrant,
erer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the

. Thou lieſt.
. Thou lieſt, thou jeſting monkey, thou;
ld my valiant maſter would deſtroy thee;
not lie.
. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale,
is hand I will ſupplant ſome of your teeth.
in. Why, I ſaid nothing.
. Mum then, and no more; proceed.
. I ſay, by ſorcery he got this iſle;
me he got it. If thy Greatneſs will
ge it on him, (for, I know, thou dar'ſt,
his thing dares not.———)
. That's moſt certain.
. Thou ſhalt be lord of it, and I'll ſerve thee.
How now ſhall this be compaſs'd? canſt thou
me to the party?
. Yea, yea, my Lord, I'll yield him thee aſleep,
e thou may'ſt knock a nail into his head.
. Thou lieſt, thou canſt not.
. What a py'd ninny's this? thou ſcurvy patch!
eſeech thy Greatneſs, give him blows,
take his bottle from him; when that's gone,
all drink nought but brine, for I'll not ſhew him
e the quick freſhes are.
. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt
onſter one word further, and, by this hand, I'll
my mercy out of doors, and make a ſtock-fiſh of

in. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go fur-
ſt.
Didſt thou not ſay, he li'd?
Thou lieſt.
Do I ſo? take you that. [*Beats him.*

As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give thee the lie; out o' your wits, and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can ſack and drinking do. A murrain on your monſter, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Ste. Now, forward with your tale; pr'ythee, ſtand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough; after a little time
I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further. Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a cuſtom with him
I' th' afternoon to ſleep; there thou may'ſt brain him,
Having firſt ſeiz'd his books: or with a log
Batter his ſcull, or paunch him with a ſtake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember,
Firſt to poſſeſs his books; for without them
He's but a ſot, as I am; nor hath not
One ſpirit to command. They all do hate him,
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books;
He has brave utenſils, (for ſo he calls them,)
Which when he has an houſe, he'll deck withal.
And that moſt deeply to conſider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himſelf
Calls her a non-pareil: I ne'er ſaw woman,
But only Sycorax my dam, and ſhe;
But ſhe as far ſurpaſſes Sycorax,
As greateſt does the leaſt.

Ste. Is ſhe ſo brave a laſs?

Cal. Ay, Lord; ſhe will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monſter, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be King and Queen, ſave our Graces; and Trinculo and thyſelf ſhall be viceroys. Doſt thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am ſorry I beat thee: but, while thou liv'ſt, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half-hour will he be aſleep;
Wilt thou deſtroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on my honour.

Ari. This will I tell my maſter.

. Thou mak'ſt me merry; I am full of pleaſure;
s be jocund. Will you troul the catch,
aught me but while-ere?
At thy requeſt, monſter, I will do reaſon, any
. Come on, Trinculo, let us ſing. [*Sings.*

ut 'em, and ſkout 'em; and ſkout 'em, and ſtout 'em;
thought is free.

'. That's not the tune.
[*Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*
What is this ſame?
in. This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the
e of nobody.
If thou be'ſt a man, ſhew thyſelf in the likeneſs;
u be'ſt a devil, take't as thou liſt.
in. O, forgive me my ſins!
He that dies, pays all debts. I defy thee. Mercy
us!
'. Art thou afraid?
No, monſter, not I.
'. Be not afraid; the iſle is full of noiſes,
ls, and ſweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
imes a thouſand twanging inſtruments
ıum about mine ears, and ſometimes voices;
if I then had wak'd after long ſleep,
nake me ſleep again; and then in dreaming,
ſouds, methought, would open, and ſhew riches
r to drop upon me; that when I wak'd,
d to dream again.
This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where
I have my muſic for nothing.
'. When Proſpero is deſtroy'd.
That ſhall be by and by: I remember the ſtory.
in. The ſound is going away; let's follow it, and
lo our work.
Lead, monſter; we'll follow. I would I could
is taborer. He lays it on.
in. Wilt come? I'll follow Stephano. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Changes to another part of the iſland.*

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Franciſco, &c.

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no further, Sir;
My old bones ake: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders! by your patience,
I needs muſt reſt me.
Alon. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myſelf attach'd with wearineſs,
To th' dulling of my ſpirits: ſit down and reſt.
Ev'n here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,
Whom thus we ſtray to find, and the ſea mocks
Our fruſtrate ſearch on land. Well, let him go.
Ant. I am right glad that he's ſo out of hope.
[*Aſide to Seb.*
Do not, for one repulſe, forego the purpoſe
That you reſolv'd t'effect.
Seb. The next advantage
Will we take throughly.
Ant. Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppreſs'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, uſe ſuch vigilance,
As when they're freſh.
Seb. I ſay, to-night: no more.

Solemn and ſtrange muſic; and Proſpero on the top, inviſible. Enter ſeveral ſtrange ſhapes, bringing in a banquet and dance about it with gentle actions of ſalutation and, inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark
Gon. Marvellous ſweet muſic!
Alon. Give us kind keepers, heav'n! what were theſe
Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe,
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne; one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.
Ant. I'll believe both:
And what does elſe want credit, come to me,
And I'll be ſworn 'tis true. Travellers ne'er did lie,
Tho

Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in Naples
I ſhould report this now, would they believe me?
If I ſhould ſay, I ſaw ſuch iſlanders:
(For, certes, theſe are people of the iſland,)
Who tho' they are of monſtrous ſhape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of
Our human generation you ſhall find
Many; nay, almoſt any.

Pro. Honeſt Lord,
Thou haſt ſaid well; for ſome of you there preſent
Are worſe than devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muſe,
Such ſhapes, ſuch geſture, and ſuch ſound, expreſſing
(Although they want the uſe of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb diſcourſe.

Pro. Praiſe, in departing—

Fran. They vaniſh'd ſtrangely.

&b. No matter, ſince
They've left their viands behind; for we have ſtomachs.
Will pleaſe you taſte of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, Sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe, that there were mountaineers,
Dew-lapt like bulls, whoſe throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of fleſh, or that there were ſuch men,
Whoſe heads ſtood in their breaſts? which now we find,
Each putter out on five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will ſtand to, and feed,
Although my laſt; no matter, ſince I feel
The beſt is paſt. Brother, my Lord the Duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

* It was a cuſtom heretofore, for people, upon their going forth to travel, to put out ſums of money upon contracts, to receive the ſame back with increaſe upon their return; which increaſe bore a proportion to the length and danger of the voyages they undertook; and upon thoſe which were very long and very hazardous it ſometimes roſe to 500 *per cent.*

See Ben Johnſon, Every man out of his humour, Act II. Scene 3. *Fynes Moriſon's Itinerary*, part 1 p. 198.

SCENE IV. *Thunder and lightning.*

Enter Ariel like a harpy, claps his wings upon the table, and with a quaint device the banquet vaniſhes.

Ari. You are three men of ſin, whom deſtiny
(That hath to inſtrument this lower world,
And what is in't) the never-ſurfeited ſea
Hath cauſed to belch up; and, on this iſland,
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongſt men
Being moſt unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And ev'n with ſuch like valour men hang and drown
Their proper ſelves. You fools! I and my fellows
[*They draw their ſwords.*
Are miniſters of fate; the elements,
Of whom your ſwords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at ſtabs
Kill the ſtill-cloſing waters, as diminiſh
One down that's in my plume: my fellow-miniſters
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your ſwords are now too maſſy for your ſtrengths,
And will not be upliſted. But remember,
(For that's my buſineſs to you,) that you three
From Milan did ſupplant good Proſpero:
Expos'd unto the ſea (which hath requit it)
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the ſeas and ſhores, yea, all the creatures,
Againſt your peace: thee of thy ſon, Alonſo,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Ling'ring perdition, worſe than any death
Can be at once, ſhall ſtep by ſtep attend
You and your ways; whoſe wrath to guard you from,
(Which here in this moſt deſolate iſle elſe falls
Upon your heads,) is nothing but heart's ſorrow,
And a clear life enſuing.

He vaniſhes in thunder: then, to ſoft muſic, Enter the ſhapes again, and dance with mops and mowes, and carrying the table.

Pro. Bravely the figure of this harpy haſt thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my inſtruction haſt thou nothing 'bated,

In what thou hadſt to ſay: ſo with good life,
And obſervation ſtrange, my meaner miniſters
Their ſeveral kinds have done; my high charms work,
And theſe, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their diſtractions: they are in my power;
And in theſe fits I leave them, whilſt I viſit
Young Ferdinand, (whom they ſuppoſe is drown'd,)
And his and my lov'd darling.

[*Exit Proſpero from above.*

Gon. I' th' name of ſomething holy, Sir, why ſtand
In this ſtrange ſtare? [you

Alon. O, it is monſtrous! monſtrous!
"Methoughts the billows ſpoke, and told me of it
"The winds did ſing it to me; and the thunder,
"That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
"The name of Proſper: it did baſe my treſpaſs."
Therefore my ſon i' th' ooze is bedded; and
I'll ſeek him deeper than e'er plummet ſounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy ſecond. [*Exeunt.*

Gon. All three of them are deſperate; "their great guilt,
"Like poiſon giv'n to work a great time after,
"Now 'gins to bite the ſpirits. I do beſeech you."
That are of ſuppler joints, follow them ſwiftly;
And hinder them from what this ecſtaſy
May now provoke them to.

Adri. Follow, I pray you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Proſpero's cell.

Enter Proſpero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

IF I have too auſterely puniſh'd you,
Your compenſation makes amends; for I
Have giv'n you here a thread of mine own life;
Or that for *which I live; whom* once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou

Hath

Haſt ſtrangely ſtood the teſt. Here, afore heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not ſmile at me, that I boaſt her off;
For thou ſhalt find, ſhe will outſtrip all praiſe,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I believe it,
Againſt an oracle.

Pro. Then as my gift, and thine own acquiſition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter. But
" If thou doſt break her virgin-knot, before
" All ſanctimonious ceremonies may
" With full and holy rite be miniſter'd,
" No ſweet aſperſions ſhall the heav'ns let fall
" To make this contract grow: but barren hate,
" Sour-ey'd diſdain, and diſcord ſhall beſtrew
" The union of your bed with weeds ſo loathly,
" That you ſhall hate it both: therefore take heed,"
As Hymen's lamps ſhall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair iſſue, and long life,
With ſuch love as 'tis now; the murkieſt den,
The moſt opportune place, the ſtrong'ſt ſuggeſtion
Our worſer *genius* can, ſhall never melt
Mine honour into luſt; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I ſhall think or Phœbus' ſteeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly ſpoke.
Sit then, and talk with her, ſhe is thine own.
What, Ariel; my induſtrious ſervant, Ariel———

SCENE III. *Enter Ariel.*

Ari. What would my potent maſter? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your laſt ſervice
Did worthily perform; and I muſt uſe you
In ſuch another trick; go, bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:
Incite them to quick motion, for I muſt
Beſtow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art; it is my promiſe,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Preſently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can ſay, Come, and go,
And breathe twice; and cry, So, ſo;
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, maſter? no?

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel; do not approach,
Till thou doſt hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive. [*Exit.*

Pro. Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the ſtrongeſt oaths are ſtraw
To th' fire i' th' blood: be more abſtemious,
Or elſe, good-night your vow!———

Fer. I warrant you, Sir;
The white, cold, virgin-ſnow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well.
Now come, my Ariel; bring a corollary,
Rather than want a ſpirit; appear, and pertly———
No tongue; all eyes; be ſilent. [*To Ferdinand.*

[*Soft muſic.*

SCENE III. *A maſque. Enter Iris.*

Iris Ceres, moſt bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, fetches, oats, and peaſe;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling ſheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with ſtover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pionied and tulip'd brims,
Which ſpungy April at thy heſt betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaſte crowns; and thy brown groves,
Whoſe ſhadow the diſmiſſed bachelor loves,
Being laſs-lorn; thy pale-clipt vineyard,
And thy ſea-marge ſteril, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyſelf do'ſt air; the Queen o' th' ſky,
Whoſe wat'ry arch and meſſenger am I,
Bids thee leave theſe; and with her ſov'reign grace,
Here on this graſs-plot, in this very place,
To come and ſport; her peacocks fly amain;
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail, many colour'd meſſenger, that ne'er
Doſt diſobey the wife of Jupiter:
Who, with thy ſaffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffuſeſt honey-drops, refreſhing ſhowers;
And, with each end of thy blue bow, doſt crown
My boſky acres, and my unſhrub'd down,
Rich ſcarf to my proud earth; why hath thy Queen
Summon'd me hither, to this ſhort-graſs green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate,
And ſome donation freely to eſtate
On the bleſs'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her ſon, as thou doſt know,
Do not attend the Queen; ſince they did plot
The means that duſky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's ſcandal'd company
I have foreſworn.

Iris. Of her ſociety
Be not afraid; I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her ſon
Dove-drawn with her; here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whoſe vows are, that no bed-right ſhall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waſpiſh-headed ſon has broke his arrows;
Swears, he will ſhoot no more, but play with ſparrows,
And be a boy right-out.

Cer. High Queen of ſtate,
Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gate.

[*Juno deſcends, and enters*

Jun. How does my bounteous ſiſter? go with me
To bleſs this twain, that they may proſp'rous be,
And honour'd in their iſſue. [*They ſing*

Jun. *Honour, riches, marriage-bleſſing,*
Long-continuance and increaſing,
Hourly joys be ſtill upon you!
Juno ſings her bleſſings on you.

Cer. *Earth's increaſe, and foyſon-plenty,*
Barns and garners never empty,
Vines, with cluſtring bunches growing,
Plants, with goodly burthen bowing,
Spring come to you, at the furtheſt,
In the very end of harveſt!
Scarcity and want ſhall ſhun you;
Ceres' bleſſing ſo is on you.

Fer. This is a moſt majeſtic viſion, and
Harmonious charming lays: may I be bold
To think theſe ſpirits?
Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My preſent fancies.
Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
Make this place paradiſe.
Pro. Sweet now, ſilence:
Juno and Ceres whiſper ſeriouſly;
There's ſomething elſe to do; huſh, and be mute,
Or elſe our ſpell is marr'd.

Juno and Ceres whiſper, and ſend Iris on employment.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd *Naiads*, of the winding brooks,
With your ſedg'd crowns, and ever-harmleſs looks,
Leave your criſp channels, and, on this green land,
Anſwer your ſummons, Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain nymphs.

You ſun-burn'd ſicklemen, of Auguſt weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
Make holiday; your rye-ſtraw hats put on,
And theſe freſh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter certain reapers, properly habited; they join with the nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof, Proſpero ſtarts ſuddenly, and ſpeaks; after which, to a ſtrange, hollow, and confuſed noiſe, they vaniſh heavily.

Pro. I had forgot that foul conſpiracy
Of the beaſt Caliban, and his confed'rates,
Againſt my life; the minute of their plot
Is almoſt come. Well done, avoid; no more.

Fer. This is moſt ſtrange; your father's in ſome paſſion
That works him ſtrongly.

Mira. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger ſo diſtemper'd.

Pro. You look, my ſon, in a mov'd ſort,
As if you were diſmay'd; be chearful, Sir:
Our revels now are ended: 'theſe our actors,
'As I foretold you, were all ſpirits, and
'Are melted into air, into thin air;
'And, like the baſeleſs fabric of th' air-viſions
'The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
'The ſolemn temples, the great globe itſelf,
'Yea, all which it inherit, ſhall diſſolve;
'And, like this inſubſtantial pageant faded,
'Leave not a rack behind! we are ſuch ſtuff
'As dreams are made on, and our little life
'Is rounded with a ſleep.'——Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakneſs, my old brain is troubled:
Be not diſturb'd with my infirmity;
If thou be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repoſe: a turn or two I'll walk,
To ſtill my beating mind.

Fer. Mira. We wiſh your peace.

[*Exe. Fer. and Mira.*

Pro. Come with a thought;——I thank you:——
Ariel, come.

Proſpero comes forward from the cell; enter Ariel to him.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to; what's thy pleaſure?

Pro. Spirit,
We muſt prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd,
Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

Ari. I told you, Sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music; so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I th' filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing, up to th' chins, that the foul lake
Verstunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird:
My shape invisible retain thou still;
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And, as with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers; I will plague them all,
Even to roaring;—come, hang them on this line.

[*Prospero remains invisible.*

SCENE V.

Enter Ariel loaden with glistering apparel, &c. Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
[illegible] a foot fall; we now are near his cell.

[illegible] Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless
[illegible] done little better than play'd the Jack with us.

[illegible] Monster, I do smell all horse-pils, at which my
[illegible] great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monſter? if I ſhould take a diſpleaſure againſt you; look you ——

Trin. Thou wert but a loſt monſter.

Cal. Good my Lord, give me thy favour ſtill:
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to,
Shall hoodwink this miſchance; therefore ſpeak ſoftly:
All's huſh'd as midnight yet.

Trin. "Ay, but to loſe our bottles in the pool,—"

Ste. "There is not only diſgrace and diſhonour in "that, monſter, but an infinite loſs."

Trin. "That's more to me than my wetting: yet this "is your harmleſs fairy, monſter."

Ste. "I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears "for my labour."

Cal. Pr'ythee, my King, be quiet: ſeeſt thou here,
This is the mouth o' th' cell; no noiſe, and enter;
Do that good miſchief, which may make this iſland
Thine own for ever; and I, thy Caliban,
For ay thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King Stephano! O Peer! O worthy Stephano! Look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool, it is but traſh.

Trin. Oh, oh, monſter; we know what belongs to a frippery;——O King Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy Grace ſhall have it.

Cal. The dropſy drown this fool! what do you mean,
To doat thus on ſuch luggage? let's along,
And do the murder firſt: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our ſkins with pinches;
Make us ſtrange ſtuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monſter. Miſtreſs line, is not this my jerkin? now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to loſe your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do; we ſteal by line and level, and't like your Grace.

Ste. "I thank thee for that jeſt, here's a garment "for't: wit ſhall not go unrewarded, while I am King "of this country: ſteal by line and level, is an excel-

" lent paſs of pate; there's another garment for't."

Trin. Monſter, come, put ſome lime upon your fingers, and away with the reſt.

Cal. I will have none on't; we ſhall loſe our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or apes
With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monſter, lay to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hogſhead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom; go to, carry this.

Trin. And this

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noiſe of hunters heard. Enter divers ſpirits in ſhape of hounds, hunting them about; Proſpero and Ariel ſetting them on. Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo driven out, roaring.

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey.

Ari. Silver; there it goes, Silver.

Pro. Fury, Fury; there, Tyrant, there; hark, hark;
Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulſions; ſhorten up their ſinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-ſpotted make them,
Than pard, or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted ſoundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly ſhall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom; for a little
Follow, and do me ſervice. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I. ***

Before the cell.

Enter Proſpero in his magic robes, and Ariel.

Pro. NOW does my project gather to a head,
My charms crack not; my ſpirits obey, and time
Goes upright with his carriage: how's the day?

Ari. On the ſixth hour, at which time, my Lord,
You ſaid, our work ſhould ceaſe.

Pro. I did ſay ſo,

When firſt I rais'd the tempeſt; ſay, my ſpirit,
How fares the King and's followers?
Ari. Confin'd
In the ſame faſhion as you gave in charge;
Juſt as you left them, all your priſoners, Sir,
In the lime grove which weather-fends your cell.
They cannot budge, till your releaſe. The King,
His brother, and yours, abide all three diſtracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of ſorrow and diſmay; but, chiefly,
Him that you term'd the good old Lord Gonzalo.
His tears run down his beard, like winter-drops
From eaves of reeds; your charm ſo ſtrongly works
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.
Pro. Doſt thou think ſo, ſpirit?
Ari. Mine would, Sir, were I human.
Pro. And mine ſhall.
Haſt thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and ſhall not myſelf,
One of their kind, that reliſh all as ſharply,
Paſſion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Tho' with their high wrongs I am ſtruck to th' quick
Yet, with my nobler reaſon, 'gainſt my fury
Do I take part; the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance; they being penitent,
The ſole drift of my purpoſe doth extend
Not a frown further; go, releaſe them, Ariel;
My charms I'll break, their ſenſes I'll reſtore,
And they ſhall be themſelves.
Ari. I'll fetch them, Sir. [*E*

SCENE II.

Pro. 'Ye elves of hills, brooks, ſtanding lakes,
'groves,
'And ye that on the ſands with printleſs foot
'Do chaſe the ebbing Neptune; and do fly him,
'When he comes back; you demi-puppets, that
'By moon-ſhine do the green four ringlets make,
'Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whoſe paſtime
'Is to make midnight-muſhrooms, that rejoice

'To hear the ſolemn curfew; by whoſe aid
'(Weak maſters tho' ye be) I have be-dimm'd
'The noon-tide ſun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
'And 'twixt the green ſea and the azur'd vault
'Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder
'Have I giv'n fire, and rifted Jove's ſtout oak
'With his own bolt: the ſtrong bas'd promontory
'Have I made ſhake, and by the ſpurs pluck'd up
'The pine and cedar: graves at my command
'Have open'd, and let forth their ſleepers, wak'd
'By my ſo potent art.' But this rough magic
I here abjure; and when I have requir'd
Some heavenly muſic, which ev'n now I do,
To work mine end upon their ſenſes, that
This airy charm has frail'd,) I'll break my ſtaff;
Bury't a certain fathom in the earth;
And deeper than did ever plummet ſound,
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn muſic.*

SCENE III.

Here enters Ariel before; then Alonſo, with a frantic geſture, attended by Gonzalo. Sebaſtian and Anthonio in like manner, attended by Adrian and Franciſco. They all enter the circle which Proſpero had made, and there ſtand charm'd; which Proſpero obſerving, ſpeaks.

A ſolemn air, and the beſt comforter
To an unſettled fancy, cure thy brains
Now uſeleſs, boil'd within thy ſkull! There ſtand,
For you are ſpell-ſtopt.——
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even ſociable to th' ſhew of thine,
Fall fellow-drops.——The charm diſſolves apace;
And, as the morning ſteals upon the night,
Melting the darkneſs; ſo their riſing ſenſes
Begin to chaſe the ign'rant* fumes, that mantle
Their clearer reaſon.' O my good Gonzalo,
My true preſerver, and a loyal Sir
To him thou follow'ſt; *I will pay thy graces*
Home both in word and deed.——Moſt cruelly
Didſt thou, Alonſo, uſe me and my daughter:

* *Hurtful to reaſon.*

Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;
Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebaſtian, fleſh and blood.
You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorſe and nature; who with Sebaſtian
(Whoſe inward pinches therefore are moſt ſtrong)
Would here have kill'd your King; I do forgive thee,
Unnat'ral though thou art. " Their underſtanding
" Begins to ſwell, and the approaching tide
" Will ſhortly fill the reaſonable ſhore,
" That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them,"
That yet looks on me, or would know me.——Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;
I will diſcaſe me, and myſelf preſent,
[*Exit Ariel, and returns immediately.*
As I was ſometime, Milan: quickly, ſpirit;
Thou ſhalt ere long be free.

Ariel ſings, and helps to attire him.

Where the bee ſucks, there ſuck I;
In a cowſlip's bell I lie:
There I couch, when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After ſummer, merrily.
Merrily, merrily, ſhall I live now,
Under the bloſſom that hangs on the bough.

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel; I ſhall miſs thee;
But yet thou ſhalt have freedom. So, ſo, ſo,
To the King's ſhip, inviſible as thou art;
There ſhalt thou find the mariners aſleep
Under the hatches; the maſter and the boatſwain,
Being awake, inforce them to this place;
And preſently, I pry'thee.
Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulſe twice beat. [*Exit.*
Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here; ſome heav'nly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!
Pro. Behold, Sir King,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Proſpero:
For more aſſurance that a living prince
Does now ſpeak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid.

A hearty welcome.
Alon. Be'ſt thou he or no,
Or ſome inchanted trifle to abuſe me,
As late I have been, I not know; thy pulſe
Beats, as of fleſh and blood; and ſince I ſaw thee,
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madneſs held me; this muſt crave
(And if this be at all) a moſt ſtrange ſtory:
Thy dukedom I reſign, and do intreat,
Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how ſhould Proſpero
Be living, and be here?
Pro. Firſt, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whoſe honour cannot
Be meaſur'd or confin'd.
Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not ſwear.
Pro. You do yet taſte
Some ſubtilties o' th' iſle, that will not let you
Believe things certain: welcome, my friends all.
But you, my brace of lords, were I ſo minded,
I here could pluck his Highneſs' frown upon you,
And juſtify you traitors; at this time
I'll tell no tales.
Seb. The devil ſpeaks in him.
Pro. No:———
For you, moſt wicked Sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankeſt faults; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
Thou muſt reſtore.
Alon. If thou be'ſt Proſpero,
Give us particulars of thy preſervation,
How thou haſt met us here, who three hours ſince
Were wreckt upon this ſhore; where I have loſt
(How ſharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear ſon Ferdinand.
Pro. I'm woe for't, Sir.
Alon. Irreparable is the loſs, and Patience
Says, it is paſt her cure.
Pro. I rather think,
You have not ſought her help; of whoſe ſoft grace,
For the like loſs, I have her ſov'reign aid,

And

And reſt myſelf content.

Alon. You the like loſs?

Pro. As great to me, as late; and, ſupportable
To make the dear loſs, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have loſt my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?
O heav'ns! that they were living both in Naples,
The King and Queen there! that they were, I wiſh
Myſelf were mudded in that oozy bed,
Where my ſon lies. When did you loſe your daughter?

Pro. In this laſt tempeſt. I perceive theſe lords
At this encounter do ſo much admire,
That they devour their reaſon; and ſcarce think,
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but howſoe'er you have
Been juſtled from your ſenſes, know for certain,
That I am Proſp'ro, and that very Duke
Which was thruſt forth of Milan; who moſt ſtrangely
Upon this ſhore, where you were wreckt, was landed
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfaſt, nor
Befitting this firſt meeting. Welcome, Sir;
This cell's my court; here have I few attendants,
And ſubjects none abroad; pray you, look in;
My dukedom ſince you've given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At leaſt, bring forth a wonder to content ye,
As much as me my dukedom.

SCENE IV. *Opens to the entrance of the cell.*

Here Proſpero diſcovers Ferdinand and Miranda playing at Cheſs.

Mira. Sweet Lord, you play me falſe.

Fer No, my dear love,
I would not for the world.

Mira. Yes, for a ſcore of kingdoms you ſhould wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove

viſion of the iſland, one dear ſon
all I twice loſe.
Seb. A moſt high miracle!
Fer. Though the ſeas threaten, they are merciful:
ve curs'd them without cauſe.
Alon. Now all the bleſſings [*Ferd. kneels.*
f a glad father compaſs thee about!
riſe, and ſay how thou cam'ſt here.
Mira. O! wonder!
low many goodly creatures are there here!
low beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
hat has ſuch people in't!
Pro. 'Tis new to thee.
Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou waſt at play?
our eld'ſt acquaintance cannot be three hours:
ſhe the goddeſs that hath ſever'd us,
nd brought us thus together?
Fer. Sir, ſhe's a mortal;
ut, by immortal providence, ſhe's mine.
choſe her, when I could not aſk my father
or his advice; nor thought I had one: ſhe
daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom ſo often I have heard renown,
But never ſaw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a ſecond life, and ſecond father
This lady makes him to me.
Alon. I am hers;
But, oh! how oddly will it ſound, that I
Muſt aſk my child forgiveneſs!
Pro. There, Sir, ſtop;
Let us not burthen our remembrance with
An heavineſs that's gone.
Gon. I've inly wept,
Or ſhould have ſpoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a bleſſed crown:
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!
Alon. I ſay, Amen, Gonzalo!
Gon. Was Milan thruſt from Milan, that his iſſue
ould become Kings of Naples! O rejoice
d a common joy, and ſet it down

In gold on lasting pillars! in one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom,
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
When no man was his own.
Alon. Give me your hands: [*To Ferd. and Mir.*
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy!
Gon. Be't so, Amen!

SCENE V.

Enter Ariel, with the master and boatswain amazedly following.

O look, Sir, look, Sir, here are more of us!
I prophesy'd, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? what is the news?
Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our King and company: the next, our ship,
Which but three glasses since we gave out split,
Is tight and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.
Ari. Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.
Pro. My tricksey spirit!
Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen,
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?
Boats. If I did think, Sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead asleep,
And, how we know not, all clapt under hatches,
Where, but ev'n now, with strange and sev'ral noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd: straightway at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Cap'ring to eye her; on a trice, so please you,
Ev'n in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done?

Pro. Bravely, my diligence, thou ſhalt be free.

Alon. This is as ſtrange a maze as e'er men trod,
And there is in this buſineſs more than nature
Was ever conduct of; ſome oracle
Muſt rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my Liege,
Do not infeſt your mind with beating on
The ſtrangeneſs of this buſineſs; at pickt leiſure
(Which ſhall be ſhortly) ſingle I'll reſolve you,
Which to you ſhall ſeem probable, of every
Theſe happen'd accidents; till when be chearful,
And think of each thing well. Come hither, ſpirit;
Set Caliban and his companions free:
Untie the ſpell. How fares my gracious Sir?
There are yet miſſing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

SCENE VI.

Enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, in their ſtolen apparel.

Ste. Every man ſhift for all the reſt, and let no man take care for himſelf; for all is but fortune; Coragio, bully-monſter, Coragio!

Trin. If theſe be true ſpies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly ſight.

Cal. O Setebos, theſe be brave ſpirits, indeed!
How fine my maſter is! I am afraid
He will chaſtiſe me.

Seb. Ha, ha;
What things are theſe, my Lord Anthonio!
Will money buy 'em?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fiſh, and no doubt marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of theſe men, my Lords,
Then ſay, if they be true: this mis-ſhap'd knave,
His mother was a witch, and one ſo ſtrong
That could controul the moon, make flows and ebbs,
[illegible] in her command without her power.
[illegible] have robb'd me; and this demi-devil
[illegible] baſtard one) had plotted with them

To

To take my life; two of theſe fellows you
Muſt know and own; this thing of darkneſs I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I ſhall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He's drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe; where ſhould th
Find this grand 'ſixir, that hath gilded 'em?
How cam'ſt thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in ſuch a pickle, ſince I ſaw yc
laſt, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I ſha
not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?

Ste. O, touch me not: I am not Stephano, but a cram

Pro. You'd be King o' th' iſland, Sirrah?

Ste. I ſhould have been a ſore one then.

Alon. 'Tis a ſtrange thing, as e'er I look'd on.

Pro. He is as diſproportion'd in his manners,
As in his ſhape: go, Sirrah, to my cell,
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handſomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wiſe hereafter,
And ſeek for grace. What a thrice-double aſs
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god?
And worſhip this dull fool?

Pro. Go to, away!

Alon. Hence, and beſtow your luggage where yc
found it:

Seb. Or ſtole it rather.

Pro. Sir, I invite your Highneſs, and your train,
To my poor cell; where you ſhall take your reſt
For this one night, which (part of it) I'll waſte
With ſuch diſcourſe, as, I not doubt, ſhall make it
Go quick away; the ſtory of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by,
Since I came to this iſle; and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ſhip; and ſo to Naples;
Where I have hope to ſee the nuptials
Of theſe our dear beloved ſolemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought ſhall be my grave.

Alon. I long
to hear the ſtory of your life, which muſt
take the ear ſtrangely.
Pro. I'll deliver all;
and promiſe you calm ſeas, auſpicious gales,
and ſail ſo expeditious, that ſhall catch
your royal fleet far off. My Ariel, chick,
that is thy charge: then to the elements
be free, and fare thou well! Pleaſe you, draw near.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by *Proſpero.*

NOW my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what ſtrength I have's mine own;
Which is moſt faint: and now, 'tis true,
I muſt be here confin'd by you,
Or ſent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare iſland by your ſpell:
But releaſe me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my ſails
Muſt fill, or elſe my project fails,
Which was to pleaſe. For now I want
Spirits t'enforce, art to inchant;
And my ending is deſpair,
Unleſs I be reliev'd by prayer;
Which pierces ſo, that it aſſaults
Mercy itſelf, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence ſet me free!

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THESEUS, *Duke of Athens.*
Egeus, *an Athenian Lord.*
Lyſander, *in love with Hermia.*
Demetrius, *in love with Hermia.*
Philoſtrate, *Maſter of the Sports to the Duke.*
Quince, *the Carpenter*
Snug, *the Joiner.*
Bottom, *the Weaver.*
Flute, *the Bellows-mender.*
Snowt, *the Tinker.*
Starveling, *the Tailor.*
Hippolita, *Princeſs of the Amazons, betrothed to Theſeus.*
Hermia, *daughter to Egeus, in love with Lyſander.*
Helena, *in love with Demetrius.*

Attendants.

Oberon, *King of the Fairies.*
Titania, *Queen of the Fairies.*
Puck, *or* Robin Goodfellow, *Fairy.*
Peaſeblоſſom, Cobweb, Moth, Muſtard ſeed, } *Fairies.*
Pyramus, Thiſbe, Wall, Moonſhine, Lion. } *Characters in the interlude formed by clowns.*

Other Fairies attending on the King and Queen.

SCENE, Athens; and a wood not far from it.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Duke's palace in Athens.

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, Philoſtrate, with attendants.

The. NOW, fair Hippolita, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how ſlow
This old moon wanes! ſhe lingers my deſires,
Like to a ſtep-dame, or a dowager,
Long wintering on a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly ſteep themſelves in night;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time:
And then the moon, like to a ſilver bow,
New bent in heaven, ſhall behold the night

Of our ſolemnities.

The. Go, Philoſtrate,
Stir up th' Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble ſpirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp. [*Exit Phi.*
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my ſword;
And won thy love, doing thee injuries:
But I will wed thee, in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lyſander, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be Theſeus, our renowned Duke!
The. Thanks, good Egeus; what's the news with thee?
Ege. Full of vexation, come I with complaint
Againſt my child, my daughter Hermia.
Stand forth, Demetrius.——My Noble Lord,
This man hath my conſent to marry her.
Stand forth, Lyſander.——And, my gracious Duke,
This man hath witch'd the boſom of my child:
Thou, thou, Lyſander, thou haſt giv'n her rhymes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou haſt, by moon-light, at her window ſung,
With feigning voice, verſes of feigning love;
And ſtol'n th' impreſſion of her fantaſy,
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, noſegays, ſweet-meats; (meſſengers
Of ſtrong prevailment in unharden'd youth,)
With cunning haſt thou filch'd my daughter's heart,
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To ſtubborn harſhneſs: and, my gracious Duke,
Be't ſo ſhe will not, here before your Grace,
Conſent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens;
As ſhe is mine, I may diſpoſe of her:
Which ſhall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our law
Immediately provided in that caſe.
The. What ſay you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair maid.
To you your father ſhould be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties: yea, and one

To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted; and within his power
To 'leve the figure, or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.
Her. So is Lyſander.
The. In himſelf he is;
But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other muſt be held the worthier.
Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.
The. Rather your eyes muſt with his judgment loo
Her. I do intreat your grace to pardon me:
I know not by what pow'r I am made bold;
Nor how it may concern my modeſty,
In ſuch a preſence here, to plead my thoughts:
But I beſeech your Grace, that I may know
The worſt that may befal me, in this caſe,
If I refuſe to wed Demetrius.
The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the ſociety of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, queſtion your deſires;
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For ay to be in ſhady cloiſter mew'd,
To live a barren ſiſter all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold, fruitleſs, moon?
Thrice bleſſed they that maſter ſo their blood,
To undergo ſuch maiden pilgrimage!
But earthlier happy is the roſe diſtill'd,
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in ſingle bleſſedneſs.
Her. So will I grow, ſo live, ſo die, my Lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his Lordſhip, to whoſe unwiſh'd yoke
My ſoul conſents not to give ſov'reignty.
The. Take time to pauſe; and by the next new mo
(The ſealing day betwixt my love and me,
For everlaſting bond of fellowſhip,)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For diſobedience to your father's will;
Or elſe to wed Demetrius, as he would,
Or on Diana's altar to proteſt,

For ay, auſterity and ſingle life.

Dem. Relent, ſweet Hermia; and, Lyſander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lyſ. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's; do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lyſander! true, he hath my love;
And what is mine, my love ſhall render him.
And ſhe is mine, and all my right of her
I do eſtate unto Demetrius.

Lyſ. I am, my Lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well poſſeſs'd: my love is more than his:
My fortune's every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius:
And, which is more than all theſe boaſts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia.
Why ſhould not I then proſecute my right?
Demetrius (I'll avouch it to his head)
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena;
And won her ſoul; and ſhe, ſweet lady, doats,
Devoutly doats, doats in idolatry,
Upon this ſpotted and inconſtant man.

The. I muſt confeſs, that I have heard ſo much,
And with Demetrius thought t' have ſpoke thereof;
But, being over-full of ſelf-affairs,
My mind did loſe it. But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you ſhall go with me;
I have ſome private ſchooling for you both.
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourſelf
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or elſe the law of Athens yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of ſingle life.
Come, my Hippolita; what cheer, my love?
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along;
I muſt employ you on ſome buſineſs
Againſt our nuptials, and confer with you
Of ſomething nearly that concerns yourſelves.

Ege. With duty and deſire we follow you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Manent Lyſander and Hermia.*

How now, my love? why is your cheek ſo pale?

How chance the roſes there do fade ſo faſt?
Her. Belike, for want of rain; which I could well
Beteem them from the tempeſt of mine eyes.
Lyſ. Hermia, for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or hiſtory,
The courſe of true love never did run ſmooth;
But, either it was different in blood———
Her. O croſs!——too high, to be inthrall'd to low
Lyſ. Or elſe miſgraffed, in reſpect of years——
Her. O ſpight! too old, to be engag'd to young!
Lyſ. Or elſe it ſtood upon the choice of friends—
Her. O hell! to chuſe love by another's eye!
Lyſ. Or if there were a ſympathy in choice,
War, death, or ſickneſs did lay ſiege to it;
Making it momentary as a ſound,
Swift as a ſhadow, ſhort as any dream,
" Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
" That (in a ſpleen) unfolds both heav'n and earth;
" And ere a man hath power to ſay, Behold!
" The jaws of darkneſs to devour it up;"
So quick bright things come to confuſion.———
Her. If then true lovers have been ever croſt,
It ſtands as an edict in deſtiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience;
Becauſe it is a cuſtomary croſs,
As due to love, as thoughts and dreams, and ſighs,
Wiſhes and tears, poor fancy's followers!
Lyſ. A good perſuaſion; therefore hear me, Hern
I have a widow-aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and ſhe hath no child;
From Athens is her houſe remov'd ſeven leagues,
And ſhe reſpects me as her only ſon.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the ſharp Athenian law
Cannot purſue us. If thou lov'ſt me, then,
Steal forth thy father's houſe to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena
To do obſervance to the morn of May,
There will I ſtay for thee.
Her. My good Lyſander,———

Lyſ. I ſwear to thee by Cupid's ſtrongeſt bow,
By his beſt arrow with the golden head,
By the ſimplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth ſouls, and proſpers loves;
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage Queen,
When the falſe Trojan under ſail was ſeen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women ſpoke;———
Her. In that ſame place thou haſt appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.
Lyſ. Keep promiſe, love. Look, here comes Helena.

SCENE III. *Enter Helena.*

Her. God ſpeed, fair Helena! whither away?
Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unſay;
Demetrius loves you, fair; O happy fair!
Your eyes are load-ſtars, and your tongue's ſweet air,
More tuneable than lark to ſhepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn-buds appear.
Sickneſs is catching: oh, were favour ſo!
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear ſhould catch your voice, my eye your eye;
My tongue ſhould catch your tongue's ſweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being 'bated,
The reſt I'd give to be to you tranſlated.
O teach me how you look; and with what art
You ſway the motion of Demetrius' heart.
Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me ſtill.
Hel. Oh, that your frowns would teach my ſmiles ſuch ſkill!
Her. I give him curſes, yet he gives me love.
Hel. Oh, that my pray'rs could ſuch affection move!
Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.
Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.
Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine. [mine!
Hel. None, but your beauty; would that fault were
Her. Take comfort; he no more ſhall ſee my face;
Lyſander and myſelf will fly this place.
Before the time I did Lyſander ſee,
Seem'd Athens like a *paradiſe* to me.
O, *what graces in my love* do dwell,
That *hath turn'd a heaven* unto a hell?

Lyſ. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold;
To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold
Her ſilver viſage in the wat'ry glaſs,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed graſs,
(A time, that lovers' flights doth ſtill conceal,)
Through Athens' gate we have devis'd to ſteal.
Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primroſe-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our boſoms of their counſels ſwell'd;
There my Lyſander and myſelf ſhall meet;
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
To ſeek new friends and ſtrange companions.
Farewell, ſweet play-fellow; pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!
Keep word, Lyſander; we muſt ſtarve our ſight
From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight.
[*Exit Her*
Lyſ. I will, my Hermia.——Helena, adieu;
As you on him, Demetrius doat on you! [*Exit Lyſ.*
Hel. How happy ſome, o'er other ſome, can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as ſhe.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not ſo:
He will not know, what all but he do know.
And as he errs, doating on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things baſe and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can tranſpoſe to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taſte;
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haſte;
And therefore is Love ſaid to be a child,
Becauſe in choice he is ſo oft beguil'd.
As waggiſh boys themſelves in game forſwear,
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where.
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;
And when this hail ſome heat from Hermia felt,
So he diſſolv'd, and ſhowers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,

Purſue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expence.
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his ſight thither, and back again. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to a cottage.*

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snowt, and Starveling.

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were beſt to call them generally man by man, according to the ſcrip.

Quin. Here is the ſcrowl of every man's name, which I thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the Duke and Ducheſs, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. Firſt, good Peter Quince, ſay what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and ſo come on to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is the moſt lamentable comedy, and moſt cruel death of Pyramus and Thiſbe.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I aſſure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the ſcrowl. Maſters, ſpread yourſelves.

Quin. Anſwer, as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready: name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are ſet down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himſelf moſt gallantly for love.

Bot. That will aſk ſome tears in the true performing of it; if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move ſtorms; I will condole in ſome meaſure. To the reſt;——yet my chief humour is for a tyrant; I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in: to make all ſplit——"the raging rocks, and ſhivering ſhocks ſhall break the locks of priſon-gates——and Phibbus' carr ſhall ſhine from far, and make and marre the fooliſh fates *."——This was lofty. Now name

* *probably a piece of* nonſenſical bombaſt taken out of *a play known at that time.*

name the reſt of the players. This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You muſt take Thiſbe on you.

Flu. What is Thiſbe, a wand'ring Knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus muſt love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one, you ſhall play it in a maſque and you may ſpeak as ſmall as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thiſbe too; I'll ſpeak in a monſtrous little voice, Thiſbe, Thiſbe: ah Pyramus, my lover dear, thy Thiſbe dear and lady dear.

Quin. No, no, you muſt play Pyramus; and Flute you, Thiſbe.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you muſt play Thiſbe's mother.

Tom Snowt, the tinker.

Snow. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus's father; myſelf, Thiſbe's father; Snug, the joiner; you, the lion's part: I hope there is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am ſlow of ſtudy.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too; I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me. I will roar that I will make the Duke ſay, Let him roar again, let him roar again.

Quin. If you ſhould do it too terribly, you would fright the Ducheſs and the ladies, that they would ſhriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's ſon.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if you ſhould fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more diſcretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice

o, that I will roar you as gently as any ſucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus: for Pyramus is a ſweet-fac'd man; a proper man, as one ſhall ſee in a ſummer's day; a moſt lovely gentleman-like man: therefore you muſt needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I at to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will diſcharge it in either your ſtraw-colour'd beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French crown-colour'd beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But, maſters, here are your parts; and I am to intreat you, requeſt you, and deſire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace-wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light, there we will rehearſe: for if we meet in the city, we ſhall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties, ſuch as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet, and there we may rehearſe more obſcenely and courageouſly. Take pains, be perfect, adieu.

Quin. At the Duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; hold, or cut bow-ſtrings *.——

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I. ***

A Wood.

Enter a Fairy at one door, and Puck (or Robin Good-fellow) at another.

Puck. HOW now, ſpirit, whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough buſh, through briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, through fire,

* A phraſe, ſignifying, *without fail*, or, *in all events*.

I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's ſphere;
And I ſerve the Fairy Queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green;
The cowſlips tall her penſioners be,
In their gold coats ſpots you ſee,
Thoſe be rubies, Fairy-favours;
In thoſe freckles live their ſavours:
I muſt go ſeek ſome dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowſlip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of ſpirits, I'll be gone,
Our Queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The King doth keep his revels here to-nigl
Take heed the Queen come not within his ſight.
For Oberon is paſſing fell and wrath,
Becauſe that ſhe, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, ſtoll'n from an Indian King:
She never had ſo ſweet a changeling;
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the foreſts wild;
But ſhe *per force* with-holds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flow'rs, and makes him all her joy.
And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or ſpangled ſtar-light ſheen,
But they do ſquare, that all their elves for fear
Creep into acorn-cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Or I miſtake your ſhape and making quite,
Or elſe you are that ſhrewd, and knaviſh ſprite,
Call'd *Robin Goodfellow.* Are you not he,
That fright the maidens of the villageree,
Skim milk, and ſometimes labour in the quern,
And bootleſs make the breathleſs huſwife chern:
And ſometimes make the drink to bear no barm,
Miſlead night-wand'rers, laughing at their harm?
Thoſe that *Hobgoblin* call you, and ſweet *Puck,*
You do their work, and they ſhall have good luck:
Are not you he?

Puck. Thou ſpeak'ſt aright;
I am that merry wand'rer of the night:
I jeſt to Oberon, and make him ſmile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horſe beguile,

Neig

Neighing in likeneſs of a filly-foal;
And ſometimes lurk I in a goſſip's bowl,
In very likeneſs of a roaſted crab *;
And when ſhe drinks, againſt her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.
The wiſeſt aunt, telling the ſaddeſt tale,
Sometime for three-foot ſtool miſtaketh me;
Then ſlip I from her bum, down topples ſhe,
And rails or cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and ſwear,
A merrier hour was never waſted there.
But make room, Fairy, here comes Oberon,
Fai. And here my miſtreſs: would that he were gone!

SCENE II. ***

Enter Oberon King of Fairies at one door with his train, and the Queen at another with hers.

Ob. Ill met at moon-light, proud Titania.
Queen. What, jealous Oberon? Fairies, ſkip hence,
I have forſworn his bed and company.
Ob. Tarry, raſh wanton; am not I thy lord?
Queen. Then I muſt be thy lady; but I know,
When thou haſt ſtol'n away from Fairy-land,
And in the ſhap of Corin ſat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and verſing love
To am'rous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the fartheſt ſteep of India?
But that, forſooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buſkin'd miſtreſs and your warrior love,
To Theſeus muſt be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and proſperity.
Ob. How can'ſt thou thus for ſhame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolita;
Knowing, I know thy love to Theſeus!
Didſt thou not lead him glimmering, through the night,
From Perigune, whom he raviſhed;
And make him with fair Ægle break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?

* Crab-apple.

Queen. Theſe are the forgeries of jealouſy;
And never ſince that middle ſummer's ſpring
Met we on hill, in dale, foreſt, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by ruſhy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the ſea,
To dance our ringlets to the whiſtling wind,
But with thy brawls thou haſt diſturb'd our ſport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have ſuck'd up from the ſea
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
Have every pelting river made ſo proud,
That they have overborne their continents.
The ox hath therefore ſtretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman loſt his ſweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere its youth attain'd a beard.
The fold ſtands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrian-flock;
The nine-men's morris is fill'd up with mud,
And the queint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undiſtinguiſhable.
The human mortals want their winter herried,
No night is now with hymn or carol bleſs'd:
Therefore the moon, the governeſs of floods,
Pale in her anger, waſhes all the air;
That rheumatic diſeaſes doabound.
And thorough this diſtemperature, we ſee
The ſeaſons alter; hoary-headed froſts
Fall in the freſh lap of the crimſon roſe;
And on old Hyem's chin and icy crown,
An od'rous chaplet of ſweet ſummer-buds
Is, as in mockery, ſet. The ſpring, the ſummer,
The childing autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and th' amazed world,
By their inchaſe, now knows not which is which
And this ſame progeny of evil comes
From our debate, from our diſſenſion;
We are their parents and original.

Ob. Do you amend it then, it lies in you.
Why ſhould Titania croſs her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.

Queen. Set your heart at reſt,

The Fairy-land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votreſs of my order,
And, in the ſpiced Indian air by night,
Full often ſhe hath goſſipp'd by my ſide;
And ſat with me on Neptune's yellow ſands,
Marking th' embarked traders on the flood;
When we have laugh'd to ſee the ſails conceive,
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind:
Which ſhe, with pretty and with ſwimming gate,
Following (her womb then rich with my young ſquire)
Would imitate; and ſail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage rich with merchandize.
But ſhe, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And, for her ſake, I do rear up her boy;
And, for her ſake, I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this wood intend you ſtay?

Queen, Perchance till after Theſeus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And ſee our moon-light revels, go with us:
If not, ſhun me, and I will ſpare your haunts.

Ob. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Queen. Not for thy Fairy kingdom. Elves, away:
We ſhall chide downright, if I longer ſtay.

[*Exeunt Queen and her train.*

Ob. Well, go thy way; thou ſhalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury.———
My gentle Puck, come hither; thou remember'ſt
Since once I ſat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering ſuch dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude ſea grew civil at her ſong;
And certain ſtars ſhot madly from their ſpheres,
To hear the ſea-maid's muſic.

Puck. I remember,

Ob. That very time I ſaw, but thou cou'dſt not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair Veſtal *, throned by the weſt,
And loos'd his love-ſhaft ſmartly from his bow,

* *A compliment to Q. Elizabeth; as it ſeems probable that Mary Queen of Scots was pointed at in the preceding ſpeech of Oberon.*

As it ſhould pierce a hundred thouſand hearts;
But I might ſee young Cupid's fiery ſhaft
Quench'd in the chaſte beams of the wat'ry moon,
And the Imperial votreſs paſſed on,
In maiden-meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell,
It fell upon a little weſtern flower;
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound;
And maidens call it love in idleneſs.
Fetch me that flow'r; the herb I ſhew'd thee once:
The juice of it, on ſleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man, or woman, madly doat
Upon the next live creature that it ſees.
Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again,
Ere the Leviathan can ſwim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [*Exit.*

Ob. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when ſhe is aſleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing which ſhe waking looks upon,
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on buſy ape,)
She ſhall purſue it with the ſoul of love:
And ere I take this charm from off her ſight,
(As I can take it with another herb,)
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am inviſible;
And I will overhear their conference.

SCENE III.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore purſue me not.
Where is Lyſander, and fair Hermia?
The one I'll ſlay; the other ſlayeth me.
Thou told'ſt me, they were ſtol'n into this wood;
And here am I, and wood within this wood;
Becauſe I cannot meet my Hermia;
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant,
But yet you draw not iron; for my heart

Is true as ſteel. Leave you your pow'r to draw,
And I ſhall have no pow'r to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? do I ſpeak you fair?
Or rather do I not in plaineſt truth
Tell you, I do not, nor I cannot, love you?

Hel. And ev'n for that do I love thee the more;
I am your ſpaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Uſe me but as your ſpaniel, ſpurn me, ſtrike me,
Neglect me, loſe me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worſer place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high reſpect with me,)
Than to be uſed as you uſe your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my ſpirit;
For I am ſick when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am ſick when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modeſty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourſelf
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To truſt the opportunity of night,
And the ill counſel of a deſart place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege; for that
It is not night when I do ſee your face;
Therefore I think I am not in the night.
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
For you in my reſpect are all the world.
Then how can it be ſaid I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beaſts.

Hel. The wildeſt hath not ſuch a heart as you;
Run when you will, the ſtory ſhall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chace;
The doue purſues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes ſpeed to catch the tyger. Bootleſs ſpeed!
When cowardice purſues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not ſtay thy queſtions; let me go:
Or if thou follow me, *do not believe*
But I ſhall do thee miſchief *in* the wood.

Hel. Ay, *in the temple, in* the town, the field,

You do me miſchief. Fie, Demetrius,
Your wrongs do ſet a ſcandal on my ſex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We ſhou'd be woo'd, and were not made to woo,
I follow thee, and make a heav'n of hell:
To die upon the hand I love ſo well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Ob. Fare thee well, nymph; ere he doth leave this grove
Thou ſhalt fly him, and he ſhall ſeek thy love.
Haſt thou the flow'r there? welcome, wanderer.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Ob. I pray thee give it me.
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lip and the nodding violet grows,
O'er-canopy'd with luſcious woodbine,
With ſweet muſk-roſes, and with eglantine.
There ſleeps Titania, ſome time of the night,
Lull'd in theſe flow'rs with dances and delight;
And there the ſnake throws her enamell'd ſkin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a Fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll ſtreak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantaſies,
Take thou ſome of it, and ſeek through this grove;
A ſweet Athenian lady is in love
With a diſdainful youth; anoint his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he eſpies
May be the lady. Thou ſhalt know the man,
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with ſome care, that he may prove
More fond of her, than ſhe upon her love;
And look you meet me ere the firſt cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my Lord, your ſervant ſhall do ſo.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Enter Queen of Fairies, with her train.*

Queen. Come, now, a roundel, and a Fairy ſong:
Then, for the third part of the midnight, hence;
Some to kill cankers in the muſk-roſe buds,

Some war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my ſmall elves coats; and ſome keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our queint ſports. Sing me now aſleep:
Then to your offices, and let me reſt.

Fairies ſing.

You ſpotted ſnakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not ſeen;
Newts and blind worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our Fairy Queen.
Philomel, with melody,
Sing in your ſweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm, nor ſpell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So good night with lullaby.

Second Fairy.

Weaving ſpiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd ſpinners, hence:
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor ſnail, do no offence.
Philomel with melody, &c.

Firſt Fairy.

Hence, away; now all is well:
One, aloof, ſtand centinel.
[*Exeunt Fairies. The Queen ſleeps.*

Enter Oberon.

Ob. What thou ſeeſt, when thou doſt wake,
Do it for thy true love take:
Love and languiſh for his ſake;
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with briſtled hair,
In thy eye that ſhall appear,
When thou wak'ſt, it is thy dear;
Wake, when ſome vile thing is near. [*Exit Oberon.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter Lyſander and Hermia.

Lyſ. Fair love, you faint with wand'ring in the wood;
And, to ſpeak troth, I have forgot our way:
We'll reſt us, Hermia, if thou think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
Her. Be't ſo, Lyſander; find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will reſt my head.
Lyſ. One turf ſhall ſerve as pillow for us both,
One heart, one bed, two boſoms, and one troth.
Her. Nay, good Lyſander; for my ſake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie ſo near.
Lyſ. O, take the ſenſe, ſweet of my innocence;
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference;
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit;
So that but one heart can you make of it:
Two boſoms, interchained with an oath;
So then two boſoms, and a ſingle troth:
Then, by your ſide no bed-room me deny;
For lying ſo, Hermia, I do not lie.
Her. Lyſander riddles very prettily;
Now much beſhrew my manners, and my pride,
If Hermia meant to ſay, Lyſander li'd.
But, gentle friend, for love and courteſy,
Lie further off; in human modeſty,
Such ſeparation, as, may well be ſaid,
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid:
So far be diſtant; and good night, ſweet friend;
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy ſweet life end!
Lyſ. Amen, Amen, to that fair prayer, ſay I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed; ſleep give thee all his reſt!
Her. With half that wiſh the wiſher's eyes be preſt!
[*They ſleep.*

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the foreſt have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whoſe eyes I might approve
This flower's force in ſtirring love:

Night and ſilence! who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear;
This is he, my maſter ſaid,
Deſpiſed the Athenian maid,
And here the maiden ſleeping found
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty ſoul! ſhe durſt not lie
Near to this lack-love kill-courteſy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the pow'r this charm doth owe:
When thou wak'ſt, let love forbid
Sleep his ſeat on thy eye-lid;
So awake, when I am gone:
For I muſt now to Oberon. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

Hel. Stay, tho' thou kill me, ſweet Demetrius!
Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not ſo.
Dem. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go.
[*Exit Demetrius.*
Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chace;
The more my prayer, the leſſer is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, whereſoe'er ſhe lies;
For ſhe hath bleſſed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes ſo bright? not with ſalt tears;
If ſo, my eyes are oftner waſh'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beaſts, that meet me, run away for fear.
Therefore no marvel, tho' Demetrius
Do (as a monſter) fly my preſence thus.
What wicked and diſſembling glaſs of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's ſphery eyne?—
But who is here? Lyſander on the ground:
Dead or aſleep? I ſee no blood, no wound:
Lyſander, if you live, good Sir, awake,
Lyſ. And run thro' fire I will, for thy ſweet ſake.
[*Waking.*
Transparent *Helen, nature here* ſhews art,

That

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snowt. Will not the ladies be afraid of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promiſe you.

Bot. Maſters, you ought to conſider with yourſelves: to bring in, God ſhield us, a lion among ladies, is a moſt dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wildfowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to it.

Snowt. Therefore another prologue muſt tell, he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay you muſt name his name, and half his face muſt be ſeen through the lion's neck; and he himſelf muſt ſpeak through, ſaying thus, or to the ſame defect: Ladies, or, Fair Ladies, I would wiſh you, or I would requeſt you, or I would intreat you, not to fear, not to tremble; my life for yours; if you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life; no, I am no ſuch thing, I am a man as other men are: and there indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

Quin. Well, it ſhall be ſo; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thiſby meet by moon-light.

Snug. Doth the moon ſhine that night we play our play!

Bot. A kalendar, a kalendar! look in the almanack; find out moon-ſhine, find out moon-ſhine.

Quin. Yes, it doth ſhine that night.

Bot. Why then may you leave a caſement of the great chamber-window, where we play, open; and the moon may ſhine in at the caſement.

Quin. Ay, or elſe one muſt come in with a buſh of thorns and a lanthorn, and ſay, he comes to diſfigure, or to preſent, the perſon of moon-ſhine. Then there is another thing; we muſt have a wall in the great chamber, for Pyramus and Thiſby (ſays the ſtory) did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You never can bring in a wall. What ſay you, *Bottom*?

Bot. Some man or other muſt preſent Wall; and let him

ave ſome plaſter, or ſome lome, or ſome rough-
bout him, to ſignify wall: or let him hold his fin-
hus: and through the cranny ſhall Pyramus and
e whiſper.

in. If that may be, then all is well. Come, ſit
every mother's ſon, and rehearſe your parts.
ius, you begin; when you have ſpoken your
, enter into that brake; and ſo every one ac-
g to his cue.

SCENE II. *Enter Puck behind.*

ck. What hempen home-ſpuns have we ſwaggering
here.
ar the cradle of the Fairy Queen?
t! a play tow'rd? I'll be an auditor;
ctor too, perhaps, if I ſee cauſe.

in. Speak, Pyramus; Thiſbe, ſtand forth.

r. Thiſbe, the flower of odious ſavours ſweet.

in. Odours, odours.

r. Odours, ſavours ſweet.
doth thy breath, my deareſt Thiſbe, dear;
hark, a voice! ſtay thou but here a while;
nd, by and by, I will to thee appear. [*Exit Pyr.*

ck. A ſtranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here! [*Aſide.*

biſ. Muſt I ſpeak now?

in. Ay, marry, muſt you; for you muſt under-
, he goes but to ſee a noiſe that he heard, and is
me again.

biſ. Moſt radiant Pyramus, moſt lilly-white of hue,
f colour like the red-roſe on triumphant brier,
briſky Juvenile, and eke moſt lovely Jew,
s true as trueſt horſe, that yet would never tire,
neet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

in. Ninus' tomb, man; why you muſt not ſpeak
yet: that you anſwer to Pyramus; you ſpeak all
part at once; cues and all. Pyramus, enter; your
s paſt; it is, *never tire.*

Re-enter Bottom, with an aſs-head.

O——*As true as* trueſt horſe, that yet would
er tire.

Pyr. If I were fair, Thiſbe, I were only thine.

Quin. O monſtrous! O ſtrange! we are haunted pray, maſters; fly, maſters; help! [*The Clowns exeunt*

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round.
Through bog, through buſh, through brake, though brier;
Sometimes a horſe I'll be, ſometimes a hound,
A hog, a headleſs bear, ſometimes a fire,
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horſe, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.
[*Exit*

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afeard.

Enter Snowt.

Snowt. O Bottom, thou art chang'd; what do I ſee on thee?

Bot. What do you ſee? you ſee an aſs-head of your own, do you?

Enter Quince.

Quin. Bleſs thee, Bottom, bleſs thee; thou art tranſlated.

Bot. I ſee their knavery; this is to make an aſs of me, to fright me if they could: but I will not ſtir from this place, do what they can; I will walk up and down here, and I will ſing, that they ſhall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings*

The ouſel cock, ſo black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill;
The throſtle with his note ſo true,
The wren with little quill.

Queen. What angel wakes me from my flow'ry-bed? [*Waking*

Bot. The finch, the ſparrow, and the lark, [*Sings*
The plain-ſong cuckow gray,
Whoſe note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not anſwer, nay.
For, indeed, who would ſet his wit to ſo fooliſh a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry cuckow never ſo?

Queen. I pray thee, gentle mortal, ſing again,

Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy ſhape;
And thy fair virtue's force (perforce) doth move me,
On the firſt view to ſay, to ſwear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, Miſtreſs, you ſhould have little reaſon for that: and yet, to ſay the truth, reaſon and love keep little company together now-a-days. The more the pity, that ſome honeſt neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occaſion.

Queen. Thou art as wiſe as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not ſo neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to ſerve mine own turn.

Queen. Out of this wood do not deſire to go,
Thou ſhalt remain here whether thou wilt or no.
I am a ſpirit of no common rate;
The ſummer ſtill doth tend upon my ſtate,
And I do love thee: therefore go with me,
I'll give thee Fairies to attend on thee;
And they ſhall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And ſing, while thou on preſſed flowers doſt ſleep:
And I will purge thy mortal groſſneſs ſo,
That thou ſhalt like an airy ſpirit go.
Peaſeblоſſom! *Cobweb!* *Moth!* and *Muſtardſeed!*

SCENE III. *Enter four Fairies.*

1 *Fair.* Ready.
2 *Fair.* And I.
3 *Fair.* And I.
4 *Fair.* And I. Where ſhall we go?

Queen. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman.
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs and mulberries;
The honey bags ſteal from the humble bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arife;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his ſleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courteſies.

1 *Fair.* *Hail, mortal, hail!*

2 *Fair.* Hail!———

3 *Fair.* Hail!———

Bot. I cry your Worſhip's mercy heartily; I be your Worſhip's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I ſhall deſire of you more acquaintance, Maſter Cobweb; if I cut my finger, I ſhall make with you. Your name, honeſt gentleman.

Peaſe. Peaſebloſſom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to Miſtreſs S your mother, and to Maſter Peaſecod your father. Maſter Peaſebloſſom, I ſhall deſire of you more acq ance too. Your name, I beſeech you, Sir.

Muſ. Muſtardſeed.

Bot. Good Maſter Muſtardſeed, I know your p age well: that ſame cowardly giant-like ox-beef hat voured many a gentleman of your houſe. I promiſ your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. ſire more of your acquaintance, good Maſter Mu ſeed.

Queen. Come, wait upon him, lead him to my bo

The moon, methinks, looks with a watry eye;
And when ſhe weeps, weep ev'ry little flower,
Lamenting ſome enforced chaſtity!
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him ſilently. [*E*

SCENE IV. *Enter King of Faries.*

Ob. I wonder if Titania be awak'd:
Then what it was that next came in her eye,
Which ſhe muſt doat on in extremity,

Enter Puck.

Here comes my meſſenger! How now, mad ſprite!
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My miſtreſs with a monſter is in love,
Near to her cloſe and conſecrated bower,
While ſhe was in her dull and ſleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian ſtalls,
Were met together to rehearſe a play,
Intended for great Theſeus' nuptial day.

'he ſhallow'ſt thick-ſkin of that barren ſort,
Vho Pyramus preſented, in their ſport
orſook his ſcene, and enter'd in a brake;
hen I did him at this advantage take,
n aſs's nole I fixed on his head;
non, his Thiſbe muſt be anſwered,
nd forth my minnock comes: when they him ſpy,
s wild geeſe, that the creeping fowler eye,
r ruſſet-pated choughs, many in ſort,
iſing and cawing at the gun's report,
ver themſelves, and madly ſweep the ſky;
, at his ſight, away his fellows fly;
nd, at our ſtamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
e murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
eir ſenſe thus weak, loſt with their fears thus ſtrong,
ide ſenſeleſs things begin to do them wrong.
r briars and thorns at their apparel ſnatch,
me, ſleeves; ſome, hats; from yielders all things catch.
d them on in this diſtracted fear,
d left ſweet Pyramus tranſlated there:
ien in that moment (ſo it came to paſs)
ania wak'd, and ſtraitway lov'd an aſs.
Ob. This falls out better than I could deviſe.
haſt thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
h the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?
Puck. I took him ſleeping; that is finiſh'd too;
d the Athenian woman by his ſide,
it when he wakes, of force ſhe muſt be ey'd.

SCENE V. *Enter Demetrius and Hermia.*

b. Stand cloſe, this is the ſame Athenian.
Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.
Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you ſo?
breath ſo bitter on your bitter foe.
er. Now I but chide, but I ſhould uſe thee worſe;
thou, I fear, haſt given me cauſe to curſe;
ou haſt ſlain Lyſander in his ſleep,
g o'er ſhoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
l kill me too.
ſun was not ſo true unto the day,
e to me. Would he have ſtol'n away

From ſleeping Hermia? I'll believe as ſoon,
This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and ſo diſpleaſe
Her brother's noon-tide i' th' Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou haſt murther'd him;
So ſhould a murtherer look, ſo dread, ſo grim.
Dem. So ſhould the murther'd look; and ſo ſhould I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your ſtern cruelty:
Yet you the murtherer look as bright and clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimm'ring ſphere.
Her. What's this to my Lyſander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?
Dem. I'ad rather give his carcaſe to my hounds.
Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'ſt me paſt the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Haſt thou ſlain him, then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men.
O! once tell true, and even for my ſake,
Durſt thou have look'd upon him, being awake?
And haſt thou kill'd him ſleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder do ſo much?
An adder did it: for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou ſerpent, never adder ſtung.
Dem. You ſpend your paſſion on a miſpris'd mood;
I am not guilty of Lyſander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.
Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.
Dem. And if I could, what ſhould I get therefore?
Her. A privilege never to ſee me more;
And from thy hated preſence part I ſo:
See me no more, whether he's dead or no. [*Exit.*
Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein;
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain:
So ſorrow's heavineſs doth heavier grow,
For debt, that bankrupt ſleep doth ſorrow owe;
Which now in ſome ſlight meaſure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make ſome ſtay. [*Lies down.*
Ob. What haſt thou done? thou haſt miſtaken quite,
And laid thy love-juice on ſome true love's ſight:
Of thy miſpriſion muſt perforce enſue
Some true love turn'd, and not a falſe turn'd true.

uck. Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man holding
nillion fail, confounding oath on oath. [troth,
b. About the wood go ſwifter than the wind,
Helena of Athens ſee thou find.
fancy-ſick ſhe is, and pale of chear,
ſighs of love, that coſt the freſh blood dear;
ome illuſion ſee thou bring her here;
harm his eyes againſt ſhe doth appear.
uck. I go, I go; look, how I go;
ter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit.*
. Flower of this purple die,
with Cupid's archery,
in apple of his eye!
n his love he doth eſpy,
her ſhine as glorioufly
he Venus of the ſky.
n thou wak'ſt, if ſhe be by,
of her for remedy.

Enter Puck.

uck. Captain of our Fairy band
na is here at hand,
the youth, miſtook by me,
ling for a lover's fee.
we their fond pageant ſee?
; what fools theſe mortals be!
. Stand aſide: the noiſe, they make,
cauſe Demetrius to awake.
uck. Then will two at once woo one;
muſt needs be ſport alone,
thoſe things do beſt pleaſe me,
befal prepoſt'rouſly.

SCENE VI. *Enter Lyſander and Helena.*

yſ. Why ſhould you think that I ſhould woo in ſcorn?
orn and deriſion never come in tears.
k, when I vow, I weep; and vows ſo born,
their nativity all truth appears:
can theſe things in me ſeem ſcorn to you,
ng the badge of faith, to prove them true?
You do advance your cunning more and more,
truth kills truth, O deviliſh, holy, fray!

Theſe

These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh;
Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.
Lys. I had no judgment when to her I swore.
Her. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er
Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.
Dem. [*awaking.*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect divine,
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy; O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
When thou hold'st up thy hand. O let me kiss
This pureness of pure white, this seal of bliss.
Hel. O spight, O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me, for your merriment.
If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
You would not do me much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But must join insolents to mock me too?
If you are men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so:
To vow and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia,
And now both rivals to mock Helena.
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! none of nobler sort
Would so offend a virgin, and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.
Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia; this you know I know.
And here, with all good-will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And your's of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.
Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.
Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia, I will none;
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.

heart to her but as gueſt-wiſe ſojourn'd;
id now to Helen it is home return'd,
ere ever to remain.
Lyſ. It is not ſo.
Dem. Diſparage not the faith thou doſt not know,
ſt to thy peril thou abide it dear.
ok where thy love comes, yonder is thy dear.

SCENE VII. *Enter Hermia.*

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
ie ear more quick of apprehenſion makes:
herein it doth impair the ſeeing ſenſe,
pays the hearing double recompenſe.
ou art not by mine eye, Lyſander, found;
ine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy ſound.
ut why unkindly didſt thou leave me ſo?
Lyſ. Why ſhould he ſtay, whom love doth preſs to go?
Her. What love could preſs Lyſander from my ſide?
Lyſ. Lyſander's love, that would not let him 'bide,
air Helena; who more engilds the night,
han all yon fiery O's and eyes of light.
Why ſeek'ſt thou me? could not this make thee know,
he hate I bear thee made me leave thee ſo?
Her. You ſpeak not as you think; it cannot be.
Hel. Lo, ſhe is one of this confed'racy;
ow I perceive they have conjoin'd all three,
o faſhion this falſe ſport in ſpight of me.
jurious Hermia, moſt ungrateful maid,
ave you conſpir'd, have you with theſe contriv'd
o bait me with this foul deriſion?
all the counſel that we two have ſhar'd,
ie ſiſters vows, the hours that we have ſpent,
hen we have chid the haſty-footed time
r parting us; O! and all is forgot?
l ſchool-days friendſhip, childhood innocence?
e, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
eated with our needles both one flower,
on one ſampler, ſitting on one cuſhion;
warbling of one ſong, both in one key;
us, hands, our ſides, voices, and minds,
en incorp'rate. So we grew together,

Like

Like to a double cherry, ſeeming parted,
But yet an union in partition;
Two lovely berries molded on one ſtem,
So with two ſeeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the firſt *, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one creſt.
And will you rend our ancient love aſunder,
To join with men in ſcorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly;
Our ſex, as well as I, may chid you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your paſſionate words;
I ſcorn you not; it ſeems that you ſcorn me.

Hel. Have you not ſet Lyſander, as in ſcorn,
To follow me, and praiſe my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did ſpurn me with his foot,)
To call me goddeſs, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celeſtial? Wherefore ſpeaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lyſander
Deny your love, ſo rich within his ſoul,
And tender me, forſooth, affection;
But by your ſetting on, by your conſent?
What though I be not ſo in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, ſo fortunate:
But miſerable moſt, to love unlov'd?
This you ſhould pity, rather than deſpiſe.

Her. I underſtand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, perſevere, counterfeit ſad looks,
Make mouths upon me, when I turn my back;
Wink each at other, hold the ſweet jeſt up:
This ſport, well carried, ſhall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me ſuch an argument:
But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine own fault,
Which death or abſence ſoon ſhall remedy.

Lyſ. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuſe,
My love, my life, my ſoul, fair Helena!

Hel. O excellent!

* A term uſed in blazoning, when two coats of arms are quartered together, and the ſecond is the ſame as the firſt.

Her. Sweet, do not ſcorn her ſo.
Dem. If ſhe cannot intreat, I can compel.
Lyſ. Thou can'ſt compel no more than ſhe intreat:
Thy threats have no more ſtrength, than her weak prayers.
Helen, I love thee; by my life I do.
I ſwear by that which I will loſe for thee,
To prove him falſe that ſays I love thee not.
Dem. I ſay, I love thee more than he can do.
Lyſ. If thou ſay ſo, withdraw, and prove it too.
Dem. Quick, come———
Her. Lyſander, whereto tends all this?
Lyſ. Away, you Ethiope!
Dem. No, no; he'll ſeem
To break away; take on as he would follow;
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go.
Lyſ. Hang off, thou cat, thou bur; vile thing, let looſe;
Or I will ſhake thee from me like a ſerpent.
Her. Why are you grown ſo rude? what change is this!
Sweet love!
Lyſ. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out;
Out, loathed medicine: hated poiſon, hence.
Her. Do you not jeſt?
Hel. Yes, ſooth, and ſo do you.
Lyſ. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.
Dem. I would I had your bond; for I perceive
A weak bond holds you; I'll not truſt your word.
Lyſ. What, ſhould I hurt her, ſtrike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her ſo.
Her. What, can you do me greater harm, than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?
Am not I Hermia? are not you Lyſander?
I am as fair now, as I was ere-while.
Since night, you lov'd me; yet, ſince night, you left me;
Why then you left me——(O the gods forbid it!)
In earneſt, ſhall I ſay?
Lyſ. Ay, by my life;
And never did deſire to ſee thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of queſtion, doubt;
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jeſt,
That I do hate *thee, and love* Helena.
Her. O me, *you juggler:* oh, you canker-bloſſom,

You

You thief of love; what, have you come by night,
And ſtol'n my love's heart from him?
Hel. Fine, i' faith!
Have you no modeſty, no maiden ſhame,
No touch of baſhfulneſs? what, will you tear
Impatient anſwers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie, you counterfeit; you puppet you.
Her. Puppet! why ſo: ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that ſhe hath made compare
Between our ſtatures; ſhe hath urg'd her height;
And with her perſonage, her tall perſonage,
Her height, forſooth, ſhe hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown ſo high in his eſteem,
Becauſe I am ſo dwarfiſh and ſo low?
How low am I, thou painted may-pole? ſpeak,
How low am I? I am not yet ſo low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.
Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curs'd.
I have no gift at all in ſhrewiſhneſs;
I am a right maid for my cowardice.
Let her not ſtrike me. You, perhaps, may think,
Becauſe ſhe's ſomething lower than myſelf,
That I can match her.
Her. Lower! hark, again.———
Hel. Good Hermia, do not be ſo bitter with me:
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counſels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your ſtealth unto this wood.
He follow'd you, for love I follow'd him;
But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me
To ſtrike me, ſpurn me, nay, to kill me too;
And now, ſo you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further. Let me go:
You ſee how ſimple and how fond I am.
Her. Why, get you gone: who is't that hinders you?
Hel. A fooliſh heart, that I leave here behind.
Her. What, with Lyſander?
Hel. With Demetrius.
Lyſ. Be not afraid; ſhe ſhall not harm thee, Helena.

m. No, Sir, ſhe ſhall not, though you take her part.
l. O, when ſhe's angry, ſhe is keen and ſhrewd;
was a vixen, when ſhe went to ſchool;
though ſhe be but little, ſhe is fierce.
er. Little, again? nothing but low, and little?
y will you ſuffer her to flout me thus?
me come to her.
yſ. Get you gone, you dwarf,
minimus, of hind'ring knot-graſs made;
bead, you acorn.
em. You are too officious,
ier behalf that ſcorns your ſervices.
her alone, ſpeak not of Helena,
te not her part; for if thou doſt intend
er ſo little ſhew of love to her.
ou ſhalt aby it.
yſ. Now ſhe holds me not;
follow, if thou dar'ſt; to try whoſe right,
ine, or mine, is moſt in Helena.
m. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee cheek by jowl.
[*Exeunt Lyſander and Demetrius.*
er. You, miſtreſs, all this coyl is long of you:
, go not back.
el. I will not truſt you, I;
longer ſtay in your curs'd company.
r hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;
legs are longer, though, to run away.
[*Exeunt, Hermia purſuing Helena.*

SCENE VIII. *Enter Oberon and Puck.*

b. This is thy negligence; ſtill thou miſtak'ſt,
lſe committ'ſt thy knaveries willingly.
uck. Believe me, King of ſhadows, I miſtook.
you not tell me, I ſhould know the man
the Athenian garments he had on?
ſo far blameleſs proves my enterpriſe,
t I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes;
ſo far am I glad it did ſo ſort.
their jangling I eſteem a ſport.
ou ſeeſt, theſe lovers ſeek a place to fight;
re, Robin, overcaſt the night;

The ſtarry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fogs, as black as Acheron;
And lead theſe teſty rivals ſo aſtray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lyſander, ſometime frame thy tongue,
Then ſtir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And ſometime rail thou, like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus;
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting ſleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep;
Then cruſh this herb into Lyſander's eye,
Whoſe liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error with its might;
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted light.
When they next wake, all this deriſion
Shall ſeem a dream, and fruitleſs viſion;
And back to Athens ſhall the lovers wend
With league, whoſe date till death ſhall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my Queen, and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eye releaſe
From monſter's view, and all things ſhall be peace.

Puck. My Fairy Lord, this muſt be done with haſte;
For night's ſwift dragons cut the clouds full faſt,
And yonder ſhines Aurora's harbinger;
At whoſe approach, ghoſts wand'ring here and there
Troop home to church-yards; damned ſpirits all,
That in croſs-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear leſt day ſhould look their ſhames upon,
They wilfully exile themſelves from light;
And muſt for ay conſort with black-brow'd night.

Ob. But we are ſpirits of another ſort;
I with the morning-light have oft made ſport;
And, like a foreſter, the groves may tread,
Ev'n till the eaſtern gate, all fiery red,
Opening on Neptune with far-bleſſing beams,
Turns into yellow gold his ſalt-green ſtreams.
But, notwithſtanding, haſte; make no delay;
We may effect this buſineſs yet ere day. [Exit

Puck. Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down;

I am fear'd in field and town.
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Enter Lyſander.

Lyſ. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? ſpeak thou now.
Puck. Here, villain, drawn and ready. Where art thou?
Lyſ. I will be with thee ſtraight.
Puck. Follow me then.
To plainer ground. [*Lyſ. goes out, as following Dem.*

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lyſander, ſpeak again;
Thou run-away, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak in ſome buſh: where doſt thou hide thy head?
Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the ſtars,
Telling the buſhes that thou look'ſt for wars,
And wilt not come? come, recreant; come, thou child,
I'll whip thee with a rod; he is defil'd,
That draws a ſword on thee.
Dem. Yea, art thou there?
Puck. Follow my voice, we'll try no manhood here.
[*Exeunt.*

Lyſander comes back.

Lyſ. He goes before me, and ſtill dares me on;
When I come where he calls me, then he's gone.
The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I.
I follow'd faſt, but faſter he did fly;
That fall'n am I in dark uneven way,
And here will reſt me. Come, thou gentle day:
[*Lies down.*
For if but once thou ſhew me thy gray light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this ſpight,

Enter Puck and Demetrius.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho, coward, why com'ſt thou not!
Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'ſt: for well I wot,
Thou runn'ſt before me, ſhifting every place;
And dar'ſt not ſtand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou?
Puck. Come thou hither, I am here.

160914

Dem. Nay, then thou mock'ſt me; thou ſhalt buy this dear,
If ever I thy face by day-light ſee.
Now, go thy way; faintneſs conſtraineth me
To meaſure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be viſited. [*Lies down.*

SCENE IX. *Enter Helena.*

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours; ſhine, comforts, from the eaſt,
That I may back to Athens by day-light,
From theſe, that my poor company deteſt;
And ſleep, that ſometimes ſhuts up ſorrow's eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company. [*Sleeps.*

Puck. Yet but three? come one more,
Two of both kinds make up four.
Here ſhe comes, curs'd and ſad:
Cupid is a knaviſh lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Never ſo weary, never ſo in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers,
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my deſires.
Here will I reſt me, till the break of day.
Heav'ns ſhield Lyſander, if they mean a fray! [*Lies down.*

Puck. On the ground
Sleep ſound,
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
[*Squeezing the juice on Lyſander's eye.*
When thou wak'ſt,
Thou tak'ſt
True delight
In the ſight
Of thy former lady's eye;
And the country-proverb known,
That every man ſhould take his own,
In your waking ſhall be ſhown.

Jack ſhall have Jill, naught ſhall go ill,
The man ſhall have his mare again, and all be well.
[*Exit Puck.* [*They ſleep.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Continued, The Wood.

Enter Queen of Fairies, Bottom, Fairies attending, and the King behind them.

Queen. COME, ſit thee down upon this flow'ry bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And ſtick muſk-roſes in thy ſleek, ſmooth'd head,
And kiſs thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.
Bot. Where's Peaſebloſſom?
Peaſe. Ready.
Bot. Scratch my head, Peaſebloſſom. Where's Monſieur Cobweb?
Cob. Ready.
Bot. Monſieur Cobweb, good Monſieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipt humble-bee on the top of a thiſtle; and, good Monſieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourſelf too much in the action, Monſieur; and, good Monſieur, have a care, the honey-bag break not; I ſhould be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag, Signior. Where's Monſieur Mustardſeed?
Muſt. Ready.
Bot. Give me thy neaſe, Monſieur Muſtardſeed; pray you, leave your curteſy, good Monſieur.
Muſt. What's your will?
Bot. Nothing, good Monſieur, but to help Cavalero Cobweb to ſcratch. I muſt to the barber's, Monſieur; for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face. And I am ſuch a tender aſs, if my hair doth but tickle me, I muſt ſcratch.
Queen. What, wilt thou hear ſome muſic, my ſweet love?
Bot. I have a reaſonable good ear in muſic; let us have the tongs and the bones.

Rural muſic, tongs, &c.

Queen. Or ſay, ſweet love, what thou deſir'ſt to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great deſire to a bottle of hay: good hay, ſweet hay hath no fellow.

Queen. I have a venturous Fairy that ſhall ſeek
The ſquirrel's hoard, and fetch thee thence new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people ſtir me; I have an expoſition of ſleep come upon me.

Queen. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away:
So doth the woodbine, the ſweet honey-ſuckle,
Gently entwiſt the maple; ivy ſo
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O how I love thee! how I doat on thee!

Enter Puck.

Ob. Welcome, good Robin; ſeeſt thou this ſweet ſight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity;
For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking ſweet ſavours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her;
For ſhe his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of freſh and fragrant flowers;
And that ſame dew, which ſometime on the buds,
Was wont to ſwell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flouriet's eyes,
Like tears that did their own diſgrace bewail.
When I had, at my pleaſure, taunted her,
And ſhe in mild terms begg'd my patience,
I then did aſk of her, her changeling child,
Which ſtrait ſhe gave me, and her Fairy ſent
To bear him to my bower in Fairy-land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes:
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed ſcalp
From off the head of this Athenian ſwain;
That he, awaking, when the others do,
May all to Athens back again repair;

And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But, firſt, I will releaſe the Fairy Queen.
Be as thou waſt wont to be;
See as thou waſt wont to ſee:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath ſuch force and bleſſed power.
Now, my Titania, wake you, my ſweet Queen.
Queen. My Oberon! what viſions have I ſeen!
Methought I was enamour'd of an aſs.
Ob. There lies your love.
Queen. How came theſe things to paſs?
Oh, how mine eyes do loath this viſage now!
Ob. Silence, a while; Robin, take off his head;
Titania, muſic call; and ſtrike more dead
Than common ſleep of all theſe five the ſenſe.
Queen. Muſic, ho! muſic; ſuch as charmeth ſleep.

Still muſic.

Puck. When thou awak'ſt, with thine own fool's eyes peep.
Ob. Sound, muſic; come, my Queen, take hand with me,
And rock the ground whereon theſe ſleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity;
And will to-morrow midnight ſolemnly
Dance in Duke Theſeus' houſe triumphantly,
And bleſs it to all far poſterity:
There ſhall theſe pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theſeus, all in jollity.
Puck. Fairy King, attend and mark;
I do hear the morning-lark.
Ob. Then, my Queen, in ſilence ſad;
Trip we after the night's ſhade;
We the globe can compaſs ſoon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.
Queen. Come, my Lord, and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I ſleeping here was found,
With theſe mortals on the ground. [*Sleepers lie ſtill.*
[*Exeunt.*
[*Wind horns within.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Theſeus, Egeus, Hippolita, and all his train.

The. Go one of you, find out the foreſter,
For now our obſervation * I perform'd,
And ſince we have the vaward of the day,
My love ſhall hear the muſic of my hounds.
Uncouple in the weſtern valley, go,———
Diſpatch, I ſay, and find the foreſter.
We will, fair Queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the muſical confuſion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta; never did I hear
Such gallant chiding. For beſides the groves,
The ſkies, the fountains, ev'ry region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
So muſical a diſcord, ſuch ſweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, ſo ſanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that ſweep away the morning-dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd, like Theſſalian bulls;
Slow in purſuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never hallo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Theſſaly:
Judge, when you hear. But ſoft, what nymphs are theſe?

Ege. My Lord, this is my daughter here aſleep,
And this Lyſander, this Demetrius is,
This Helena, Old Nedar's Helena;
I wonder at their being here together.

The. No doubt, they roſe up early to obſerve
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our ſolemnity.
But ſpeak, Egeus, is not this the day,
That Hermia ſhould give anſwer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my Lord.

The. Go bid the huntſmen wake them with their horns—

Horns

* *Meaning* the obſervance of the time preſcribed for their nuptials

Horns, and ſhout within; Demetrius, Lyſander, Hermia, and Helena, wake and ſtart up.

The. Good morrow, friends; Saint Valentine is paſt:
Begin theſe wood-birds but to couple now?
Lyſ. Pardon, my Lord.
The. I pray you, all ſtand up:
I know, you two are rival enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is ſo far from jealouſy,
To ſleep by hate, and fear no enmity?
Lyſ. My Lord, I ſhall reply amazedly,
Half-ſleep, half-waking. But as yet, I ſwear,
I cannot truly ſay how I came here:
But as I think, (for truly would I ſpeak,)
And now I do bethink me, ſo it is;
I came with Hermia hither. Our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of th' Athenian law.
Ege. Enough, enough; my Lord, you have enough;
I beg the law, the law upon his head:
They would have ſtol'n away, they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me;
You, of your wife; and me, of my conſent;
Of my conſent, that ſhe ſhould be your wife.
Dem. My Lord, fair Helen told me of their ſtealth,
Of this their purpoſe hither to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them;
Fair Helena in fancy following me:
But, my good Lord, I wot not by what power,
But by ſome power it is, my love to Hermia
Melted as the ſnow; ſeems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gaude,
Which in my childhood I did doat upon:
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleaſure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my Lord,
Was I betrothed ere I Hermia ſaw;
But like a ſickneſs did I loath this food:
But as in health, come to my natural taſte,
Now I wiſh it, love it, long for it;
And will for evermore be true to it.

The

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this diſcourſe we ſhall hear more anon.
Egeus, I will over-bear your will;
For in the temple, by and by with us,
Theſe couples ſhall eternally be knit;
And, for the morning now is ſomething worn,
Our purpos'd hunting ſhall be ſet aſide.
Away with us to Athens; three and three,
We'll hold a feaſt in great ſolemnity.
Come, Hippolita. [*Exeunt Duke, Hippol. and train.*

Dem. Theſe things ſeem ſmall and undiſtinguiſhable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks I ſee theſe things with parted eye,
When every thing ſeems double.

Hel. So methinks;
And I have found Demetrius like a gemell,
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. It ſeems to me,
That yet we ſleep, we dream. Do not you think,
The Duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea, and my father.

Hel. And Hippolita.

Lyſ. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake; let's follow him;
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *As they go out, Bottom wakes.*

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will anſwer. My next is, Moſt fair Pyramus—hey, ho,—Peter Quince, Flute the bellows-mender! Snowt the tinker! Starveling! god's my life! ſtol'n hence, and left me aſleep? I have had a moſt rare viſion. I had a dream, paſt the wit of man to ſay what dream it was: man is but an aſs, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was, there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,—But man is but a patch'd fool, if he will offer to ſay what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, ear of man hath not ſeen; man's hand is not able taſte, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream; it ſhall be called Bottom's Dream,

Dream, becauſe it hath no bottom; and I will ſing it in the latter end of the play before the Duke; peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I ſhall ſing it after death. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to the town.*

Enter Quince, Flute, Snowt, and Starveling.

Quin. Have you ſent to Bottom's houſe? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is tranſported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marr'd. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not poſſible; you have not a man in all Athens able to diſcharge Pyramus but he.

Flu. No, he hath ſimply the beſt wit of any handy-craft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the beſt perſon too; and he is a very paramour for a ſweet voice.

Flu. You muſt ſay, paragon; a paramour is (God bleſs us!) a thing of naught.

Enter Snug.

Snug. Maſters, the Duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three Lords and Ladies more married; if our ſport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. O ſweet bully Bottom! thus hath he loſt ſixpence a-day during his life; he could not have 'ſcap'd ſixpence a-day; an the Duke had not given him ſixpence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hang'd: he would have deſerv'd it. Sixpence a-day, in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are theſe lads? where are theſe hearts?

Quin. Bottom!——O moſt courageous day! O moſt happy hour!

Bot. Maſters, *I am to diſcourſe wonders, but aſk me not; for if I tell you*, I am no true Athenian. I will *tell you every thing* as it fell out.

Quin.

Quin. Let us hear, ſweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me; all I will tell you is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good ſtrings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet preſently at the palace, every man look o'er his part; for the ſhort and the long is, our play is preferr'd; in any caſe, let Thiſbe have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they ſhall hang out for the lion's claws; and, moſt dear actors! eat no onions, nor garlick, for we are to utter ſweet breath; and I do not doubt to hear them ſay, it is a moſt ſweet comedy. No more words; away; go away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Palace.

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, Egeus, and his Lords.

Hip. 'TIS ſtrange, my Theſeus, what theſe lovers ſpeak of.

The. More ſtrange than true, I never may believe
Theſe antic fables, nor theſe fairy toys;
Lovers and madmen have ſuch ſeething brains,
Such ſhaping fantaſies, that apprehend
More than cool reaſon ever comprehends.
" The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
" Are of imagination all compact:
" One ſees more devils than vaſt hell can hold;
" The madman. While the lover, all as frantic,
" Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.
" The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rowling,
" Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n;
" And, as imagination bodies forth
" The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
" Turns them to ſhape, and gives to airy nothing
" A local habitation and a name.
" Such tricks hath ſtrong imagination,
" That if it would but apprehend ſome joy,
" *It comprehends* ſome bringer of that joy;"
Or in the night imagining ſome fear,
How eaſy is a buſh ſuppos'd a bear!

Hip. But all the ſtory of the night told over,
And all their minds tranſfigur'd ſo together,
More witneſſeth than fancy's images,
And grows to ſomething of great conſtancy;
But, howſoever, ſtrange and admirable.

Enter Lyſander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

The. Here comes the lover, full of joy and mirth.
Joy, gentle friends; joy and freſh days of love
Accompany your hearts.
Lyſ. More than to us,
Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed.
The. Come now, what maſques, what dances ſhall we
To wear away this long age of three hours, [have,
Between our after ſupper and bed-time?
Where is our uſual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? is there no play,
To eaſe the anguiſh of a torturing hour?
Call Philoſtrate.

Enter Philoſtrate.

Philoſt. Here, mighty Theſeus.
The. Say, what abridgement have you for this evening?
What maſque? what muſic? how ſhall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with ſome delight?
Philoſt. There is a brief, how many ſports are ripe:
Make choice of which your Highneſs will ſee firſt.
[*Giving a paper.*
The. [reads.] *The battle with the centaurs, to be ſung*
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.
We'll none of that. That I have told my love,
In glory of my kinſman Hercules.
The riot of the tipſy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian ſinger in their rage.
That is an old device; and it was plaid,
When I from Thebes came laſt a conqueror.
The thrice three muſes mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.
That is ſome ſatyr, keen and critical;
Not ſorting with a *nuptial* ceremony.
A tedious brief ſcene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thiſbe; very tragical mirth.

Merry and tragical? tedious and brief?
That is hot ice, a wondrous ſtrange ſnew.
How ſhall we find the concord of this diſcord?
Philoſt. A play there is, my Lord, ſome ten words long;
Which is as brief, as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long;
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my Noble Lord, it is:
For Pyramus therein doth kill himſelf.
Which, when I ſaw rehears'd, I muſt confeſs,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The paſſion of loud laughter never ſhed.
The. What are they that do play it?
Philoſt. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
With this ſame play againſt your nuptials.
The. And we will hear it.
Philoſt. No, my Noble Lord,
It is not for you. I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unleſs you can find ſport in their intents,
Extremely ſtretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you ſervice.
The. I will hear that play:
" For never any thing can be amiſs,
" When ſimpleneſs and duty tender it."
Go, bring them in, and take your places, ladies.
[*Exit Philoſt.*
Hip. I love not to ſee wretchedneſs o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his ſervice periſhing.
The. Why, gentle ſweet, you ſhall ſee no ſuch thing.
Hip. He ſays, they can do nothing in this kind.
The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our ſport ſhall be, to take what they miſtake;
And what poor (willing) duty cannot do,
Noble reſpect takes it in might, not merit.
" Where I have come, great clerks have purpoſed
" To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
" Where I have ſeen them ſhiver and look pale,
" Make periods in the midſt of ſentences,

" Throttle

" Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
" And, in concluſion, dumbly have broke off,
" Not paying me a welcome. Truſt me, ſweet,
" Out of this ſilence yet I pick'd a welcome:
" And in the modeſty of fearful duty
" I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
" Of ſaucy and audacious eloquence."
Love therefore, and tongue-ti'd ſimplicity,
In leaſt ſpeak moſt to my capacity.

Enter Philoſtrate.

Philoſt. So pleaſe your Grace, the prologue is addreſs'd.
The. Let him approach. [*Flor. Trum.*

SCENE II. *Enter Quince, for the prologue.*

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good-will,
That you ſhould think, we come not to offend,
But with good-will. To ſhew our ſimple ſkill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Conſider, then, we come but in deſpight.
We do not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is.——All for your delight,
We are no there.——That you ſhould here repent you,
The actors are at hand;——and by their ſhow,
You ſhall know all that you are like to know.
The. This fellow doth not ſtand upon points.
Lyſ. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he knows not the ſtop. A good moral, my Lord. It is not enough to ſpeak, but to ſpeak true.
Hip. Indeed he hath play'd on his prologue, like a child on his recorder; a ſound, but not in government.
The. His ſpeech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all diſordered. Who is the next?

Enter Pyramus, and Thiſbe, Wall, Moonſhine, and Lion, as in dumb ſhew.

Pro. Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this ſhow;
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
This *beauteous lady Thiſbe is, certain.*
This man, with lime and rough-caſt, doth preſent
the vile wall, which did theſe lovers ſunder:

And through wall's chink, poor ſouls, they are content
To whiſper, at the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lanthorn, dog, and buſh of thorn,
Preſenteth moonſhine: for, if you will know,
By moonſhine did theſe lovers think no ſcorn
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
This griſly beaſt, which by name Lion hight,
The truſty Thiſbe, coming firſt by night,
Did ſcare away, or rather did affright:
And as ſhe fled, her mantle ſhe let fall,
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did ſtain.
Anon comes Pyramus, ſweet youth and tall,
And finds his truſty Thiſbe's mantle ſlain;
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breaſt;
And Thiſbe, tarrying in the mulberry ſhade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the reſt,
Let Lion, Moonſhine, Wall, and lovers twain,
At large diſcourſe, while here they do remain.

[*Exeunt all but Wall.*

The. I wonder if the Lion be to ſpeak.

Dem. No wonder, my Lord; one Lion may, when many aſſes do.

Wall. In this ſame interlude, it doth befal,
That I, one Snowt by name, preſent a wall:
And ſuch a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink;
Through which the lovers, Pyr'mus and Thiſbe,
Did whiſper often very ſecretly.
This lome, this rough-caſt, and this ſtone doth ſhew,
That I am that ſame wall; the truth is ſo.
And this the cranny is, right and ſiniſter,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whiſper.

The. Would you deſire lime and hair to ſpeak better?

Dem. It is the wittieſt partition that ever I heard diſcourſe, my Lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: ſilence!

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. O grim-look'd night! O night with hue ſo black!
O night which ever art, when day is not!
O

O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
I fear my Thiſbe's promiſe is forgot.
And thou, O wall, O ſweet and lovely wall,
That ſtands between her father's ground and mine;
Thou wall, O wall, O ſweet and lovely wall,
Shew me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne.
Thanks, courteous wall; Jove ſhield thee well for this!
But what ſee I? no Thiſbe do I ſee.
O wicked wall, through whom I ſee no bliſs;
Curs'd be thy ſtones for thus deceiving me!

The. The wall, methinks, being ſenſible, ſhould curſe again.

Pyr. No, in truth, Sir, he ſhould not. *Deceiving me,* is Thiſbe's cue; ſhe is to enter, and I am to ſpy her through the wall. You ſhall ſee it will fall pat as I told you. Yonder ſhe comes.

Enter Thiſbe.

Thiſ. O wall, full often haſt thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me.
My cherry lips have often kiſs'd thy ſtones:
Thy ſtones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

Pyr. I ſee a voice; now will I to the chink,
To ſpy an I can hear my Thiſbe's face.
Thiſbe!

Thiſ. My love? thou art, my love, I think.

Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace.
And, like Limander, am I truſty ſtill.

Thiſ. And I like Helen, till the fates me kill.

Pyr. Not Shafalus to Procrus was ſo true.

Thiſ. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.

Pyr. O kiſs me through the hole of this vile wall.

Thiſ. I kiſs the wall's hole, not your lips at all

Pyr. Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me ſtraightway?

Thiſ. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.

Wall. Thus have I Wall my part diſcharged ſo:
And being done, thus Wall away doth go. [*Exit.*

The. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

Dem. *No remedy, my Lord,* when walls are ſo wil-
ful to hear without warning.

Hip. *This is the fillieſt ſtuff* that e'er I heard.

The. The beſt in this kind are but ſhadows; and the worſt are no worſe, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It muſt be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worſe of them than they of themſelves, they may paſs for excellent men. Here come two noble beaſts in, a man and a lion.

Enter Lion and Moonſhine.

Lion. You, ladies, you, whoſe gentle hearts do fear
The ſmalleſt monſtrous mouſe that creeps on floor,
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildeſt rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am
No lion fell, nor elſe no lion's dam:
For if I ſhould as lion come in ſtrife
Into this place, 'twere pity of my life.

The. A very gentle beaſt, and of a good conſcience.

Dem. The very beſt at a beaſt, my Lord, that e'er I ſaw.

Lyſ. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a gooſe for his diſcretion.

Dem. Not ſo, my Lord; for his valour cannot carry his diſcretion, and the fox carries the gooſe.

The. His diſcretion I am ſure cannot carry his valour; for the gooſe carries not the fox. It is well; leave it to his diſcretion, and let us hearken to the moon.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon preſent.

Dem. He ſhould have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no creſcent, and his horns are inviſible within the circumference.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon preſent:
Myſelf the man i' th' moon doth ſeem to be.

The. This is the greateſt error of all the reſt. The man ſhould be put into the lanthorn: how is it elſe the man i' th' moon.

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle; for you ſee it is already in ſnuff.

Hip. I am weary of this moon; 'would he would change!

The. It appears by his ſmall light of diſcretion that he is in the wane; but yet in courteſy, in all reaſon, we muſt ſtay the time.

L

Lyſ. Proceed, Moon.

Moon. All that I have to ſay, is to tell you, that the lanthorn is the moon; I the man in the moon; this thorn-buſh, my thorn-buſh; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all theſe ſhould be in the lanthorn; for they are in the moon. But, ſilence; here comes Thiſbe.

Enter Thiſbe.

Thiſ. This is old Ninny's tomb; where is my love?

Lion. Oh.—— [*The Lion roars, Thiſbe runs off.*

Dem. Well roar'd, Lion.

The. Well run, Thiſbe.

Hip. Well ſhone, Moon.

Truly the Moon ſhines with a good grace.

The. Well mouz'd, Lion.

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Lyſ. And ſo the Lion vaniſh'd.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy ſunny-beams;
I thank thee, Moon, for ſhining now ſo bright;
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering ſtreams,
I truſt to taſte of trueſt Thiſbe's ſight.
But ſtay: O ſpight!
But mark, poor Knight,
What dreadful dole is here?
Eyes, do you ſee?
How can it be?
O dainty duck! O deer,
Thy mantle good,
What, ſtain'd with blood!
Approach, you furies fell:
O fates! come, come;
Cut thread and thrum;
Quail, cruſh, conclude, and quell.

The. This paſſion, and the death of a dear friend
Would go near to make a man look ſad.

Hip. Beſhrew my heart; but I pity the man.

Pyr. O wherefore, Nature, didſt thou lions frame?
Since lion vile hath *here* deflour'd my dear:
Which is——no, no——which was the faireſt dame,
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with *cheer.*

Come

Come tears, confound: out ſword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus.
Ay, that left pap where heart doth hop:
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead, now am I fled, my ſoul is in the ſky;
Tongue, loſe thy light; moon, take thy flight;
Now die, die, die, die. [*Dies.*

Dem. No die, but an ace for him; for he is but one.

Lyſ. Leſs than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a ſurgeon he might yet recover, and prove an aſs.

Hip. How chance the Moonſhine is gone, before Thiſbe comes back, and finds her lover?

Enter Thiſbe.

The. She will find him by ſtar-light.
Here ſhe comes; and her paſſion ends the play.

Hip. Methinks ſhe ſhould not uſe a long one for ſuch a Pyramus: I hope ſhe will be brief.

Dem. A moth will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thiſbe, is the better.

Lyſ. She hath ſpy'd him already with thoſe ſweet eyes.

Dem. And thus ſhe moans, *videlicet.*——

Thiſ. Aſleep, my love?
What, dead, my dove?
O Pyramus, ariſe:
Speak, ſpeak. Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? a tomb
Muſt cover thy ſweet eyes.
Theſe lily brows,
This cherry noſe,
Theſe yellow cowſlip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone:
Lovers, make moan!
His eyes were green as leeks.
O ſiſters three,
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk;
Lave them in gore,
Since you have ſhore
With ſhears his thread of ſilk.

Tongue

Tongue, not a word:
Come, truſty ſword;
Come, blade, my breaſt imbrue:
And farewell, friends,
Thus Thiſbe ends;
Adieu, adieu, adieu. [*Dies.*

The. Moonſhine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and Wall too.

Bot. No, I aſſure you, the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it pleaſe you to ſee the epilogue, or to hear a bergomaſk dance between two of our company?

The. No epilogue I pray you; for your play needs no excuſe. Never excuſe; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus, and hung himſelf in Thiſbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and ſo it is truly, and very notably diſcharged. But come, your bergomaſk; let your epilogue alone. [*Here a dance of clowns.*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almoſt Fairy-time.
I fear we ſhall out-ſleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have over-watch'd.
This palpable groſs play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gate of night. Sweet friends, to bed.
A fortnight hold we this ſolemnity,
In nightly revel, and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Enter Puck.*

Puck. " Now the hungry lion roars,
" And the wolf behowls the moon:
" Whilſt the heavy plowman ſnoars,
" All with weary taſk fore-done.
" Now the waſted brands do glow,
" Whilſt the ſcreech-owl, ſcreeching loud,
" Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
" In remembrance of a ſhroud.
" Now it is the *time of night,*
" *That the graves, all gaping wide,*

" Every

" Every one lets forth his ſpright,
" In the church-way paths to glide;
" And we Fairies, that do run
" By the triple Hecate's team,
" From the preſence of the ſun,
" Following darkneſs like a dream,"
Now are frolic; not a mouſe
Shall diſturb this hallow'd houſe:
I am ſent with broom before,
To ſweep the duſt behind the door.

Enter King and Queen of Fairies, with their train.

Ob. Through this houſe give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowſy fire,
Every elf, and Fairy ſprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty after me
Sing, and dance it trippingly.
Queen. Firſt rehearſe this ſong by rote,
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with Fairy grace,
Will we ſing and bleſs this place.

THE SONG.

Now until the break of day,
Through this houſe each Fairy ſtray.
To the beſt bride-bed will we,
Which by us ſhall bleſſed be:
And the iſſue there create,
Ever ſhall be fortunate;
So ſhall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be:
And the blots of Nature's hand
Shall not in their iſſue ſtand;
Never mole, hair-lip, nor ſcar,
Nor mark prodigious, ſuch as are
Deſpiſed in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew conſecrate,
Every Fairy take his gate,

And each ſeveral chamber bleſs,
Through this palace with ſweet peace.
Ever ſhall it ſafely reſt,
And the owner of it bleſt.
Trip away, make no ſtay;
Meet me all by break of day.

Puck. If we ſhadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended;
That you have but ſlumber'd here,
While theſe viſions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme
No more yielding than a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend;
If you pardon, we will mend.
And as I am honeſt Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'ſcape the ſerpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long:
Elſe the Puck a liar call:
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends;
And Robin ſhall reſtore amends. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Th

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke *of Milan, father to Silvia.*
Valentine, Protheus, } *the two Gentlemen.*
Anthonio, *father to Protheus.*
Thurio, *a foolish rival to Valentine.*
Eglamore, *agent for Silvia in her escape.*
Host, *where Julia lodges in Milan.*
Out-laws.
Speed, *a clownish servant to Valentine.*
Launce, *the like to Protheus.*
Panthion, *servant to Anthonio.*
Julia, *a lady of Verona, beloved of Protheus.*
Silvia, *the Duke of Milan's daughter, beloved of Valentine.*
Lucetta, *waiting woman to Julia.*
Servants, Musicians.

The SCENE, sometimes in Verona, somtimes in Milan, and on the frontiers of Mantua.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open place in Verona.

Enter Valentine and Protheus.

Val. CEASE to perſuade, my loving Protheus;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits:
Wer't not affection chains thy tender days
To the ſweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would intreat thy company,
To ſee the wonders of the world abroad;
Than (living dully ſluggardiz'd at home)
Wear out thy youth with ſhapeleſs idleneſs.
But ſince thou lov'ſt, love ſtill, and thrive therein;
Ev'n as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro

*It may very well be doubted whether Shakeſpeare had any other hand in this play, than the enlivening it with ſome ſpeeches and lines thrown in here and there; which are eaſily diſtinguiſhed, as being of a different ſtamp from the reſt.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? ſweet Valentine, adieu;
Think on thy Protheus, when thou haply ſeeſt
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wiſh me partaker in thy happineſs,
When thou doſt meet good hap; and, in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayer;
For I will be thy bead's-man, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my ſucceſs.

Pro. Upon ſome book I love, I'll pray for thee *.

Val. To be in love, where ſcorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks, with heart-ſore ſighs; one fading moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights.
If haply won, perhaps, an hapleſs gain:
If loſt, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or elſe a wit by folly vanquiſhed.

Pro. So, by your circumſtance, you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumſtance, I fear you'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not love.

Val. Love is your maſter; for he maſters you.
And he that is ſo yoked by a fool,
Methinks, ſhould not be chronicled for wiſe.

Pro. 'Yet writers ſay, as in the ſweeteſt bud
'The eating canker dwells; ſo eating love
'Inhabits in the fineſt wits of all.'

Val. 'And writers ſay, as the moſt forward bud
'Is eaten by the canker ere it blow;
'Even ſo by love the young and tender wit
'Is turn'd to folly, blaſting in the bud;
'Loſing his verdure even in the prime,

* ——I'll pray for thee.
Val. That's on ſome ſhallow ſtory of deep love,
How young Leander croſs'd the Helleſpont.
Pro. That's a deep ſtory of a deeper love;
For he was more than over ſhoes in love.
Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never ſwom the Helleſpont.
Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.
Val. No, I will not; for it boots thee not.
Pro. What?
Val. To be in love, &c.

'And all the fair effects of future hopes.'
But wherefore waſte I time to counſel thee,
That art a votary to fond deſire?
Once more adieu: my father, at the road,
Expects my coming, there to ſee me ſhipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Protheus, no: now let us take our leave.
At Milan let me hear from thee by letters
Of thy ſucceſs in love; and what news elſe
Betideth here in abſence of thy friend:
And I likewiſe will viſit thee with mine.

Pro. All happineſs bechance to thee in Milan!

Val. As much to you at home; and, ſo farewell!

[*Exit.*

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love;
He leaves his friends to dignify them more;
I leave myſelf, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou haſt metamorphos'd me:
Made me neglect my ſtudies, loſe my time,
War with good counſel, ſet the world at nought;
Made wit with muſing weak, heart-ſick with thought.

SCENE II. *Enter Speed.*

Speed. Sir Protheus, ſave you; ſaw you my maſter?

Pro. But now he parted hence, t'imbark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one then he is ſhipp'd already,
And I have play'd the ſheep in loſing him.

Pro. Indeed a ſheep doth very often ſtray,
An if the ſhepherd be a while away.

Speed. You conclude that my maſter is a ſhepher then, and I a ſheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then my horns are his horns, whether wake or ſleep.

Pro. A ſilly anſwer, and fitting well a ſheep.

Speed. This proves me ſtill a ſheep.

Pro. True; and thy maſter a ſhepherd.

Speed. Nay; that I can deny by a circumſtance.

Pro. It ſhall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The ſhepherd ſeeks the ſheep, and not th ſheep the ſhepherd; but I ſeek my maſter, and my m ſter ſeeks not me; therefore I am no ſheep.

Pro. The ſheep for fodder follows the ſhepherd, the ſhepherd for the food follows not the ſheep; thou for wages followeſt thy maſter, thy maſter for wages follows not thee; therefore thou art a ſheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry *Baa*.

Pro. But doſt thou hear? gaveſt thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, Sir, I, a loſt mutton, gave your letter to her, a lac'd mutton *; and ſhe, a lac'd mutton, gave me, a loſt mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too ſmall a paſture for ſuch ſtore of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharg'd, you were beſt ſtick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are a ſtray, 'twere beſt pound you.

Speed. Nay, Sir, leſs than a pound ſhall ſerve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You miſtake: I mean the pound, a pin-fold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over, 'tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what ſaid ſhe: did ſhe nod? [*Speed nods.*

Speed. I.

Pro. Nod-I! why, that's noddy.

Speed. You miſtook, Sir: I ſaid, ſhe did nod: And you aſk me, if ſhe did nod; and I ſaid, I.

Pro. And that ſet together, is noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to ſet it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you ſhall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I muſt be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, Sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, Sir, the letter very orderly; Having nothing but the word noddy for my pains.

Pro. Beſhrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your ſlow purſe.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: what ſaid ſhe?

* *A lac'd mutton is a phraſe* anciently uſed for a lady of pleaſure.

Speed. Open your purſe, that the money and the matter may be both at once deliver'd.

Pro. Well, Sir, here is for your pains; what ſaid ſhe?

Speed. Truly, Sir, I think you'll hardly win her,

Pro. Why! could'ſt thou perceive ſo much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; No, not ſo much as a ducket for delivering your letter. And being ſo hard to me, that brought your mind, I fear ſhe'll prove as hard to you, in telling her mind. Give her no token but ſtones; for ſhe's as hard as ſteel.

Pro. What! ſaid ſhe nothing?

Speed. No, not ſo much as—Take this for thy pains: To teſtify your bounty, I thank you, you have teſtern'd me; In requital whereof, henceforth carry your letter yourſelf: and ſo, Sir, I'll commend you to my maſter.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to ſave your ſhip from wreck, Which cannot periſh, having thee aboard, Being deſtin'd to a drier death on ſhore. I muſt go ſend ſome better meſſenger: I fear my Julia would not deign my lines, Receiving them from ſuch a worthleſs poſt.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE III. *Changes to Julia's chamber.*

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. But ſay, Lucetta, now we are alone, Would'ſt thou then counſel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, Madam, ſo you ſtumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair reſort of gentlemen, That ev'ry day with parle encounter me, In thy opinion which is worthieſt love?

Luc. Pleaſe you, repeat their names; I'll ſhew my mind, According to my ſhallow ſimple ſkill.

Jul. What think'ſt thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

Luc. As of a Knight well ſpoken, neat, and fine; But were I you, he never ſhould be mine.

Jul. What think'ſt thou of the rich Mercatio?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himſelf, ſo, ſo.

Jul.

Jul. What think'ſt thou of the gentle Protheus?
Luc. Lord, Lord! to ſee what folly reigns in us!
Jul. How now? what means this paſſion at his name?
Luc. Pardon, dear Madam; 'tis a paſſing ſhame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should cenſure thus on lovely gentlemen.
Jul. Why not on Protheus, as of all the reſt?
Luc. Then thus: of many good, I think him beſt.
Jul. Your reaſon?
Luc. I have no other but a woman's reaſon;
I think him ſo, becauſe I think him ſo.
Jul. And would'ſt thou have me caſt my love on him?
Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not caſt away.
Jul. Why, he of all the reſt hath never mov'd me.
Luc. Yet he of all the reſt, I think, beſt loves ye.
Jul. His little ſpeaking ſhews his love but ſmall.
Luc. The fire that's cloſeſt kept, burns moſt of all.
Jul. They do not love, that do not ſhew their love.
Luc. Oh, they love leaſt, that let men know their love.
Jul. I would I knew his mind.
Luc. Peruſe this paper, Madam.
Jul. *To Julia;* ſay, from whom?
Luc. That the contents will ſhew.
Jul. Say, ſay; who gave it thee?
Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and ſent, I think, from Protheus.
He would have giv'n it you; but I being in the way,
Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.
Jul. Now, by my modeſty, a goodly broker!
Dare you preſume to harbour wanton lines!
To whiſper and conſpire againſt my youth?
Now, truſt me, 'tis an office of great worth;
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper; ſee it be return'd;
Or elſe return no more into my ſight.
Luc. To plead for love deſerves more fee than hate.
Jul. Will ye be gone?
Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*
Jul. And yet I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.
It were a ſhame *to call her back* again,
And *pray her to a fault*, for which I chid her.

What fool is ſhe, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view?
Since maids, in modeſty, ſay *No*, to that
Which they would have the proffrer conſtrue, *Ay*.
Fy, fy; how wayward is this fooliſh love,
That, like a teſty babe, will ſcratch the nurſe,
And preſently, all humbled, kiſs the rod?
How churliſhly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angrily I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to ſmile!
My penance is to call Lucetta back,
And aſk remiſſion for my folly paſt.
What ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. What would your Ladyſhip?
Jul. Is't near dinner-time?
Luc. I would it were,
That you might kill your ſtomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.
Jul. What is't that you
Took up ſo gingerly?
Luc. Nothing.
Jul. Why didſt thou ſtoop then!
Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.
Jul. And is that paper nothing?
Luc. Nothing concerning me.
Jul. Then let it lie for thoſe that it concerns.
Luc. Madam, it will not lie, where it concerns,
Unleſs it have a falſe interpreter.
Jul. Some love of your's hath writ to you in rhyn
Luc. That I might ſing it, Madam, to a tune:
Give me a note; your Ladyſhip can ſet.
Jul. As little by ſuch toys as may be poſſible:
Beſt ſing it to the tune of *Light o' love*.
Luc. It is too heavy for ſo light a tune.
Jul. Heavy! belike, it hath ſome burthen then.
Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you ſing
Jul. And why not you?
Luc. I cannot reach ſo high.

Jul. Let's ſee your ſong:
How now, minion?
Luc. Keep tune there ſtill, ſo you will ſing it out;
And yet methinks I do not like this tune.
Jul. You do not?
Luc. No, Madam, 'tis too ſharp.
Jul. You, minion, are too ſaucy.
Luc. Nay, now you are too flat.
And mar the concord with too harſh a deſcant:
There wanteth but a mean to fill your ſong.
Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly baſe.
Luc. Indeed I bid the baſe for Protheus.
Jul. This babble ſhall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with proteſtation! [*Tears it.*
Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.
Luc. She makes it ſtrange, but ſhe would be beſt pleas'd
To be ſo anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*
Jul. Nay, would I were ſo anger'd with the ſame!
Oh hateful hands, to tear ſuch loving words!
Injurious waſps, to feed on ſuch ſweet honey,
And kill the bees that yield it, with your ſtings!
I'll kiſs each ſeveral paper for amends:
Look, here is writ *kind Julia;*——Unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name againſt the bruiſing ſtones;
Trampling contemptuouſly on thy diſdain.
Look, here is writ, *Love-wounded Protheus.*
Poor wounded name! my boſom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;
And thus I ſearch it with a ſov'reign kiſs.
But twice, or thrice, was *Protheus* written down;
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name: That ſome whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging ſea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ:
Poor forlorn Protheus, paſſionate Protheus,
To the ſweet Julia: that I'll tear away;
And yet I will not, ſith ſo prettily
He couples it to his complaining names.

Thus

Thus I will fold them one upon another;
Now kiſs, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Enter Lucetta

Luc. Madam, dinner is ready, and your father ſtays.
Jul. Well, let us go.
Luc. What, ſhall theſe papers lie like tell-tales here?
Jul. If thou reſpect them, beſt to take them up.
Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they ſhall not lie, for catching cold.
Jul. I ſee you have a month's mind to them.
Luc. Ay, Madam, you may ſay what ſights you ſee:
I ſee things too, although you judge I wink.
Jul. Come, come, will pleaſe you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Anthonio's houſe.*

Enter Anthonio and Panthion.

Ant. Tell me, Panthion, what ſad talk was that
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloiſter?
Pant. 'Twas of his nephew, Protheus, your ſon.
Ant. Why, what of him?
Pant. He wonder'd that your Lordſhip
Would ſuffer him to ſpend his youth at home,
While other men, of ſlender reputation,
Put forth their ſons to ſeek preferment out:
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some to diſcover iſlands far away;
Some to the ſtudious univerſities.
For any, or for all theſe exerciſes,
He ſaid that Protheus, your ſon, was meet:
And did requeſt me to importune you,
To let him ſpend his time no more at home;
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known to travel in his youth.
Ant. Nor need'ſt thou much importune me to that,
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have conſider'd well his loſs of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd, and tutor'd in the world,
Experience is by induſtry atchiev'd,

And

And perfected by the ſwift courſe of time;
Then tell me whither were I beſt to ſend him?
Pant. I think your Lordſhip is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the Emperor in his royal court.
Ant. I know it well.
Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your Lordſhip ſent him thither;
There ſhall he practiſe tilts and tournaments,
Hear ſweet diſcourſe, converſe with noblemen;
And be in eye of every exerciſe,
Worthy his youth and nobleneſs of birth.
Ant. I like thy counſel; well haſt thou adviſ'd;
And that thou may'ſt perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it ſhall make known;
Ev'n with the ſpeedieſt expedition
I will diſpatch him to the Emperor's court.
Pant. To-morrow, may it pleaſe you, Don Alphonſo,
With other gentlemen of good eſteem,
Are journeying to ſalute the Emperor,
And to commend their ſervice to his will.
Ant. Good company: with them ſhall Protheus go.
And, in good time, now will we break with him.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. Sweet love, ſweet lines, ſweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.
Oh! that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To ſeal our happineſs with their conſents!
Oh heav'nly Julia!
Ant. How now? what letter are you reading there?
Pro. May't pleaſe your Lordſhip, 'tis a word or two
Of commendation ſent from Valentine;
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.
Ant. Lend me the letter; let me ſee what news.
Pro. There is no news, my Lord, but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the Emperor;
Wiſhing me with him, partner of his fortune.
Ant. *And how ſtand you* affected to his wiſh?
Pro. *As one relying* on your Lordſhip's will,

And

And not depending on his friendly wiſh.

Ant. My will is ſomething ſorted with his wiſh:
Muſe not that I thus ſuddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will; and there's an end.
I am reſolv'd that thou ſhalt ſpend ſome time
With Valentine in the Emp'ror's court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou ſhalt have from me:
To-morrow be in readineſs to go.
Excuſe it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My Lord, I cannot be ſoon provided;
Pleaſe to deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'ſt, ſhall be ſent after thee
No more of ſtay; to-morrow thou muſt go.
Come on, Panthion; you ſhall be employ'd
To haſten on his expedition. [*Exe. Ant: and Pant*

Pro. Thus have I ſhunn'd the fire, for fear of burning
And drench'd me in the ſea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to ſhew my father Julia's letter,
Leſt he ſhould take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of my own excuſe,
Hath he excepted moſt againſt my love.
Oh, how this ſpring of love reſembleth
Th' uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now ſhews all the beauty of the ſun,
And by and by, a cloud takes all away!

Enter Panthion.

Pant. Sir Protheus, your father calls for you;
He is in haſte, therefore, I pray you, go.

Pro. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto;
And yet a thouſand times it anſwers, No. [*Exeun*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Changes to Milan.

An apartment in the Duke's palace.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

Speed. SIR, your glove,——

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why then this may be your's, for this is but one.

Val. Ha! let me ſee: ay, give it me, 'tis mine.
Sweet ornament, that decks a thing divine!
Ah, Silvia! Silvia!

Speed. Madam Silvia! Madam Silvia!

Val. How now, ſirrah?

Speed. She is not within hearing, Sir.

Val. Why, Sir, who bade you call her?

Speed. Your Worſhip, Sir, or elſe I miſtook.

Val. Well, you'll ſtill be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was laſt chidden for being too ſlow.

Val. Go to, Sir; tell me, do you know Madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your Worſhip loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by theſe ſpecial marks: Firſt, you have learn'd, like Sir Protheus, to wreath your arms like a malecontent; to reliſh a love-ſong, like a Robin-red-breaſt; to walk alone, like one that had the peſtilence; to ſigh, like a ſchool-boy that had loſt his *A, B, C;* to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam? to faſt, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to ſpeak puling, like a beggar at Hallow-maſs. You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you faſted, it was preſently after dinner; when you looked ſadly, it was for want of money; and now you are metamorphos'd with a miſtreſs, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my maſter.

Val. Are all theſe things perceiv'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiv'd *without* ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain; for without you were ſo ſimple, none elſe would: but you are ſo without theſe follies, that theſe follies are within you, and ſhine through you like the water in an urinal: that not an eye that ſees you, but is a phyſician to comment on your malady.

Val. But tell me, doſt thou know my Lady Silvia?

Speed. She that you gaze on ſo as ſhe ſits at ſupper?

Val. *Haſt thou obſerv'd that?* ev'n ſhe I mean.

Speed. *Why, Sir, I know* her not.

Val.

Val. Doſt thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'ſt her not?

Speed. Is ſhe not hard-favour'd, Sir?

Val. Not ſo fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What doſt thou know?

Speed. That ſhe is not ſo fair, as of you well favour'd.

Val. I mean that her beauty is exquiſite,
But her favour infinite.

Speed. That's becauſe the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, Sir, ſo painted to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How eſteem'ſt thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never ſaw her ſince ſhe was deform'd.

Val. How long hath ſhe been deform'd?

Speed. Ever ſince you lov'd her.

Val. I have lov'd her ever ſince I ſaw her,
And ſtill I ſee her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot ſee her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Becauſe love is blind. O that you had mine eyes, or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at Sir Protheus for going ungarter'd!

Val. What ſhould I ſee then?

Speed. Your own preſent folly, and her paſſing deformity: for he, being in love, could not ſee to garter his hoſe; and you, being in love, cannot ſee to put on your hoſe.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for laſt morning you could not ſee to wipe my ſhoes.

Speed. True, Sir, I was in love with my bed; I thank you, you ſwing'd me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In concluſion, I ſtand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were ſet, ſo your affection would ceaſe.

Val. Laſt night ſhe injoined me to write ſome lines to one ſhe loves.

Sp-

Speed. And have you?
Val. I have.
Speed. Are they not lamely writ?
Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them:
Peace, here she comes.

Enter Silvia.

Speed. Oh excellent motion! Oh exceeding puppet!
Now will he interpret to her.
Val. Madam and Mistress, a thousand good morrows.
Speed. Oh! give ye good ev'n, here's a million of manners.
Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.
Speed. He should give her interest; and she gives it him.
Val. As you injoin'd me, I have writ your letter,
Unto the secret, nameless, friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your Ladyship.
Sil. I thank you, gentle servant; 'tis very clerkly done.
Val. Now trust me, Madam, it came hardly off:
For being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.
Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?
Val. No, Madam, so it steed you, I will write,
Please you command a thousand times as much.
And yet———
Sil. A pretty period; well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name it; and yet I care not;
And yet take this again, and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.
Speed. And yet you will; and yet another yet.
[*Aside.*
Val. What means your Ladyship? do you not like it?
Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ;
But since unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them.
Val. Madam, they are for you.
Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, Sir, at my request;
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them; writ more movingly.
Val. Please you, I'll write your Ladyship another.
Sil. I

Sil. And when it's writ, for my ſake read it over;
And if it pleaſe you, ſo; if not, why ſo.

Val. If it pleaſe me, Madam, what then?

Sil. Why, if it pleaſe you, take it for your labour;
And ſo good morrow, ſervant. [*Exit.*

Speed. O jeſt unſeen, inſcrutable, inviſible,
As a noſe on a man's face, or a weather-cock on a ſteeple!
My maſter ſues to her, and ſhe hath taught her ſuitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor:
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better?
That my maſter, being the ſcribe, to himſelf ſhould write the letter?

Val. How now, Sir? what? are you reaſoning with yourſelf?

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming; 'tis you that have the reaſon.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a ſpokeſman from Madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourſelf; why, ſhe wooes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I ſhould ſay.

Val. Why, ſhe hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need ſhe,
When ſhe hath made you write to yourſelf?
Why, do you not perceive the jeſt?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you indeed, Sir: but did you perceive her earneſt?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, ſhe hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath ſhe deliver'd; and there's an end.

Val. I would it were no worſe.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:
For often have you writ to her; and ſhe in modeſty,
Or elſe for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing elſe ſome meſſenger, that might her mind diſcover,
Herſelf hath taught her love himſelf to write unto her lover.
All this I ſpeak in print; for in print I found it.——
Why muſe you, Sir? 'tis dinner-time.

Val. I have din'd.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, Sir; though the Cameleon love can feed on the air, I am one that am nouriſhed by my victuals, and would fain have meat. Oh! be not like your miſtreſs; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II *Changes to Julia's houſe at Verona.*

Enter Protheus and Julia.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I muſt, where is no remedy.

Pro. When poſſibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the ſooner. Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's ſake.

[*Giving a ring.*

Pro. Why, then, we'll make exchange; here take you this.

Jul. And ſeal the bargain with a holy kiſs.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true conſtancy;
And when that hour o'erſlips me in the day,
Wherein I ſigh not, Julia, for thy ſake,
The next enſuing hour ſome foul miſchance
Torment me, for my love's forgetfulneſs!
My father ſtays my coming; anſwer not:
The tide is now; nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will ſtay me longer than I ſhould.

[*Exit Julia.*

Julia, farewell.——What! gone without a word?
Ay, ſo true love ſhould do; it cannot ſpeak;
For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

Enter Panthion.

Pan. Sir Protheus, you are ſtaid for.

Pro. Go; I come.
Alas! this parting ſtrikes poor lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Changes to a ſtreet.*

Enter Launce, with his dog Crab.

Laun. 'Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done 'weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very 'fault. I have received my proportion like the pro- 'digious ſon, and am going with Sir Protheus to the 'Imperial's court. I think Crab, my dog, be the 'ſoureſt-natur'd dog that lives. My mother weeping, 'my father wailing, my ſiſter crying, our maid howl- 'ing, our cat wringing her hands, and all our houſe 'in a great perplexity; yet did not this cruel-hearted 'cur ſhed one tear! He is a ſtone, a very pebble-ſtone, 'and has no more pity in him than a dog. A Jew 'would have wept to have ſeen our parting; why, 'my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herſelf 'blind at my parting. Nay, I'll ſhow you the man- 'ner of it: This ſhoe is my father; no, this left ſhoe 'is my father: no, no, this left ſhoe is my mother; 'nay, that cannot be ſo neither: yes, it is ſo, it is 'ſo; it hath the worſer ſole. This ſhoe, with the hole 'in it, is my mother, and this my father; a vengeance 'on't there 'tis. Now, Sir, this ſtaff is my ſiſter; for 'look you, ſhe is as white as a lily, and as ſmall as a 'wand. This hat is Nan, our maid; I am the dog; 'no, the dog is himſelf; and I am the dog; oh, the 'dog is me, and I am myſelf; ay, ſo, ſo. Now come 'I to my father: Father, your bleſſing: now ſhow 'not the ſhoe ſpeak a word for weeping; now ſhow 'I kiſs my father; well, he weeps on. Now come 'to my mother; oh that ſhe could ſpeak now like a 'wode woman! well, I kiſs her; why there 't is; 'here's my mother's breath up and down. Now 'come I to my ſiſter; mark the moan ſhe makes. 'Now the dog all this while ſheds not a tear, nor 'ſpeaks a word; but ſee how I lay the duſt with my 'tears.

Enter Panthion.

Pant. Launce, away, away, aboard; thy maſter is 'ſhipp'd, and thou art to poſt after with oars: what

Thou

e matter? why weep'ſt thou, man? away, aſs, you will e the tide if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the ti'd were loſt, for it is the kindeſt ti'd that ever any man ti'd.

Pant. What's the unkindeſt tide?

Laun. Why, he that's ti'd here; Crab, my dog.

Pant. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt loſe the flood; and loſing the flood, loſe thy voyage; and in loſing thy yage, loſe thy maſter; and in loſing thy maſter, loſe thy vice; and in loſing thy ſervice, ——— why doſt thou p my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou ſhould'ſt loſe thy tongue.

Pant. Where ſhould I loſe my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pant. In thy tail. ——

Laun. Loſe the flood, and the voyage, and the ma-; and the ſervice, and the tide? why, man, if the river re dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind re down, I could drive the boat with my ſighs.

Pant. Come, come away, man; I was ſent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou dar'ſt.

Pant. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to Milan.*

An apartment in the Duke's palace.

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, and Speed.

Sil. Servant. ———

Val. Miſtreſs.

Speed. Maſter, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, 'tis for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my miſtreſs then.

Speed. 'Twere good you knock'd him.

Sil. Servant, you are ſad.

Val. Indeed, Madam, I ſeem ſo.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What ſeem I that I am not?

Val. Wiſe.

Thu. What inſtance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio? do you change colou

Val. Give him leave, Madam; he is a kind of Cam leon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your bloo than live in your air.

Val. You have ſaid, Sir.

Thu. Ay, Sir, and done too for this time.

Val. I know it well. Sir, you always end ere you begi

Sil. A fine volley of words, Gentlemen, and quick ſhot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, Madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, ſervant?

Val. Yourſelf, ſweet Lady; for you gave the fi Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your Ladyſhip's look and ſpends, what he borrows, kindly in your company

Thu. Sir, if you ſpend word for word with me, I ſh make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, Sir, you have an exchequer words, and, I think, no other treaſure to give your-f lowers; for it appears, by their bare liveries, that th live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, Gentlemen, no more. Here comes y father.

SCENE V. *Enter the Duke.*

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beſet. Sir Valentine, your father's in good health:
What ſay you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Val. My Lord, I will be thankful
To any happy meſſenger from thence.

Du

Duke. Know you Don Anthonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good Lord, I know the gentleman.
To be of worth and worthy eſtimation;
And, not without deſert, ſo well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a ſon?

Val. Ay, my good Lord, a ſon that well deſerves
The honour and regard of ſuch a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I knew him as myſelf; for from our infancy
We have convers'd, and ſpent our hours together:
And though myſelf have been an idle truant,
Omitting the ſweet benefit of time,
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection;
Yet hath Sir Protheus, for that's his name,
Made uſe and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe:
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praiſes that I now beſtow,)
He is complete in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beſhrew me, Sir; but if he makes this good,
He is as worthy for an Empreſs' love,
As meet to be an Emperor's counſellor:
Well, Sir, this gentleman is come to me,
With commendations from great potentates;
And here he means to ſpend his time a while.
I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wiſh'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth:
Silvia, I ſpeak to you; and you, Sir Thurio;
For Valentine, I need not cite him to it;
I'll ſend him hither to you preſently. [*Exit Duke.*

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your Ladyſhip,
Had come along with me, but that his miſtreſs
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her cryſtal looks.

Sil. Belike that now ſhe hath enfranchis'd them
Upon ſome other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, ſure, I think ſhe holds them priſ'ners ſtill.

Sil. Nay, then he ſhould be blind; and, being blind,
How could he ſee his way to ſeek out you?

Val. Why, Lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They ſay that love hath not an eye at all.
Val. To ſee ſuch lovers, Thurio, as yourſelf:
Upon a homely object love can wink.

SCENE VI. *Enter Protheus.*

Sil. Have done, have done: here comes the gentleman.
Val. Welcome, dear Protheus: Miſtreſs, I beſeech you,
Confirm his welcome with ſome ſpecial favour.
Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wiſh'd to hear from.
Val. Miſtreſs, it is: ſweet Lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-ſervant to your Ladyſhip.
Sil. Too low a miſtreſs for ſo high a ſervant.
Pro. Not ſo, ſweet Lady; but too mean a ſervant
To have a look of ſuch a worthy miſtreſs.
Val. Leave off diſcourſe of diſability;
Sweet Lady, entertain him for your ſervant.
Pro. My duty will I boaſt of, nothing elſe.
Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed:
Servant, you're welcome to a worthleſs miſtreſs.
Pro. I'll die on him that ſays ſo, but yourſelf.
Sil. That you are welcome.
Pro. That you are worthleſs.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, my Lord your father would ſpeak with you.
Sil. I'll wait upon his pleaſure: [*Exit Serv.*] Come, Sir Thurio,
Go with me. Once more, my new ſervant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home-affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.
Pro. We'll both attend upon your Ladyſhip.
[*Exeunt Sil. and Thu.*

SCENE VII.

Val. Now tell me, how do all from whence you came?
Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.
Val. And how do yours?
Pro. I left them all in health.

Val.

Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?
Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know you joy not in a love-discourse.
Val. Ay, Protheus, but that life is alter'd now:
I have done penance for contemning love;
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans;
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs.
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O gentle Protheus, Love's a mighty Lord;
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
There is no woe to his correction;
Nor to his service, no such joy on earth;
Now no discourse, except it be of love:
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep
Upon the very naked name of Love.
Pro. Enough: I read your fortune in your eye.
Was this the idol that you worship so?
Val. Even she; and is she not a heav'nly saint?
Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.
Val. Call her divine.
Pro. I will not flatter her.
Val. O flatter me; for love delights in praise.
Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills;
And I must minister the like to you.
Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sov'reign to all the creatures on the earth.
Pro. Except my mistress.
Val. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except against my love.
Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?
Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignify'd with this high honour,
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss;
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower;
And make rough winter everlastingly.
Pro. Why, Valentine, what bragadism is this?

Val.

Val. Pardon me, Protheus; all I can, is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone———

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world; why, man, she is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me doat upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes,
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along, and I must after;
For love, thou know'st is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd; nay more, our marriage-hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of; how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted and 'greed on for my happiness.
Good Protheus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before; I shall enquire you forth.
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use;
And then I'll presently attend you

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will. [*Exit Val.*

Ev'n as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another;
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine eye, or Valentino's praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She's fair; and so is Julia that I love;
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold;
And that I love him not as I was wont.

I love his lady too, too, much;
at's the reaſon I love him ſo little.
ıall I doat on her with more advice,
ıus without advice begin to love her?
t her picture I have yet beheld,
ıat has dazzled ſo my reaſon's light:
ıen I look on her perfections,
is no reaſon but I ſhall be blind.
n check my erring love, I will;
to compaſs her I'll uſe my ſkill. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII. *Changes to a ſtreet.*

Enter Speed and Launce.

d. Launce, by mine honeſty, welcome to Milan.
n. Forſwear not thyſelf, ſweet youth; for I am elcome: I reckon this always, that a man is neidone, till he be hang'd; nor never welcome to a till ſome certain ſhot be paid, and the hoſteſs ſay, ome.
ed. Come on, you mad-cap; I'll to the ale-houſe you preſently, where, for one ſhot of five pence, ſhalt have five thouſand welcomes. But, Sirrah, lid thy maſter part with Madam Julia?
un. Marry, after they clos'd in earneſt, they parted airly in jeſt.
ed. But ſhall ſhe marry him?
un. No.
ed. How then? ſhall he marry her?
un. No, neither.
ed. What, are they broken?
un. No, they are both as whole as a fiſh.
ed. Why then, how ſtands the matter with them?
un. Marry, thus: when it ſtands well with him, it well with her *.

Speed.

* ——it ſtands well with her.
d. What an aſs art thou? I underſtand thee not.
n. What a block art thou, that thou canſt not? underſtands me.
d. What thou ſay'ſt?
n. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean and my underſtands me.
ed. *It ſtands under thee indeed.*
n. *Why, ſtand under, and underſtand, is all one.*
d. *But tell me true, &c.*

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Laun. Aſk my dog: if he ſay, Ay, it will; if he ſay, No, it will; if he ſhake his tail, and ſay nothing, it will.

Speed. The concluſion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou ſhalt never get ſuch a ſecret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it ſo; but, Launce, how ſay'ſt thou, that my maſter is become a notable lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwiſe.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable lubber as thou reporteſt him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreſon aſs, thou miſtak'ſt me.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy maſter.

Speed. I tell thee, my maſter is become a hot lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not tho' he burn himſelf in love: if thou wilt go with me to the ale-houſe, ſo; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the the name of a Chriſtian.

Speed. Why?

Laun. Becauſe thou haſt not ſo much charity in thee, as to go to the ale-houſe with a Chriſtian: wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy ſervice. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Enter Protheus ſolus.*

Pro. To leave my Julia, ſhall I be forſworn:
To love fair Silvia, ſhall I be forſworn;
To wrong my friend, I ſhall be much forſworn:
And ev'n that pow'r, which gave me firſt my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bade me ſwear, and love bids me forſwear!
O ſweet ſuggeſting love! if I have ſinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted ſubject, to excuſe it.
At firſt I did adore a twinkling ſtar,
But now I worſhip a celeſtial ſun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit, that wants reſolved will
To learn his wit t' exchange the bad for better.
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whoſe ſov'reignity ſo oft thou haſt preferr'd

With twenty thouſand ſoul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do:
But there I leave to love where I ſhould love:
Julia I loſe, and Valentine I loſe:
If I keep them, I needs muſt loſe myſelf:
If I loſe them, this find I by their loſs,
For Valentine, myſelf; for Julia, Silvia.——
I to myſelf am dearer than a friend;
For love is ſtill moſt precious in itſelf:
And Silvia (witneſs Heav'n, that made her fair!)
Shews Julia but a ſwarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Rememb'ring that my love to her is dead:
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a ſweeter friend.
I cannot now prove conſtant to myſelf,
Without ſome treachery us'd to Valentine:
This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celeſtial Silvia's chamber-window,
Myſelf in counſel his competitor.
Now preſently I'll give her father notice
Of their diſguiſing, and pretended flight:
Who, all enrag'd, will baniſh Valentine:
For Thurio he intends ſhall wed his daughter.
But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly croſs,
By ſome ſly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpoſe ſwift,
As thou haſt lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit.*

SCENE X. *Changes to Julia's houſe in Verona.*

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. Counſel, Lucetta; gentle girl, aſſiſt me;
And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are viſibly character'd and engrav'd,
To leſſon me; and tell me ſome good mean,
How with my honour I may undertake
A journey to my loving Protheus,
Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.
Jul. A true devoted pilgrim is not weary

To meaſure kingdoms with his feeble ſteps;
Much leſs ſhall ſhe, that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one ſo dear,
Of ſuch divine perfection, as Sir Protheus.

Luc. Better forbear, till Protheus make return.

Jul. Oh, know'ſt thou not, his looks are my ſoul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food ſo long a time.
Didſt thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'ſt as ſoon go kindle fire with ſnow,
As ſeek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not ſeek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Leſt it ſhould burn above the bounds of reaſon.

Jul. The more thou damm'ſt it up, the more it burns:
'The current that with gentle murmur glides,
'Thou know'ſt, being ſtopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
'But when his fair courſe is not hindered,
'He makes ſweet muſic with th' enamel'd ſtones;
'Giving a gentle kiſs to every ſedge
'He overtaketh in his pilgrimage:
'And ſo by many winding nooks he ſtrays,
'With willing ſport to the wild ocean.
'Then let me go, and hinder not my courſe:
'I'll be as patient as a gentle ſtream,
'And make a paſtime of each weary ſtep,
'Till the laſt ſtep have brought me to my love;
'And there I'll reſt, as, after much turmoil,
'A bleſſed ſoul doth in Elyſium.'

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The looſe encounters of laſcivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with ſuch weeds
As may beſeem ſome well-reputed page.

Luc. Why then your Ladyſhip muſt cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in ſilken ſtrings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantaſtic, may become a youth
Of greater time than I ſhall ſhew to be.

Luc. What faſhion, Madam, ſhall I make your breeches?

Jul. That fits as well, as——"tell me, good my
"Lord,

"What

"What compaſs will you wear your farthingale?"
Why, even what faſhion thou beſt lik'ſt, Lucetta.

Luc. You muſt needs have them with a cod-piece, Madam.

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.

Luc. A round hoſe, Madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unleſs you have a cod-piece to ſtick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'ſt me, let me have
What thou think'ſt meet, and is moſt mannerly.
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking ſo unſtaid a journey?
I fear me it will make me ſcandaliz'd.

Luc. If you think ſo, then ſtay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Protheus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's diſpleas'd, when you are gone:
I fear me he will ſcarce be pleas'd withal.

Jul. That is the leaſt, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thouſand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And inſtances as infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Protheus.

Luc. All theſe are ſervants to deceitful men.

Jul. Baſe men, that uſe them to ſo baſe effect!
But truer ſtars did govern Protheus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love ſincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure meſſengers ſent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heav'n from earth.

Luc. Pray heav'n he prove ſo when you come to him!

Jul. Now, as thou lov'ſt me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth;
Only deſerve my love, by loving him;
And preſently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I ſtand in need of,
To furniſh me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy diſpoſe,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, diſpatch me hence.
Come, anſwer not; but do it preſently:
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Duke's palace in Milan.

Enter Duke, Thurio, and Protheus.

Duke. SIR Thurio, give us leave, I pray, a while;
We have ſome ſecrets to confer about. [*Exit Thur.*
Now tell me, Protheus, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious Lord, that which I would diſcover,
The law of friendſhip bids me to conceal;
But when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeſerving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that,
Which, elſe, no worldly good ſhould draw from me.
Know, worthy Prince, Sir Valentine my friend
This night intends to ſteal away your daughter:
Myſelf am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determin'd to beſtow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates:
And ſhould ſhe thus be ſtol'n away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's ſake, I rather choſe
To croſs my friend in his intended drift;
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of ſorrows, which would preſs you down,
If unprevented, to your timeleſs grave.

Duke. Protheus, I thank thee for thine honeſt care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myſelf have often ſeen.
Haply, when they have judg'd me faſt aſleep;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir Valentine her company, and my court.
But fearing leſt my jealous aim might err,
And ſo unworthily diſgrace the man,
(A raſhneſs that I ever yet have ſhunn'd,)
I gave him gentle looks, thereby to find
That which thyſelf haſt now diſclos'd to me,

And

And that thou may'ſt perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is ſoon ſuggeſted,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myſelf have ever kept:
And thence ſhe cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, Noble Lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will aſcend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it preſently:
Where, if it pleaſe you, you may intercept him.
But, good my Lord, do it ſo cunningly,
That my diſcov'ry be not aimed at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publiſher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he ſhall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my Lord: Sir Valentine is coming.
[*Exit Pro.*

SCENE II. *Enter Valentine.*

Duke. Sir Valentine whither away ſo faſt?

Val. Pleaſe it your Grace, there is a meſſenger
That ſtays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenor of them doth but ſignify
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay then, no matter; ſtay with me a while;
I am to break with thee of ſome affairs,
That touch me near; wherein thou muſt be ſecret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have ſought
To match my friend Sir Thurio to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my Lord; and ſure the match
Were rich and honourable; beſides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beſeeming ſuch a wife as your fair daughter.
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, truſt me; ſhe is peeviſh, ſullen, froward,
Proud, diſobedient, ſtubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that ſhe is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father.

And may, I ſay to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cheriſh'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full reſolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in.
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me, and my poſſeſſions, ſhe eſteems not.

Val. What would your Grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady, Sir, in Milan here,
Whom I affect; but ſhe is nice and coy,
And nought eſteems my aged eloquence.
Now therefore would I have thee to my tutor;
(For long agone I have forgot to court;
Beſides, the faſhion of the time is chang'd:)
How, and which way, I may beſtow myſelf,
To be regarded in her ſun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if ſhe reſpects not words:
Dumb jewels often in their ſilent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But ſhe did ſcorn a preſent that I ſent her.

Val. A woman ſometimes ſcorns what beſt contents her:
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For ſcorn at firſt makes after-love the more.
If ſhe do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you.
If ſhe do chide, 'tis not to have you gone:
For why, the fools are mad if left alone.
Take no repulſe, whatever ſhe doth ſay;
For, Get you gone, ſhe doth not mean away.
Flatter, and praiſe, commend, extol their graces;
Tho' ne'er ſo black, ſay they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I ſay, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But ſhe I mean, is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,
And kept ſeverely from reſort of men,
That no man hath acceſs by day to her.

Val. Why then I would reſort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept ſafe,
That no man hath recourſe to her by night.

Val. What lets but one may enter at her window

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built ſo ſhelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.
Val. Why then a ladder quaintly made of cords,
To caſt up with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would ſerve to ſcale another Hero's tower;
So bold Leander would adventure it.
Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Adviſe me where I may have ſuch a ladder.
Val. When would you uſe it? pray, Sir, tell me that.
Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for ev'ry thing that he can come by.
Val. By ſeven o'clock I'll get you ſuch a ladder.
Duke. But hark thee: I will go to her alone;
How ſhall I beſt convey the ladder thither?
Val. It will be light, my Lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.
Duke. A cloak as long as thine will ſerve the turn?
Val. Ay, my good Lord.
Duke. Then let me ſee thy cloak;
I'll get me one of ſuch another length.
Val. Why, any cloak will ſerve the turn, my Lord.
Duke. How ſhall I faſhion me to wear a cloak?
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.
[*Pulls off his cloak.*
What letter is this ſame? what's here? *To Silvia!*
And here an engine fit for my proceeding?
I'll be ſo bold to break the ſeal for once. [*Duke reads.*
My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly,
And ſlaves they are to me, that ſend them flying:
Oh, could their maſter come and go as lightly,
Himſelf would lodge, where ſenſeleſs they are lying.
My herald thoughts in thy pure boſom reſt them,
While I, their King, that thither them importune,
Do curſe the grace, that with ſuch grace hath bleſs'd them,
Becauſe myſelf do want my ſervants' fortune;
I curſe myſelf, for they are ſent by me,
That they ſhould harbour where their lord would be.
What's here? *Silvia, this night will I enfranchiſe thee.*
'Tis ſo, and here's the ladder for the purpoſe.
Why, Phæton, for thou art Merops' ſon,
Will thou aſpire to guide the heavenly car,

And

And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach ſtars, becauſe they ſhine on thee?
Go, baſe intruder! over-weening ſlave!
Beſtow thy fawning ſmiles on equal mates;
And think my patience more than thy deſert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence.
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,
Which, all too much, I have beſtow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories,
Longer than ſwifteſt expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heav'n my wrath ſhall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter or thyſelf.
Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuſe;
But as thou lov'ſt thy life, make ſpeed from hence.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?
'To die, is to be baniſh'd from myſelf:
'And Silvia is myſelf; baniſh'd from her,
'Is ſelf from ſelf: a deadly baniſhment!
'What light is light, if Silvia be not ſeen?
'What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
'Unleſs it be to think that ſhe is by;
'And feed upon the ſhadow of perfection.
'Except I be by Silvia in the night,
'There is no muſic in the nightingale;
'Unleſs I look on Silvia in the day,
'There is no day for me to look upon.'
She is my eſſence, and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foſter'd, illumin'd, cheriſh'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter Protheus and Launce.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and ſeek him out.
Laun. So-ho! ſo-ho!———
Pro. What ſeeſt thou?
Laun. Him we go to find.
There's not a hair on's head, but 'tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine,——
Val. No.
Pro. Who then, his ſpirit?
Val. Neither.
Pro. What then?
Val. Nothing.
Laun. Can nothing ſpeak? Maſter, ſhall I ſtrike?
Pro. Whom wouldſt thou ſtrike?
Laun. Nothing.
Pro. Villain, forbear.
Laun. Why, Sir, I'll ſtrike nothing; I pray you—
Pro. I ſay forbear. Friend Valentine, a word.
Val. My ears are ſtopt, and cannot hear good news;
So much of bad already hath poſſeſs'd them.
Pro. Then in dumb ſilence will I bury mine;
For they are harſh, untuneable, and bad.
Val. Is Silvia dead?
Pro. No, Valentine.
Val. No Valentine, indeed, for ſacred Silvia!
Hath ſhe forſworn me?
Pro. No, Valentine.
Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forſworn me!
What is your news?
Laun. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are vaniſh'd.
Pro. That thou art baniſh'd; oh, that is the news,
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.
Val. Oh, I have fed upon this woe already;
And now exceſs of it will make me ſurfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am baniſhed?
Pro. Ay, ay; and ſhe hath offer'd to the doom,
Which unrevers'd ſtands in effectual force,
A ſea of melting pearl, which ſome call tears.
Thoſe at her father's churliſh feet ſhe tender'd,
With them, upon her knees, her humble ſelf;
Wringing her hands, whoſe whiteneſs ſo became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe.
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad ſighs, deep groans, nor ſilver-ſheeding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompaſſionate ſire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, muſt die.
Beſides, *her intercеſſion* chaf'd him ſo,
When *ſhe for thy repeal* was ſuppliant,

That

That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

Val. No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st,
Have some malignant power upon my life.
If so, I pray thee breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Ev'n in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate.
Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs.
As thou lov'st Silvia, tho' not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north-gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out: come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine!

[*Exeunt Valentine and Protheus.*

SCENE IV.

Laun. "I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have "the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave: but "that's all one, if he be but one kind. He lives not "now that knows me to be in love, yet I am in love; "but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me, "nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman; but what "woman, I will not tell myself, and yet 'tis a milk-"maid; yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips; "yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves "for wages. She hath more qualities than a water "spaniel, which is much in a bare Christian. He "is the cat-log [*Pulling out a paper*] of her conditions

"Impr

"*Imprimis*, She can fetch and carry; why, a horſe can "do no more; nay, a horſe cannot fetch, but only "carry; therefore ſhe is better than a jade. *Item*, She "can milk; look you, a ſweet virtue in a maid with "clean hands."

Enter Speed.

Speed. How now, Signior Launce? what news with your maſterſhip?

Laun. With my maſter's ſhip? why, it is at ſea.

Speed. Well, your old vice ſtill; miſtake the word: what news then in your paper?

Laun. The blackeſt news that ever thou heard'ſt.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Laun. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Fy on thee, jolt-head, thou can'ſt not read.

Speed. Thou lieſt, I can.

Laun. I will try thee; tell me this, who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the ſon of my grandfather.

Laun. O illiterate loiterer, it was the ſon of thy grandmother; this proves that thou can'ſt not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come try me in thy paper.

Laun. There, and St. Nicholas be thy ſpeed!

Speed. *Imprimis*, She can milk.

Laun. Ay, that ſhe can.

Speed. *Item*, She brews good ale.

Laun. And thereof comes the proverb, *Bleſſing of your heart, you brew good ale.*

Speed. *Item*, She can ſowe.

Laun. That's as much as to ſay, *Can ſhe ſo?*

Speed. *Item*, She can knit.

Laun. What need a man care for a ſtock with a wench, when ſhe can knit him a ſtock!

Speed. *Item*, She can waſh and ſcour.

Laun. A ſpecial virtue, for then ſhe need not to be waſh'd and ſcour'd.

Speed. *Item*, She can ſpin.

Laun. Then may I ſet the world on wheels, when ſhe can ſpin for her living.

Speed. *Item*, She hath many nameleſs virtues.

Laun. That's as much as to ſay, *baſtard virtues*, that indeed

indeed know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Laun. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, She is not to be kiss'd fasting, in respect of her breath.

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.

Speed. Item, She hath a sweet mouth.

Laun. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. Item, She doth talk in her sleep.

Laun. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. Item, She is slow in words.

Laun. O villain! that set down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue. I pray thee out with't, and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, She is proud

Laun. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, She hath no teeth.

Laun. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. Item, She is curs'd.

Laun. Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. Item, She will often praise her liquor.

Laun. If her liquor be good, she shall; if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. Item, She is too liberal.

Laun. Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ down, she's slow of; of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut; now of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, She hath more hairs than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.

Laun. "Stop here; I'll have her; she was mine, and "and not mine, twice or thrice in that article. Rehearse "that once more."

Speed. Item, She hath more hair than wit.

Laun. More hair than wit, it may be. I'll prove it. The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt The hair that covers the wit

more than the wit; for the greater hides the leſs. What's next?

Speed. And more faults than hairs.

Laun. That's monſtrous; oh that that were out!

Speed. And more wealth than faults.

Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious: well, I'll have her; and if it be a match, as nothing is impoſſible——

Speed. What then?

Laun. Why then will I tell thee, that thy maſter ſtays for thee at the north-gate.

Speed. For me?

Laun. For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath ſtaid for a better man than thee.

Speed. And muſt I go to him?

Laun. Thou muſt run to him; for thou haſt ſtaid ſo long, that going will ſcarce ſerve the turn.

Speed. Why didſt not tell me ſooner? pox on your love-letters!

Laun. Now will he be ſwing'd for reading my letter: an unmannerly ſlave, that will thruſt himſelf into ſecrets.—I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Enter Duke and Thurio.*

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not but that ſhe will love you,
Now Valentine is baniſh'd from her ſight.

Thu. Since his exile ſhe hath deſpis'd me moſt,
Forſworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am deſperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impreſs of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat
Diſſolves to water, and doth loſe his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthleſs Valentine ſhall be forgot.

Enter Protheus.

How now, Sir Protheus? Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good Lord.

Duke. *My daughter takes his going heavily.*
Pro. *A little time, my Lord, will kill that grief.*

Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not ſo.
Protheus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou haſt ſhown ſome ſign of good deſert,)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your Grace,
Let me not live to look upon your Grace.

Duke. Thou know'ſt how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my Lord.

Duke. And alſo, I do think, thou art not ignorant
How ſhe oppoſes her againſt my will.

Pro. She did, my Lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke. Ay, and perverſely ſhe perſeveres ſo.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio?

Pro. The beſt way is, to ſlander Valentine
With falſehood, cowardice, and poor deſcent;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but ſhe'll think that it is ſpoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it muſt with circumſtance be ſpoken
By one whom ſhe eſteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you muſt undertake to ſlander him.

Pro. And that my Lord, I ſhall be loath to do;
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;
Eſpecially againſt his very friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your ſlander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your friend.

Pro You have prevail'd, my Lord: if I can do it,
By aught that I can ſpeak in his diſpraiſe,
She ſhall not long continue love to him.
But ſay, this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that ſhe will love Sir Thurio.

Thu. Therefore as you unwind her love from him,
Leſt it ſhould ravel, and be good to none,
You muſt provide to bottom it on me:
Which muſt be done, by praiſing me as much
As you in worth diſpraiſe Sir Valentine.

Duke. And, Protheus, we dare truſt you in this kind,
Becauſe we know, on Valentine's report,

You

You are already Love's firm votary;
And cannot ſoon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant ſhall you have acceſs,
Where you with Silvia may confer at large:
For ſhe is lumpiſh, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's ſake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your perſuaſion,
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect.
But you, Sir Thurio, are not ſharp enough:
You muſt lay lime, to tangle her deſires.
By wailful ſonnets, whoſe compoſed rhymes
Should be full fraught with ſerviceable vows.

Duke. Much is the force of heav'n-bred poeſy.

Pro. "Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
"You ſacrifice your tears, your ſighs, your heart:
"Write till your ink be dry; and with your tears
"Moiſt it again: and frame ſome feeling line,
"That may diſcover ſuch integrity:
"For Orpheus' lute was ſtrung with poet's ſinews.
"Whoſe golden touch could ſoften ſteel and ſtones,
"Make tygers tame, and huge leviathans
"Forſake unſounded deeps, to dance on ſands."
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Viſit by night your lady's chamber-window
With ſome ſweet concert; to their inſtruments
Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead ſilence
Will well become ſuch ſweet complaining grievance.
This, or elſe nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This diſcipline ſhews thou haſt been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.
Therefore, ſweet Protheus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city preſently,
To ſort ſome gentlemen well ſkill'd in muſic;
I have a ſonnet, that will ſerve the turn,
To give the onſet to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, Gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your Grace, till after ſupper;
And afterwards determine our proceedings.

Duke. Ev'n now about it, I will pardon you.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A foreſt, leading towards Mantua.

Enter certain Outlaws.

1 *Outlaw.* FELLOWS, ſtand faſt: I ſee a paſſ
2 *Out.* If there be ten, ſhrink not, but down wit

Enter Valentine and Speed.

3 *Out.* Stand, Sir, and throw us what you have you; if not, we'll make you, Sir, and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone; theſe are the villain all the travellers do fear ſo much.

Val. My friends,———

1 *Out.* That's not ſo, Sir; we are your enemies,

2 *Out.* Peace; we'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we; for he is a man.

Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to lo
A man I am, croſs'd with adverſity;
My riches are theſe poor habiliments,
Of which if you ſhould here diſfurniſh me,
You take the ſum and ſubſtance that I have.

2 *Out.* Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.

1 *Out.* Whence came you?

Val. From Milan.

3 *Out.* Have you long ſojourn'd there?

Val. Some ſixteen months; and longer might hav
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 *Out.* What were you baniſh'd thence?

Val. I was.

2 *Out.* For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to reheа
I kill'd a man, whoſe death I much repent;
But yet I ſlew him manfully in fight,
Without falſe vantage, or baſe treachery.

1 *Out.* Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done
But were you baniſh'd for ſo ſmall a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of ſuch a doom.

Out. Have you the tongues?
Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy,
ſe I often had been miſerable.
Out. By the bare ſcalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,
fellow were a King for our wild faction.
Out. We'll have him. Sirs, a word.
ced. Maſter, be one of them: it's an honourable
of thievery.
Val. Peace, villain.
Out. Tell us this; have you any thing to take to?
Val. Nothing but my fortune.
Out. Know then, that ſome of us are gentlemen,
as the fury of ungovern'd youth
ſt from the company of awful men;
lf was from Verona baniſh'd,
practiſing to ſteal away a lady,
eir, and niece ally'd unto the Duke.
Out. And I from Mantua, for a gentleman
m, in my mood, I ſtabb'd unto the heart.
Out. And I for ſuch like petty crimes as theſe.
o the purpoſe; for we cite our faults,
they may hold excus'd our lawleſs lives;
partly, ſeeing you are beautify'd
goodly ſhape, and by your own report
guiſt; and a man of ſuch perfection,
e do in our quality much want;———
Out. Indeed, becauſe you are a baniſh'd man,
efore, above the reſt, we parley to you;
you content to be our general?
ake a virtue of neceſſity,
live, as we do, in the wilderneſs?
Out. What ſay'ſt thou? wilt thou be of our conſort?
Ay; and be the captain of us all:
do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee;
thee as our commander, and our King.
Out. But if thou ſcorn our courteſy, thou di'ſt.
Out. Thou ſhalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.
Val. I take your offer, and will live with you,
ded that you do no outrages
lly women, or poor paſſengers.
Out. No; we deteſt ſuch vile baſe practices.

Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And ſhew thee all the treaſure we have got;
Which, with ourſelves, ſhall reſt at thy diſpoſe.

[*E*

SCENE II. *Changes to an open place, under Si apartment in Milan.*

Enter Protheus.

Pro. Already I've been falſe to Valentine,
And now I muſt be as unjuſt to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have acceſs my own love to prefer:
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthleſs gifts.
When I proteſt true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falſehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have been forſworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd.
And, notwithſtanding all her ſudden quips,
The leaſt whereof would quell a lover's hope;
Yet, ſpaniel-like, the more ſhe ſpurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her ſtill.
But here comes Thurio: now muſt we to her windo
And give ſome evening-muſic to her ear.

Enter Thurio and muſicians.

Thu. How now, Sir Protheus, are you crept befo
Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for, you know, that
Will creep in ſervice where it cannot go.
Thu. Ay, but I hope, Sir, that you love not her
Pro. Sir, but I do; or elſe I would be hence.
Thu. Whom, Silvia?
Pro. Ay, Silvia, for your ſake.
Thu. I thank you for your own: now, Gentleme
Let's tune, and to it luſtily a while.

SCENE III.

Enter Hoſt, and Julia in boy's clothes.

Hoſt. Now, my young gueſt, methinks you're
ckolly: I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine hoſt, becauſe I cannot be merry.

Hoſt. Come, we'll have you merry; I'll bring you where you ſhall hear muſic, and ſee the gentleman that you ask'd for.

Jul. But ſhall I hear him ſpeak?

Hoſt. Ay, that you ſhall.

Jul. That will be muſic.

Hoſt. Hark, hark!

Jul. Is he among theſe?

Hoſt. Ay; but peace, let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is ſhe,
That all our ſwains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wiſe is ſhe;
The heav'n ſuch grace did lend her,
That ſhe might admired be.

Is ſhe kind, as ſhe is fair?
For beauty lives with kindneſs.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindneſs:
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us ſing
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Hoſt. How now? are you ſadder than you were before? how do you, man? the muſic likes you not.

Jul. You miſtake; the muſician likes me not.

Hoſt. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays falſe, father.

Hoſt. How, out of tune on the ſtrings?

Jul. Not ſo; but yet ſo falſe, that he grieves my very heart-ſtrings.

Hoſt. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a ſlow heart.

Hoſt. I perceive you delight not in muſic.

Jul.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars ſo.

Hoſt. Hark, what fine change is in the muſic.

Jul. Ay; that change is the ſpight.

Hoſt. You would have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing. But, hoſt, doth this Sir Protheus, that we talk on, Often reſort unto this gentlewoman?

Hoſt. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me, he lov'd her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is Launce?

Hoſt. Gone to ſeek his dog, which to-morrow, by his maſter's command, he muſt carry for a preſent to his lady.

Jul. Peace, ſtand aſide, the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you; I will ſo plead. That you ſhall ſay, my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At St. Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell. [*Exeunt Thurio and muſic.*

SCENE IV. *Silvia above, at her window.*

Pro. Madam, good even to your Ladyſhip.

Sil. I thank you for your muſic, Gentlemen: Who is that, that ſpake?

Pro. One, Lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth, You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Protheus, as I take.

Pro. Sir Protheus, gentle Lady, and your ſervant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compaſs yours.

Sil. You have your wiſh; my will is even this, That preſently you hie you home to bed. Thou ſubtle, perjur'd, falſe, diſloyal man? Think'ſt thou I am ſo ſhallow, ſo conceitleſs, To be ſeduced by thy flattery, That haſt deceiv'd ſo many with thy vows? Return, return, and make thy love amends, For me, by this pale Queen of night, I ſwear, I am ſo far from granting thy requeſt, That I deſpiſe thee for thy wronged ſuit; And, by and by, intend to chide myſelf,

Even

Ev'n for this time I ſpend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, ſweet love, that I did love a lady; but ſhe is dead.

Jul. [*Aſide.*] 'Twere falſe, if I ſhould ſpeak it; For I am ſure ſhe is not buried.

Sil. Say that ſhe be; yet Valentine, thy friend, Survives; to whom, thyſelf art witneſs, I am betroth'd; and art thou not aſham'd To wrong him with thy importunacy?

Pro. I likewiſe hear, that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And ſo, ſuppoſe, am I; for in his grave, Aſſure thyſelf, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet Lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her thence, Or, at the leaſt, in her's ſepulchre thine.

Jul. [*Aſide.*] He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if that your heart be ſo obdurate, Vouchſafe me yet your picture for my love, The picture that is hanging in your chamber: To that I'll ſpeak, to that I'll ſigh and weep: For ſince the ſubſtance of your perfect ſelf Is elſe devoted, I am but a ſhadow; And to your ſhadow will I make true love.

Jul. [*Aſide.*] If 'twere a ſubſtance, you would, ſure, deceive it, And make it but a ſhadow, as I am.

Sil. I'm very loath to be your idol, Sir; But ſince your falſehood ſhall become you well To worſhip ſhadows, and adore falſe ſhapes; Send to me in the morning, and I'll ſend it: And ſo, good reſt.

Pro. As wretches have o'er night, That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt Protheus and Silvia.*

Jul. Hoſt, will you go?

Hoſt. By my hallidom, I was faſt aſleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir Protheus?

Hoſt. Marry, at my houſe: truſt me, I think, 'tis almoſt day.

Jul. Not ſo; but it hath been the longeſt night That e'er I watch'd, and the moſt heavieſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V. *Enter Eglamour.*

Egl. This is the hour that Madam Silvia
Intreated me to call, and know her mind:
There's ſome great matter ſhe'd employ me in.
Madam, Madam!

Silvia above, at her window.

Sil. Who calls?
Egl. Your ſervant and your friend;
One that attends your Ladyſhip's command.
Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thouſand times good morn
Egl. As many, worthy Lady, to yourſelf.
According to your Ladyſhip's impoſe,
I am thus early come, to know what ſervice
It is your pleaſure to command me in.
Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not I flatter, for I ſwear I do not,)
Valiant and wiſe, remorſeful, well accompliſh'd;
Thou art not ignorant, what dear good-will
I bear unto the baniſh'd Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very ſoul abhorr'd,
Thyſelf haſt lov'd; and I have heard thee ſay,
No grief did ever come ſo near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love di'd;
Upon whoſe grave thou vow'dſt pure chaſtity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode:
And, for the ways are dangerous to paſs,
I do deſire thy worthy company;
Upon whoſe faith and honour I repoſe.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour;
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the juſtice of my flying hence;
To keep me from a moſt unholy match,
Which heav'n and fortune ſtill reward with plagues
I do deſire thee, even from a heart
As full of ſorrows as the ſea of ſands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have ſaid to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which, ſince I know they virtuouſly are plac'd,
I give conſent to go along with you;
Recking as little what betideth me,
As much I wiſh all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where ſhall I meet you?

Sil. At Friar Patrick's cell;
Where I intend holy confeſſion

Egl. I will not fail your Ladyſhip:
Good morrow, gentle Lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Enter Launce with his dog.*

'When a man's ſervant ſhall play the cur with him, 'look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a 'puppy, one that I ſav'd from drowning, when three 'or four of his blind brothers and ſiſters went to it! I 'have taught him, even as one would ſay preciſely, 'Thus I would teach a dog. I went to deliver him, as 'a preſent to Miſtreſs Silvia from my maſter; and I 'came no ſooner into the dining-chamber, but he ſteps 'me to her trencher, and ſteals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himſelf in 'all companies! I would have, as one ſhould ſay, one 'that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it 'were, a dog at all things. If I had no more wit 'than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think 'verily, he had been hang'd for't; ſure as I live, he 'had ſuffer'd for't; you ſhall judge. He thruſts me 'himſelf into the company of three or four gentleman-'like dogs, under the Duke's table: he had not been 'there (bleſs the mark) a piſſing while, but all the 'chamber ſmelt him. Out with the dog, ſays one; 'What cur is that? ſays another; Whip him out; ſays 'the third; Hang him up, ſays the Duke. I, having 'been acquainted with the ſmell before, knew it was 'Crab, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs; 'Friend, quoth I, you mean to whip the dog? Ay, 'marry, do I, quoth he. You do him the more wrong, 'quoth I; 'twas I did the thing you wot of. He makes

'no

'no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. 'How many maſters would do this for their ſervant? 'nay, I'll be ſworn, I have ſat in the ſtocks for the 'puddings he hath ſtol'n, otherwiſe he had been exe- 'cuted; I have ſtood on the pillory for the geeſe he 'hath kill'd, otherwiſe he had ſuffer'd for't. Thou 'think'ſt not of this now. Nay, I remember the trick 'you ſerv'd me, when I took my leave of Madam 'Julia; did not I bid thee ſtill mark me, and do as I 'do? when didſt thou ſee me heave up my leg, and 'make water againſt a gentlewoman's farthingale? 'didſt thou ever ſee me do ſuch a trick?

SCENE VII. *Enter Protheus and Julia.*

Pro. Sebaſtian is thy name? I like thee well;
And will employ thee in ſome ſervice preſently.

Jul. In what you pleaſe: I'll do, Sir, what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt——How now, you whoreſon peaſant,
Where have you been theſe two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, Sir, I carry'd Miſtreſs Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what ſays ſhe to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, ſhe ſays, your dog was a cur; and tells you, currifh thanks is good enough for ſuch a preſent.

Pro. But ſhe receiv'd my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, ſhe did not: here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What, didſt thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, Sir, the other ſquirrel was ſtol'n from me by the hangman's boy in the market-place; and then I offer'd her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my ſight!
Away, I ſay; ſtay'ſt thou to vex me here?
A ſlave, that, ſtill an end, turns me to ſhame.
[*Exit Launce.*
Sebaſtian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of ſuch a youth,
That can with ſome diſcretion do my buſineſs,

(For 'tis no truſting to yon fooliſh lowt;)
But, chiefly, for thy face and thy behaviour;
Which, if my augury deceive me not,
Witneſs good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go preſently, and take this ring with thee;
Deliver it to Madam Silvia.
She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It ſeems, you lov'd not her, to leave her token:
She's dead, belike.

Pro. Not ſo: I think, ſhe lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why do'ſt thou cry, Alas?

Jul. I cannot chuſe but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore ſhouldſt thou pity her?

Jul. Becauſe methinks that ſhe lov'd you as well
As you do love your Lady Silvia:
She dreams on him that has forgot her love;
You doat on her that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity love ſhould be ſo contrary;
And thinking on it, makes me cry, Alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and give therewithal
This letter; that's her chamber: tell my Lady,
I claim the promiſe for her heav'nly picture.
Your meſſage done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou ſhalt find me ſad and ſolitary.

[*Exit Protheus.*

SCENE VIII.

Jul. How many women would do ſuch a meſſage?
Alas! poor Protheus, thou haſt entertain'd
A fox to be the ſhepherd of thy lambs;
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him,
That with his very heart deſpiſeth me?
Becauſe he loves her, he deſpiſeth me;
Becauſe I love him, I muſt pity him.
This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good-will.
And now I am, unhappy meſſenger,
To plead for that which I would not obtain;
To carry that which I would have refus'd;
To praiſe his faith, which I would have diſprais'd.

I am my maſter's true confirmed love,
But cannot be true ſervant to my maſter,
Unleſs I prove falſe traitor to myſelf.
Yet will I woo for him, but yet ſo coldly,
As, Heav'n it knows, I would not have him ſpeed.

Enter Silvia.

Lady, good day; I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to ſpeak with Madam Silvia.
Sil. What would you with her, if that I be ſhe?
Jul. If you be ſhe, I do intreat your patience
To hear me ſpeak the meſſage I am ſent on.
Sil. From whom?
Jul. From my maſter, Sir Protheus, Madam.
Sil. Oh! he ſends you for a picture?
Jul. Ay, Madam.
Sil. Urſula, bring my picture there.
Go, give your maſter this: tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this ſhadow.
Jul. Madam, may't pleaſe you to peruſe this lette
Pardon me, Madam, I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I ſhould not;
This is the letter to your Ladyſhip.
Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.
Jul. It may not be; good Madam, pardon me.
Sil. There, hold;
I will not look upon your maſter's lines;
I know they're ſtuft with proteſtations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break,
As eaſily as I do tear his paper.
Jul. Madam, he ſends your Ladyſhip this ring.
Sil. The more ſhame for him, that he ſends it me;
For I have heard him ſay a thouſand times,
His Julia gave it him at his departure:
Though his falſe finger have profan'd the ring,
Mine ſhall not do his Julia ſo much wrong.
Jul. She thanks you.
Sil. What ſay'ſt thou?
Jul. I thank you, Madam, that you tender her;
Poor gentlewoman, my maſter wrongs her much.
Sil. Doſt thou know her?

Jul. Almoſt as well as I do know myſelf.
To think upon her woes, I do proteſt,
That I have wept an hundred ſeveral times.
Sil. Belike ſhe thinks that Protheus hath forſook her.
Jul. I think ſhe doth; and that's her cauſe of ſorrow.
Sil. Is ſhe not paſſing fair?
Jul. She hath been fairer, Madam, than ſhe is.
When ſhe did think my maſter lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you.
But ſince ſhe did neglect her looking-glaſs,
And threw her ſun-expelling maſk away,
The air hath ſtarv'd the roſes in her cheeks,
And pitch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now ſhe is become as black as I.
Sil. How tall was ſhe?
Jul. About my ſtature: for at Pentecoſt,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown;
Which ſerved me as fit, by all men's judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me;
Therefore I know ſhe is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep a-good,
For I did play a lamentable part.
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, paſſioning
For Theſeus' perjury and unjuſt flight;
Which I ſo lively-acted with my tears,
That my poor miſtreſs, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly: and would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very ſorrow!
Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth.
Alas, poor lady! deſolate and left!
I weep myſelf to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purſe; I give thee this
For thy ſweet miſtreſs' ſake, becauſe thou lov'ſt her.
Farewell. [*Exit Silvia.*
Jul. And ſhe ſhall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful.
I hope my maſter's ſuit will be but cold;
Since ſhe reſpects my miſtreſs' love ſo much.

Alas! how love can trifle with itſelf!
Here is her picture: let me ſee; I think,
If I had ſuch a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers;
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unleſs I flatter with myſelf too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow;
If that be all the diff'rence in his love,
I'll get me ſuch a colour'd periwig.
Her eyes are grey as glaſs, and ſo are mine;
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine is high.
What ſhould it be that he reſpects in her,
But I can make reſpective in myſelf,
If this fond love were not a blinded god?
Come, ſhadow, come; and take this ſhadow up;
For 'tis thy rival. O thou ſenſeleſs form,
Thou ſhalt be worſhipp'd, kiſs'd, lov'd, and ador'd;
And were there ſenſe in his idolatry,
My ſubſtance ſhould be ſtatued in thy ſtead.
I'll uſe thee kindly for thy miſtreſs' ſake,
That us'd me ſo; or elſe, by Jove I vow,
I ſhould have ſcratch'd out your unſeeing eyes,
To make my maſter out of love with thee. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Near the Friar's cell, in Milan.

Enter Eglamour.

Eglamour. THE ſun begins to gild the weſtern ſky,
And now it is about the very hour
Silvia, at Friar Patrick's cell, ſhould meet me.
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unleſs it be to come before their time;
So much they ſpur their expedition.
See, where ſhe comes. Lady, a happy evening.

Enter Silvia.

Sil. Amen! Amen! Go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the poſtern by the abbey-wall;
I fear I am attended by ſome ſpies.

Egl. Fear not; the foreſt is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we're ſure enough. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to an apartment in the Duke's palace.

Enter Thurio, Protheus, and Julia.

Thu. Sir Protheus, what ſays Silvia to my ſuit?
Pro. Oh, Sir, I find her milder than ſhe was,
And yet ſhe takes exceptions at your perſon.
Thu. What, that my leg is too long?
Pro. No; that it is too little.
Thu. I'll wear a boot to make it ſomewhat rounder.
Pro. But love will not be ſpurr'd to what it loaths.
Thu. What ſays ſhe to my face?
Pro. She ſays, it is a fair one.
Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.
Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old ſaying is,
"Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes."
Jul. 'Tis true, ſuch pearls as put out ladies' eyes:
For I had rather wink, than look on them. [*Aſide.*
Thu. How likes ſhe my diſcourſe?
Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.
Thu. But well, when I diſcourſe of love and peace?
Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.
Thu. What ſays ſhe to my valour?
Pro. Oh, Sir, ſhe makes no doubt of that.
Jul. She needs not, when ſhe knows it cowardice.
Thu. What ſays ſhe to my birth?
Pro. That you are well deriv'd.
Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool.
Thu. Conſiders ſhe my poſſeſſions?
Pro. Oh, ay, and pities them.
Thu. Wherefore?
Jul. That ſuch an aſs ſhould own them.
Pro. That they are out by leaſe.
Jul. Here comes the Duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, Sir Protheus? how now, Thurio?
Which of you ſaw Sir Eglamour of late?

Thu. Not I.
Pro. Nor I.
Duke. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Duke. Why then
She's fled unto that peaſant Valentine;
And Eglamour is in her company.
'Tis true; for Friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the foreſt,
Him he knew well, and gueſs'd that it was ſhe;
But, being maſk'd, he was not ſure of it.
Beſides, ſhe did intend confeſſion
At Patrick's cell this ev'n, and there ſhe was not.
Theſe likelihoods confirm her flight from hence,
Therefore, I pray you, ſtand not to diſcourſe,
But mount you preſently, and meet with me
Upon the riſing of the mountain-foot
That leads tow'rds Mantua, whither they are fled.
Diſpatch, ſweet gentlemen, and follow me.
[*Exit Duke.*

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peeviſh girl,
That flies her fortune where it follows her.
I'll after, more to be reveng'd of Eglamour,
Than for the love of reckleſs Silvia.
Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her.
Jul. And I will follow more to croſs that love,
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Changes to the foreſt.*

Enter Silvia and Out-laws.

Out. Come, come, be patient: we muſt bring you to our captain.
Sil. A thouſand more miſchances, than this one,
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.
2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.
1 *Out.* Where is the gentleman that was with her?
3 *Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us;
But Moyſes and Valerius follow him.
Go thou with her to th' weſt-end of the wood,

There

There is our captain: follow him that's fled.
The thicket is beſet, he cannot 'ſcape.
1 *Out.* Come, I muſt bring you to your captain's cave.
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not uſe a woman lawleſsly.
Sil. O Valentine! this I endure for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Outlaws cave in the foreſt.*

Enter Valentine.

Val. How uſe doth breed a habit in a man!
This ſhadowy deſart, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flouriſhing peopled towns.
Here can I ſit alone, unſeen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my diſtreſſes, and record my woes.
O thou that doſt inhabit in my breaſt,
Leave not the manſion ſo long tenantleſs;
Leſt, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was.
Repair me with thy preſence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cheriſh thy forlorn ſwain.
What hallo'ing, and what ſtir, is this to-day?
Theſe are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have ſome unhappy paſſenger in chace.
They love me well, yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine: who's this comes here?

Enter Protheus, Silvia, and Julia.

Pro. Madam, this ſervice have I done for you.
(Tho' you reſpect not aught your ſervant doth,)
To hazard life, and reſcue you from him,
That wou'd have forc'd your honour and your love.
Vouchſafe me for my meed but one fair look.
A ſmaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And leſs than this, I'm ſure, you cannot give.
Val. How like a dream is this I ſee and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. [*Aſide.*
Sil. O miſerable, unhappy that I am!
Pro. Unhappy were you, Madam, ere I came;
But by my coming I have made you happy.

Sil.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'ſt me moſt unhappy.

Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your preſence. [*Aſide.*

Sil. Had I been ſeized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfaſt to the beaſt,
Rather than have falſe Protheus reſcue me.
Oh, heav'n be judge, how I love Valentine,
Whoſe life's as tender to me as my ſoul;
And full as much, for more there cannot be,
I do deteſt falſe perjur'd Protheus.
Therefore be gone, ſolicit me no more.

Pro. What dang'rous action, ſtood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?
Oh, 'tis the curſe in love, and ſtill approv'd,
When women cannot love where they're belov'd.

Sil. When Protheus cannot love, where he's belov'd,
Read over Julia's heart, thy firſt beſt love,
For whoſe dear ſake thou then didſt rend thy faith
Into a thouſand oaths; and all thoſe oaths
Deſcended into perjury, to love me.
Thou haſt no faith left now, unleſs thou'dſt two,
And that's far worſe than none: better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one.
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love.
Who reſpects friend?

Sil. All men but Protheus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle ſpirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form;
I'll move you like a ſoldier, at arms end,
And love you 'gainſt the nature of love; force you.

Sil. Oh heav'n!

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my deſire.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch,
Thou friend of an ill faſhion!

Pro. Valentine!———

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love;
For ſuch is a friend now: thou treach'rous man!
Thou haſt beguil'd my hopes: nought but mine eye
Could have perſuaded me. Now I dare not ſay,
I have one friend alive; thou wouldſt diſprove me.

Who

Who ſhould be truſted now, when the right hand
Is perjur'd to the boſom? Protheus,
I'm ſorry I muſt never truſt thee more,
But count the world a ſtranger for thy ſake.
The private wound is deepeſt. Oh time, moſt accurs'd!
'Mongſt all foes, that a friend ſhould be the worſt!

Pro. My ſhame and guilt confound me.
Forgive me, Valentine; if hearty ſorrow
Be a ſufficient ranſom for offence,
I tender't here; I do as truly ſuffer,
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honeſt.
Who by repentance is not ſatisfy'd,
Is nor of heav'n, nor earth; for theſe are pleas'd.
By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeas'd.
And that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia, I give thee *.

Jul. Oh me unhappy! [*Swoons.*

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! how now? what's the matter? look up; ſpeak.

Jul. O good Sir, my maſter charg'd me to deliver a ring to Madam Silvia, which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis: this is it.

Pro. How? let me ſee.
This is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. Oh, cry your mercy, Sir, I have miſtook;
This is the ring you ſent to Silvia.

Pro. How cam'ſt thou by this ring; at my depart,
I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herſelf did give it me.
And Julia herſelf hath brought it hither.

Pro. How, Julia?

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And

* This paſſage either hath been much ſophiſticated, or is one great proof that the main parts of this play did not proceed from Shakeſpeare; for it is impoſſible he could make Valentine act and ſpeak ſo out of character; *or give to* Silvia ſo unnatural a behaviour as *no notice of this ſtrange* declaration if it had been made.

And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart.
How oft haſt thou with perjury cleft the root?
Oh Protheus, let this habit make thee bluſh!
Be thou aſham'd that I have took upon me
Such an immodeſt raiment, if ſhame live
In a diſguiſe of love.———
It is the leſſer blot, modeſty finds,
Women to change their ſhapes, than men their minds.
Pro. Than men their minds? 'Tis true; oh heav'n! were man
But conſtant, he were perfect; that one error
Fills him with faults, makes him run through all ſins:
Inconſtancy falls off ere it begins.
What is in Silvia's face, but I may ſpy
More freſh in Julia's with a conſtant eye?
Val. Come, come, a hand from either.
Let me be bleſs'd to make this happy cloſe;
'Twere pity two ſuch friends ſhould long be foes.
Pro. Bear witneſs, heav'n, I have my wiſh for ever.
Jul. And I mine.

SCENE V.

Enter Out-laws, with Duke and Thurio.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!
Val. Forbear, forbear, it is my Lord the Duke.
Your Grace is welcome to a man diſgrac'd,
The baniſh'd Valentine.
Duke. Sir Valentine?
Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.
Val. Thurio, give back; or elſe embrace thy death.
Come not within the meaſure of my wrath.
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,———
Milan ſhall not behold thee. Here ſhe ſtands,
Take but poſſeſſion of her with a touch;
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.———
Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I.
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not.
I claim her not; and therefore ſhe is thine.
Duke. The more degenerate and baſe art thou,
To make ſuch means for her as thou haſt done,

And leave her on ſuch ſlight conditions.
Now, by the honour of mine anceſtry,
I do applaud thy ſpirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empreſs' love.
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new ſtate in thy unrival'd merit,
To which I thus ſubſcribe. Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou haſt deſerv'd her.

Val. I thank your Grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beſeech you, for your daughter's ſake,
To grant one boon that I ſhall aſk of you.

Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. Theſe baniſh'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile.
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy Lord.

Duke. Thou haſt prevail'd, I pardon them and thee;
Diſpoſe of them as thou know'ſt their deſerts.
Come, let us go; we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare ſolemnity.

Val. And as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our diſcourſe to make your Grace to ſmile.
What think you of this page, my Lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him: he bluſhes.

Val. I warrant you, my Lord, more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that ſaying?

Val. Pleaſe you, I'll tell you as we paſs along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned.
Come, Protheus, 'tis your penance but to hear
The ſtory of your loves diſcovered:
That done, one day of marriage ſhall be yours,
One feaſt, one houſe, our mutual happineſs.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

The

THE

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR *.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.
Fenton. *a young gentlemen of ſmall fortune, in love with Mrs. Anne Page.*
Shallow, *a country Juſtice.*
Slender, *couſin to Shallow, a fooliſh country Squire.*
Mr. Page, } *two gentlemen dwel-*
Mr. Ford, } *ling at Windſor.*
Sir Hugh Evans, *a Welch Parſon.*
Dr. Caius, *a French Doctor.*
Hoſt of the Garter, *a merry talking fellow.*
Bradolph, } *ſharpers attending*
Piſtol, } *on Falſtaff.*
Nym, }
Robin, *page to Falſtaff.*
William Page, *a boy, ſon to Mr. Page.*
Simple, *ſervant to Slender.*
Rugby, *ſervant to Dr. Caius.*
Mrs. Page. *wife to Mr. Page.*
Mrs. Ford, *wife to Mr. Ford.*
Mrs. Anne Page, *daughter to Mr. Page, in love with Fenton.*
Mrs. Quickly, *ſervant to Dr. Caius*
Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE, Windſor; and the parts adjacent.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Before Page's houſe in Windſor.

Enter Juſtice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Shal. SIR Hugh, perſuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falſtaffs, he ſhall not abuſe Robert Shallow, Eſq;

Slen. In the county of Glouceſter Juſtice of Peace, and Coram.

Shal.

* This play was written in the author's beſt and ripeſt years, after Henry IV. by the command of Q. Eliſabeth. There is a tradition, that it was compoſed at a fortnight's warning: but that muſt be meant only of the firſt imperfect ſketch of this comedy, which is yet extant in an old quarto edition printed in 1619. That which we have here, was altered and improved by the author *moſt in* every ſpeech. *Mr. Pope.*

Shal. Ay, couſin Slender, and *Cuſtalorum.*

Slen. Ay, and *Rato-lorum* too; and a gentleman born, Maſter Parſon, who writes himſelf *Armigero* in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation; *Armigero.*

Shal. Ay, that I do, and have done any time theſe three hundred years.

Slen. All his ſucceſſors gone before him have don't; and all his anceſtors that come after him may; they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white lowſes do become an old coat well; it agrees well, paſſant; it is a familiar beaſt to man, and ſignifies love.

Shal. The luce is the freſh fiſh, the ſalt fiſh is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz.

Shal. You may by marrying.

Eva. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, per-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three ſkirts for yourſelf, in my ſimple conjectures; but that is all one. If Sir John Falſtaff have committed diſparagements upon you, I am of the church, and would be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromiſes between you.

Shal. The council ſhall hear it; it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet the council hear of a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the council, look you, ſhall deſire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the ſword ſhould end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the ſword, and end it; and there is alſo another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings good diſcretions with it; there is Anne Page, which is daughter to Maſter George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Miſtreſs Anne Page? ſhe has brown hair, and ſpeaks ſmall like a woman.

Eva. It is that ferry perſon for all the 'orld, as juſt as you will deſire; and ſeven hundred pounds of monies, and gold and ſilver, is her grandfire upon his death's-

bed (Got deliver to a joyful reſurrections) give, when ſhe is able to overtake ſeventeen years old: it were a good motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and deſire a marriage between Maſter Abraham and Miſtreſs Anne Page.

Slen. Did her grandfire leave her ſeven hundred pounds?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the young gentlewoman; ſhe has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and poſſibilities, is good gifts.

Shal. Well, let us ſee honeſt Mr. Page: is Falſtaff there?

Eva Shall I tell you a lie? I do deſpiſe a liar, as I do deſpiſe one that is falſe, or as I deſpiſe one that is not true. The Knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beſeech you, be ruled by your well-wiſhers. I will peat the door [*Knocks.*] for Maſter Page. What, hoa! Got bleſs your houſe here.

SCENE II. *Enter Mr. Page.*

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's pleſſing, and your friend, and Juſtice Shallow; and here's young Maſter Slender; that, peradventures, ſhall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to ſee your Worſhips well. I thank you for my veniſon, Maſter Shallow.

Shal. Maſter Page, I am glad to ſee you; much good do it your good heart: I wiſh'd your veniſon better; it was ill kill'd. How doth good Miſtreſs Page? and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no I do.

Page. I am glad to ſee you, good Maſter Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, Sir? I heſay he was out-run on Cotſale.

Page. It could not be judg'd, Sir.

Slen. You'll not confeſs, you'll not confeſs.

Shal. That he will not; 'tis your fault, 'tis your fa—'tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, Sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog: can there be more ſaid? he is good and fair. Is Sir John Falſtaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is ſpoke as a Chriſtians ought to ſpeak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, Maſter Page.

Page. Sir, he doth, in ſome ſort, confeſs it.

Shal. If it be confeſs'd, it is not redreſs'd; is not that ſo, Maſter Page? he hath wrong'd me; indeed he hath; at a word, he hath; believe me, Robert Shallow, Eſquire, ſaith, he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes Sir John.

SCENE III.

Enter Sir John Falſtaff, Bardolph, Nym, and Piſtol.

Fal. Now, Maſter Shallow, you'll complain of me to the council.

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiſs'd your keeper's daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin; this ſhall be anſwer'd.

Fal. I will anſwer it ſtrait: I have done all this. That now anſwer'd.

Shal. The council ſhall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if 'twere not known in council; you'll be laugh'd at.

Eva. *Pauca verba*, Sir John, good worts.

Fal. Good worts? good cabbage. Slender, I broke your head; what matter have you againſt me?

Slen. Marry, Sir; I have matter in my head againſt you, and againſt your cony-catching raſcals Bardolph, Nym, and Piſtol.

Bard. You Banbury cheeſe!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pift. How now, Mephoſtophilus?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I ſay; *pauca, pauca:* ſlice, that's my humour.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man? can you tell, couſin?

Eva. Peace: I pray you: now let us underſtand; there is three umpires in this matter, as I underſtand; that is, Maſter Page; *fidelicet*, Maſter Page; and there is myſelf; *fidelicet*, myſelf; and the three party is, laſtly and finally, mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Page. We three to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Ferry goot; I will make a prief of it in my note-book, and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cauſe with as great diſcreetly as we can.

Fal. Piſtol.——

Piſt. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phraſe is this, he hears with ear? why, it is affectations.

Fal. Piſtol, did you pick Maſter Slender's purſe?

Slan. Ay, by theſe gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again elſe,) of ſeven groats in mill-ſixpences, and two Edward ſhovel-boards, that coſt me two ſhilling and twopence a-piece of Yead Miller, by theſe gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Piſtol?

Eva. No; it is falſe, if it is a pick-purſe.

Piſt. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!——Sir John, and maſter mine.

I combat challenge of this latten bilboe:
Word of denial in thy Labra's here;
Word of denial; froth and ſcum, thou li'ſt.

Slen. By theſe gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be advis'd, Sir, and paſs good humours; I will ſay marry trap with you, if you run the baſe humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat then, he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an aſs.

Fal. What ſay you, Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why, Sir, for my part, I ſay, the gentleman had drunk himſelf out of his five ſentences.

Eva. It is his five ſenſes: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap, Sir, was, as they ſay, caſhier'd; and ſo concluſions paſt the car-eires.

Slen. Ay, you ſpake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter; I'll never be drunk whilſt I live again, but in honeſt, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with thoſe that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got udg me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all theſe matters deny'd, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Mrs. Anne Page, with wine.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [*Exit Anne Page.*

Slen. Oh heav'n! this is Miſtreſs Anne Page.

Enter Miſtreſs Ford and Miſtreſs Page.

Page. How now, Miſtreſs Ford?

Fal. Miſtreſs Ford, by my troth, you are very well met; by your leave, good Miſtreſs. [*Kiſſing her.*

Page. Wife, bid theſe gentlemen welcome; come, we have a hot veniſon paſty to dinner; come, gentlemen; I hope we ſhall drink down all unkindneſs.

[*Exeunt Fal. Page, &c.*

SCENE IV. *Manent Shallow, Evans, and Slender.*

Slen. I had rather than forty ſhillings I had my book of ſongs and ſonnets here.

Enter Simple.

How now, Simple? where have you been? I muſt wait on myſelf, muſt I? you have not the book of riddles about you, have you?

Sim. Book of riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon All-hallowmas laſt, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we ſtay for you: a word with you, coz: marry this, coz: there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by me, Sir Hugh here; do you underſtand me?

Slen. Ay, Sir, you ſhall find me reaſonable: if it be ſo, I ſhall do that that is reaſon.

Shal. Nay, but underſtand me.

Slen. So I do, Sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, Mr. Slender: I will deſcription the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do, as my couſin Shallow ſays: I pray you, pardon me; he's a Juſtice of Peace in his country, ſimple though I ſtand here.

Eva. But that is not the queſtion; the queſtion is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, Sir.

Eva. Marry, is it, the very point of it, to Mrs. Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be ſo, I will marry her upon any reaſonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philoſophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mind: therefore preciſely, can you carry your good-will to the maid?

Shal. Couſin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, Sir, I will do, as it ſhall become one that would do reaſon.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you muſt ſpeak profitable, if you can carry her your deſires towards her.

Shal. That you muſt; will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that upon your requeſt, couſin, in any reaſon.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, ſweet coz; what I do is to pleaſure you, coz; can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, Sir, at your requeſt: but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet Heav'n may decreaſe it upon better acquaintance, when we are marry'd, and have more occaſion to know one another. I hope, upon familiarity, will grow more contempt: but if you ſay, marry her, I will marry her, that I am freely diſſolved, and diſſolutely.

Eva. It is a ferry diſcretion anſwer, ſave, the fault is in th' ort *diſſolutely*: the ort is, according to our meaning, *reſolutely*; his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my couſin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or elſe I would I might be hang'd, la.

SC

SCENE V. *Enter Miſtreſs Anne Page.*

Shal. Here comes fair Miſtreſs Anne: 'would I were young for your ſake, Miſtreſs Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father deſires your Worſhip's company

Shal. I will wait on him, fair Miſtreſs Anne.

Eva. Od's pleſſed will, I will not be abſence at the grace.

[*Exeunt Shallow and Evans.*

Anne. Will't pleaſe your Worſhip to come in, Sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forſooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, Sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forſooth. Go, Sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my couſin Shallow. [*Exit Simple.*] A Juſtice of Peace ſometime may be beholden to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead; but what though, yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your Worſhip; they will not ſit till you come.

Slen. I'faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, Sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruis'd my ſhin th' other day with playing at ſword and dagger with a maſter of fence, three veneys for a diſh of ſtew'd prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the ſmell of hot meat ſince. Why do your dogs bark ſo? be there bears i' th' town?

Anne. I think there are, Sir; I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the ſport well, but I ſhall as ſoon quarrel at it as any man in England. You are afraid, if you ſee the bear looſe, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, Sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now; I have ſeen Sackerſon looſe twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but I warrant you, the women have ſo cry'd and ſhriek'd

ſhriek'd at it, that it paſt *: but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. Come, gentle Mr. Slender, come; we ſtay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, Sir.

Page. By cock and pye, you ſhall not chuſe, Sir; come; come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, Sir.

Slen. Miſtreſs Anne, yourſelf ſhall go firſt.

Anne. Not I, Sir; pray you keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go firſt, truly-la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, Sir.

Slen. I'll rather be mannerly, than troubleſome; you do yourſelf wrong, indeed-la. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Re-enter Evans and Simple.*

Eva. Go your ways, and aſk of Doctor Caius's houſe which is the way; and there dwells one Miſtreſs Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurſe, or his dry nurſe, or his cook, or his laundry, his waſher, and his wringer.

Simp. Well, Sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet; give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with Miſtreſs Anne Page; and the letter is to deſire and require her to ſolicit your maſter's deſires to Miſtreſs Anne Page. I pray you, be gone; I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheeſe to come.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

* *It paſt*, and *This paſſes* was a way of ſpeaking cuſtomary heretofore, to ſignify the *exceſs* or *extraordinary degree* of any thing. The ſentence completed would be, *It paſt*, or, *This paſſes all expreſſion*, or perhaps (according to a vulgar phraſe ſtill in uſe) *It paſt*, or, *This paſſes all things, is beyond all things.* The participle of the ſame verb is ſtill in common uſe, and in the ſame ſenſe: *paſſing well, paſſing ſtrange*, &c.

SCENE

SCENE VII. *Changes to the Garter-inn.*

Enter Falſtaff, Hoſt, Bardolph, Nym, Piſtol, and Robin.

Fal. Mine hoſt of the garter,———

Hoſt. What ſays my bully rock? ſpeak ſcholarly, and ſtately.

Fal. Truly, mine hoſt, I muſt turn away ſome of my followers.

Hoſt. Diſcard, bully Hercules, caſhier; let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I ſit at ten pounds a-week.

Hoſt. Thou'rt an Emperor, Cæſar, Keiſar, and Pheazer. I will entertain Bardolph, he ſhall draw, he ſhall [illegible]; ſaid I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do ſo, good mine hoſt.

Hoſt. I have ſpoke, let him follow; let me ſee thee [illegible]h, and live: I am at a word; follow. [*Exit Hoſt.*

Fal. Bardolph, follow him; a tapſter is a good trade; [illegible]old cloak makes a new jerkin; a wither'd ſerving-[illegible] a freſh tapſter; go, adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have deſir'd: I will thrive. [*Exit Bard.*

Piſt. O baſe Hungarian wight, wilt thou the ſpigot [illegible]d?

Nym. He was gotten in drink, is not the humour [illegible]ented? His mind is not heroic, and there's the hu-[illegible] of it.

Fal. I am glad I am ſo quit of this tinderbox; his [illegible] were too open; his filching was like an unſkilful [illegible], he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to ſteal at a minute's reſt.

Piſt. Convey, the wiſe it call: ſteal? foh; a fico for [illegible]raſe!

[illegible]ll, Sirs, I am almoſt out at heels.

[illegible]hy then, let kibes enſue.

There is no remedy: I muſt conycatch, I muſt ſhift.

Young ravens muſt have food

Which of you know Ford of this town?

[illegible]en the wight, he is of ſubſtance good.

Fal.

Fal. My honeſt lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Piſt. Two yards and more.

Fal. No quips now, Piſtol: indeed I am in the waſte two yards about; but I am now about no waſte, I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I ſpy entertainment in her; ſhe diſcourſes, ſhe carves, ſhe gives the leer of invitation; I can conſtrue the action of her familiar ſtyle, and the hardeſt voice of her behaviour, to be Engliſh'd right, is, *I am Sir John Falſtaff's.*

Piſt. He hath ſtudy'd her well, and tranſlated her out of honeſty into Engliſh.

Nym. The anchor is deep; will that humour paſs?

Fal. Now, the report goes, ſhe has all the rule of her huſband's purſe: ſhe hath a legion of angels.

Piſt. As many devils entertain; and to her, boy, ſay I.

Nym. The humour riſes; it is good; humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her; and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with moſt judicious oeillades; ſometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, ſometimes my portly belly.

Piſt. Then did the ſun on dunghill ſhine. [*Aſide.*

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O ſhe did ſo courſe o'er my exteriors with ſuch a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did ſeem to ſcorch me up like a burning-glaſs. Here's another letter to her; ſhe bears the purſe too; ſhe is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater to them both, and they ſhall be exchequers to me; they ſhall be my Eaſt and Weſt Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to Miſtreſs Page, and thou this to Miſtreſs Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Piſt. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my ſide wear ſteel? then Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no baſe humour; here, take the humour-letter, I will keep the haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, ſirrah, bear you theſe letters tightly,

my pinnace to theſe golden ſhores. [*To Robin.*
, hence, avaunt! vaniſh like hailſtones, go;
, plod away o' th' hoof, ſeek ſhelter, pack!
will learn the humour of the age,
thrift, you rogues; myſelf, and ſkirted page.
[*Exeunt Falſtaff and Boy.*

SCENE VIII.

Let vultures gripe thy guts; for gord and Ful-
lam holds:
gh and low beguiles the rich and poor.
'll have in pouch, when thou ſhalt lack,
rygian Turk!
I have operations in my head, which be humours
ge.
Wilt thou revenge?
By welkin, and her ſtar.
With wit, or ſteel?
With both the humours, I.
liſcuſs the humour of this love to Ford.
And I to Page ſhall eke unfold,
ow Falſtaff, varlet vile,
e will prove, his gold will hold,
nd his ſoft couch defile.
My humour ſhall not cool; I will incenſe Ford
with poiſon; I will poſſeſs him with yellowneſs;
revolt of mien is dang'rous: that is my true hu-

Thou art the Mars of malecontents, I ſecond
roop on. [*Exeunt.*

CENE IX. *Changes to Dr. Caius's houſe.*

ter Miſtreſs Quickly, Simple, and John Rugby.

What, John Rugby! I pray thee go to the
t, and ſee if you can ſee my maſter, Maſter Doc-
us, coming; if he do, i' faith, and find any body
houſe, here will be old abuſing of God's patience,
King's Engliſh.
I'll go watch. [*Exit Rugby.*
Go, and we'll have a poſſet for't ſoon at night,

in

in faith, at the latter end of a ſea-coal fire. An honeſt, willing, kind fellow, as ever ſervant ſhall come in houſe withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate: his worſt fault is, that he is given to pray'r; he is ſomething peeviſh that way; but no body but has his fault; but let that paſs. Peter Simple, you ſay, your name is.

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quic. And Maſter Slender's your maſter?

Sim. Ay, forſooth.

Quic. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forſooth; he hath but a little wee-face, with a little yellow beard, a Cain colour'd beard.

Quic. A ſoftly-ſprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forſooth; but he is as tall a man of his hands as any is between this and his head. He hath fought with a warrener.

Quic. How ſay you? oh, I ſhould remember him; does he not hold up his head, as it were? and ſtrut in his gate?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quic. Well, heav'n ſend Anne Page no worſe fortune! Tell Maſter Parſon Evans, I'll do what I can for your maſter. Anne is a good girl, and I wiſh——

Enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my maſter.

Quic. We ſhall all be ſhent; run in here, good young man: go into this cloſet; [*Shuts Simple in the cloſet.*] He will not ſtay long. What John Rugby! John! what, John, I ſay; go, John, go inquire for my maſter; I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home: *and down, down, a down-a,* &c. [*Sings.*

SCENE X. *Enter Doctor Caius.*

Caius. Vat is you ſing? I do not like des toys; pray you, go and vetch me in my cloſet *un boitier verd;* a box, a green-a box; do intend vat I ſpeak? a green-a box.

Quic. Ay, forſooth, I'll fetch it you.

I am glad he went not in himſelf; if he had found the

young man, he would have been horn-mad. [*Aside.*

Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe, ma foi, il fait fort chaud; je m'en vais à la cour——la grande affaire.

Quic. Is it this, Sir?

Caius. Ouy, mettez le au mon pocket; depêchez, quickly; ver is dat knave Rugby!

Quic. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, Sir,

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby; come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heal to the court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, Sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot I tarry too long: od's me! *Qu'ay je oublié?* dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quic. Ay-me, he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. O Diable, Diable! vat is in my closet? villaine, Larron! Rugby, my rapier.

[*Pulls Simple out of the closet.*

Quic. Good master, be content.

Caius. Verfore shall I be content-a?

Quic. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quic. I beseech you be not so flegmatic; hear the truth of it. He came of an errand to me from Parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to——

Quic. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue, speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman your maid, to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page for my master in the way of marriage.

Quic. This is all, indeed-la; but I'll never put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send a-you? Rugby, *baillez* me some [illegible] tarry you a little-a-while.

Quic. I am glad he is so quiet. If he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and

ſo melancholy: but notwithſtanding, man, I'll do for your maſter what good I can; and the very yea and the no is, the French Doctor my maſter, (I may call him my maſter, look you, for I keep his houſe, and I waſh, wring, brew, bake, ſcour, dreſs meat, and make the beds, and do all myſelf.)

Sim. 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

Quic. Are you a-vis'd o' that? you ſhall find it a great charge; and to be up early and down late. But notwithſtanding, to tell you, in your ear, I would have no words of it, my maſter himſelf is in love with Miſtreſs Anne Page; but, notwithſtanding that, I know Anne's mind, that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape; give-a this letter to Sir Hugh! by gar it is a ſhallenge I vill cut his troat in de parke, and I vill teach a ſcurvy jack-a-nape prieſt to meddle or make——You may be gone; it is not good you tarry here; by gar I vill cut all his two ſtones; by gar he ſhall not have a ſtone to trow at his dog.

[*Exit Simple.*

Quic. Alas, he ſpeaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter' a ver dat: do you not tell-a-me, dat I ſhall have Anne Page for myſelf? by gar I vill kill de jack prieſt; and I have appointed mine hoſt of *de Jarterre* to meaſure our weapon; by gar I vill myſelf have Anne Page.

Quic. Sir, the maid loves you, and all ſhall be well: we muſt give folks leave to prate; what, the good-jer!

Caius. Rugby, come to the court with me.——By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I ſhall turn your head out of my door:—follow my heels, Rugby.

[*Exeunt Caius and Rugby.*

Quic. You ſhall have An fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that; never a woman in Windſor knows more of Anne's mind than I do, nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heav'n.

Fent. [*within.*] Who's within there, hoa?

Quick. Who's there, I trow? come near the houſe, I pray you.

SCENE

SCENE XI. *Enter Mr. Fenton.*

Fent. How now, good woman, how doſt thou?

Quic. The better that it pleaſes your good Worſhip to aſk.

Fent. What news? how does pretty Miſtreſs Anne?

Quic. In truth, Sir, and ſhe is pretty, and honeſt, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that, by the way, I praiſe heav'n for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'ſt thou? ſhall I not loſe my ſuit?

Quic. Troth, Sir, all is in his hands above; but notwithſtanding, Maſter Fenton, I'll be ſworn on a book ſhe loves you. Have not your Worſhip a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; and what of that?

Quic. Well, thereby hangs a tale; good faith, it is ſuch another Nan; but, I, deteſt, an honeſt maid as ever broke bread; we had an hour's talk of that wart. I ſhall never laugh but in that maid's company! but indeed ſhe is given too much to allicholly and muſing; but for you——Well——go to——

Fent. Well, I ſhall ſee her to-day; hold, there's money for thee: let me have thy voice in my behalf. If thou ſeeſt her before me, commend me——

Quic. Will I? ay, faith, that we will; and I will tell your Worſhip more of the wart, the next time we have confidence, and of the other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haſte now.

[*Exit.*

Quic. Farewell to your Worſhip. Truly, an honeſt gentleman, but Anne loves him not. I know Anne's mind as well as another does. Out upon't, what have I forgot? [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before Page's houſe.

Enter Mrs. Page, with a letter.

Mrs. Page. WHAT, have I ſcap'd love-letters in the holy-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a ſubject for them? let me ſee.

Aſk me no reaſon, why I love you; for tho' love uſe reaſon for his preciſian, he admits him not for his counſellor. You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's ſympathy: you are merry, ſo am I; ha! ha! then there's more ſympathy: you love ſack, and ſo do I; would you deſire better ſympathy? Let it ſuffice thee, Miſtreſs Page, at the leaſt if the love of a ſoldier can ſuffice, that I love thee. I will not ſay, Pity me, 'tis not a ſoldier-like phraſe; but I ſay, Love me.

By me, thine own true Knight, by day or knight,
Or any kind of light, with all his might,
For thee to fight. John Falſtaff.

What a Herod of Jewry is this? O wicked, wicked world! one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to ſhow himſelf a young gallant! What unweigh'd behaviour hath this Flemiſh drunkard pick'd, i' th' devil's name, out of my converſation, that he dares in this manner aſſay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company; what ſhould I ſay to him? I was then frugal of my mirth, heav'n forgive me; why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of mum*: how ſhall I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I will be, as ſure as his guts are made of puddings.

SCENE II. *Enter Mrs. Ford.*

Mrs. Ford. Mrs. Page, truſt me, I was going to your houſe.

Mrs. Page. And truſt me, I was coming to you: you look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to ſhew to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet I ſay, I could ſhew you to the contrary. O miſtreſs Page, give me ſome counſel.

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman!

Mrs.

* A fattening liquor much in uſe among the Flemings, as ſhe had called him a *Flemiſh drunkard* a few lines before; and it is to be obſerved, that, about the time when this play was written, there were on foot ſeveral bills in parliament for reſtraining the uſe of ſtrong liquors ſuppreſſing the multitude of maltſters, and the great brew of ſtrong beer, and regulating inns, taverns, and alehouſes.

Mrs. Ford. O woman! if it were not for one trifling reſpect, I could come to ſuch honour.

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman, take the honour; what is it? diſpenſe with trifles; what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or ſo, I could be knighted

Mrs. Page, What, thou lieſt! Sir Alice Ford! theſe Knights will lack, and ſo thou ſhouldſt not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light; here, read, read; perceive how I might be knighted: I ſhall think the worſe of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking; and yet he would not ſwear; prais'd women's modeſty; and gave ſuch orderly and well-behav'd reproof to all uncomelineſs, that I would have ſworn his diſpoſition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere, and keep place together, than the hundredth Pſalm to the tune of *Green Sleeves.* What tempeſt, I trow, threw this whale, with ſo many tun of oil in his belly, aſhore at Windſor? how ſhall I be reveng'd on him? I think the beſt way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of luſt have melted him in his own greaſe. Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs. To thy great comfort in this myſtery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter; but let thine inherit firſt, for, I proteſt, mine never ſhall. I warrant, he has a thouſand of theſe letters, writ with blank ſpace, for different names; nay more; and theſe are of the ſecond edition: he will print them out of doubt, for he cares not what he puts into the preſs, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under Mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty laſcivious turtles, ere one chaſte man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very ſame, the very hand, the very word. What doth he think of us!

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not; it makes me almoſt ready to wrangle with mine own honeſty. I'll entertain myſelf like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, unleſs he knew ſome ſtrain in me, that I know not myſelf, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call it you? I'll be ſure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to ſea again. Let's be reveng'd on him: let's appoint him a meeting, give him a ſhow of comfort in his ſuit, and lead him on, with a fine baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horſes to mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will conſent to act any villany againſt him, that may not ſully the charineſs of our honeſty. Oh, that my huſband ſaw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealouſy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes, and my good man too; he's as far from jealouſy, as I am from giving him cauſe; and that, I hope, is an unmeaſurable diſtance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's conſult together againſt this greaſy Knight. Come hither. [*They retire.*

SCENE III.

Enter Ford with Piſtol, Page with Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope, it be not ſo.

Piſt. Hope is a curtail-dog in ſome affairs.
Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, Sir, my wife is not young.

Piſt. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, Ford;
He loves thy gally-mawfry, Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Piſt. With liver burning hot: prevent, or go thou, like Sir Acteon, he, with Ring-wood at thy heels——O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name, Sir?

Piſt. The horn, I ſay: farewell.
Take heed, have open eye; for thieves do foot by night.
Take heed ere ſummer comes, or cuckoo-birds affright.
Away, Sir Corporal Nym.——
Believe it, Page, he ſpeaks ſenſe. [*Exit Piſtol.*

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true: I like not the humour of lying.

lying; he hath wrong'd me in ſome humours: I ſhould have borne the humour'd letter to her? but I have a ſword, and it ſhall bite——upon my neceſſity, he loves your wife; there's the ſhort and the long. My name is Corporal Nym; I ſpeak, and I avouch; 'tis true: my name is Nym, and Falſtaff loves your wife. Adieu; I love not the humour of bread and cheeſe: adieu. [*Exit Nym.*

Page. The humour of it, quoth a'! here's a fellow frights humour out of its wits.

Ford. I will ſeek out Falſtaff.

Page. I never heard ſuch a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do not find it: well.

Page. I will not believe ſuch a Cataian, tho' the prieſt o' th' town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good ſenſible fellow: well.

SCENE IV.

Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford come forwards.

Page. How now, Meg?

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George? hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, ſweet Frank, why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy, Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. Faith, thou haſt ſome crotchets in thy head. Now, will you go, Miſtreſs Page!

Mrs. Page. Have with you. You'll come to dinner, George? Look, who comes yonder; ſhe ſhall be our meſſenger to this paultry Knight.

Enter Miſtreſs Quickly.

Mrs. Ford. Truſt me, I thought on her, ſhe'll fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to ſee my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forſooth; and, I pray, how does good Miſtreſs Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us, and ſee; we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Ex. Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quickly.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Page. How now, Maſter Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, ſlaves; I do not think, the Knight would offer it; but theſe that accuſe him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his diſcarded men; very rogues, now they be out of ſervice.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that. Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he ſhould intend his voyage towards my wife, I would turn her looſe to him; and what he gets more of her than ſharp words, let it lie on my head

Ford. I do not miſdoubt my wife, but I would be loath to turn them together; a man may be too confident; I would have nothing lie on my head; I cannot be thus ſatisfy'd.

Page. Look, where my ranting Hoſt of the Garter comes; there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purſe, when he looks ſo merrily. How now, mine Hoſt?

SCENE VI. *Enter Hoſt and Shallow.*

Hoſt. How now, bully Rock? thou'rt a gentleman; cavaliero-juſtice, I ſay.

Shal. I follow, mine Hoſt, I follow. Good even, and twenty, good Maſter Page. Maſter Page, will you go with us? we have ſport in hand.

Hoſt. Tell him, cavaliero-juſtice; tell him, bully Rock.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welch prieſt, and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine Hoſt o' th' Garter, a word with you.

Hoſt. What ſay'ſt thou, bully Rock?

Shal.

Shal. Will you go with us to behold it? my merry Hoſt hath had the meaſuring of their weapons, and, I think, he hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear the Parſon is no jeſter. Hark, I will tell you what our ſport ſhall be.

Hoſt. Haſt thou no ſuit againſt my knight, my gueſt-cavalier

Ford. None, I proteſt; but I'll give you a pottle of burnt ſack to give me recourſe to him, and tell him my name is *Brook*; only for a jeſt.

Hoſt. My hand, bully: thou ſhalt have egreſs and regreſs; ſaid I well? and thy name ſhall be *Brook*. It is a merry knight. Will you go on, heris?

Shal. Have with you, mine Hoſt.

Page. I have heard the Frenchman hath good ſkill in his rapier.

Shal. "Tut, Sir, I could have told you more. In "theſe times you ſtand on diſtance, your paſſes, ſtoc-"cado's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, Maſter "Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have ſeen the time, "with my long ſword, I would have made you, four "tall fellows, ſkip like rats."

Hoſt. Here boys, here, here: ſhall we wag?

Page. Have with you; I had rather hear them ſcold than fight. [*Exeunt Hoſt, Shallow, and Page.*

Ford. Though Page be a ſecure fool, and ſtand ſo firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion ſo eaſily. She was in his company at Page's houſe; and what they made there I know not. Well, I will look further into't; and I have a diguiſe to ſound Falſtaff: if I find her honeſt, I loſe not my labour; if ſhe be otherwiſe, 'tis labour well beſtow'd.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *Changes to the Garter-Inn.*

Enter Falſtaff and Piſtol.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Piſt. Why then the world's mine oiſter, which I with ſword will open——I will retort the ſum in equi-page.

Fal.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, Sir, yc ſhould lay my countenance to pawn; I have grate upon my good friends for three reprievés for you, an your couch-fellow, Nym; or elſe you had look'd throug the grate like a geminy of baboons. I am damn'd i hell for ſwearing to gentlemen, my friends, you wei good ſoldiers, and tall fellows. And when Miſtre Bridget loſt the handle of her fan, I took't upon mi honour, thou hadſt it not.

Piſt. Didſt thou not ſhare? hadſt thou not fifte pence?

Fal. Reaſon, you rogue, reaſon; think'ſt thou I endanger my ſoul *gratis?* At a word, hang no mo about me, I am no gibbet for you: go, a ſhort kni and a thong, to your manour of Pickt-hatch *; g you'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! You ſta upon your honour! why, thou unconfinable baſene it is as much as I can do to keep the term of mine h nour preciſe. I, I, I myſelf ſometimes, leaving t fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine h nour in my neceſſity, I am fain to ſhuffle, to hedge, a to lurch; and yet you rogue will eſconſe your ra your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lettice phraſ and your bold-bearing oaths, under the ſhelter of yc honour! You will not do it, you!

Piſt. I do relent; what wouldſt thou more of man

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would ſpeak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

SCENE VIII. *Enter Miſtreſs Quickly.*

Quic. Give your Worſhip good morrow.

Fal. Good morrow, good wife.

Quic. Not ſo, an't pleaſe your Worſhip.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quic. I'll be ſworn, as my mother was the firſt ha I was born.

Fal. I do believe the ſwearer: what with me?

*A noted harbour for thieves and pick-pockets.

Quic. Shall I vouchsafe your Worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman, and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quic. There is one Mistress Ford, Sir: I pray, come a little nearer this ways: I myself dwell with Mr. Doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say———

Quic. Your worship says very true: I pray your Worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, no body hears: mine own people, mine own people.

Quic. Are they so? Heav'n bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well: Mistress Ford,——what of her?

Quic. Why, Sir, she's a good creature. Lord, Lord, your Worship's a wanton: well, Heav'n forgive you, and all of us, I pray———

Fal. Mistress Ford,—— come, Mistress Ford——

Quic. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries, as 'tis wonderful: the best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, smelling so sweetly; all musk; and so rustling, I warrant you, in silk and gold, and in such alligant terms, and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her. I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels, in any such sort as they say, but in the way of honesty; I warrant you, they could never get her so much as on a cup with the proudest of themall: and yet there been Earls; nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I rant you, all is one with her.

al. But what says she to me? be brief, my good Mercury.

ic. Marry, she hath receiv'd your letter, for the she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives otify, that her husband will be absence from his ween ten and eleven.

Quic.

Fal. Ten and eleven.

Quic. Ay, forſooth; and then you may come and ſee the picture, ſhe ſays, that you wot of: Maſter Ford, her huſband, will be from home. Alas! the ſweet woman leads an ill life with him, he's a very jealouſy-man; ſhe leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven: woman, commend me to her, I will not fail her.

Quic. Why, you ſay well: but I have another meſſenger to your Worſhip. Miſtreſs Page has her hearty commendations to you too; and, let me tell you in your ear, ſhe's as fartuous a civil modeſt wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miſs you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windſor, whoe'er be the other; and ſhe bade me tell your Worſhip, that her huſband is ſeldom from home, but ſhe hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman ſo doat upon a man; ſurely I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I aſſure thee; ſetting the attraction of my good parts aſide, I have no other charms.

Quic. Bleſſing on your heart for't!

Fal. But I pray thee, tell me this; has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quic. That were a jeſt, indeed; they have not ſo little grace, I hope; that were a trick, indeed! but Miſtreſs Page would deſire you to ſend her your little page, of all loves: her huſband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and truly Maſter Page is an honeſt man. Never a wife in Windſor leads a better life than ſhe does; do what ſhe will, ſay what ſhe will, take all, pay all, go to bed when ſhe liſt, riſe when ſhe liſt, all is as ſhe will: and truly ſhe deſerves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windſor, truly ſhe is one. You muſt ſend her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quic. Nay, but do ſo then; and look you, he may come and go between you both; and in any caſe have a nay-word, that you may know one another's minds: and the boy never need to underſtand any thing; for 'tis not good that children ſhould know any wick-

neſs: old folks, you know, have diſcretion, as they ſay, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well; commend me to them both: there's my purſe; I am yet thy debtor. Boy, go along with this woman. This news diſtracts me!

[*Exeunt Quickly and Robin.*

Piſt. This pink is one of Cupid's carriers:
Clap on more ſails; purſue: up with your fights;
Give fire, ſhe is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!

[*Exit Piſtol.*

Fal. Say'ſt thou ſo, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expence of ſo much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee; let them ſay, 'tis groſsly done; ſo it may be fairly done, no matter.

SCENE IX. *Enter Bardolph.*

Bard. Sir John, there's one Maſter Brook below would fain ſpeak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath ſent your Worſhip a morning's draught of ſack.

Fal. Brook, is his name?

Bard Ay, Sir.

Fal. Call him in; [*Exit Bardolph.*] Such Brooks* are welcome to me that o'erflow with ſuch liquor. Ah! ah! Miſtreſs Ford and Miſtreſs Page, have I encompaſs'd you? go to, *via!*

Re-enter Bardolph, with Ford diſguis'd.

Ford. Bleſs you, Sir.

Fal. And you, Sir; would you ſpeak with me?

Ford. I make bold to paſs with ſo little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome; what's your will; give us leave, drawer. [*Exit Bardolph.*

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have ſpent much; my name is *Brook.*

*Edition of 1623. In all the ſucceeding editions this name of *Brook* (I can't tell why) is altered to *Broom*; whereas it is manifeſt, from this conceit upon the name, that it ſhould be *Brook*. Mr. Pope.

Fal. Good Maſter Brook, I deſire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I ſue for yours; not to charge you; for I muſt let you underſtand, I think myſelf in better plight for a lender than you are, the which hath ſomething emboldened me to this unſeaſon'd intruſion; for they ſay, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good ſoldier, Sir, and will on.

Ford Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me; if you will help me to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for eaſing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deſerve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, Sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good Maſter Brook, I ſhall be glad to be your ſervant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a ſcholar; (I will be brief with you;) and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never ſo good means as deſire to make myſelf acquainted with you: I ſhall diſcover a thing to you, wherein I muſt very much lay open mine own imperfections; but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the regiſter of your own, that I may paſs with a reproof the eaſier; ſith you yourſelf know how eaſy it is to be ſuch an offender.

Fal. Very well: Sir, proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her huſband's name is *Ford.*

Fal. Well, Sir.

Ford. I have long lov'd her; and, I proteſt to you, beſtow'd much on her; follow'd her with a doating obſervance; ingroſs'd opportunities to meet her; fee'd every ſlight occaſion, that could but niggardly give me ſight of her; not only bought many preſents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what ſhe would have given: briefly, I have purſued her, as love hath purſu'd me; which hath been on the wing of all occaſions. But whatſoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means; meed, I am ſure, I have received none; unleſs experience be a jewel; that I have

purchas'd at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this;

"*Love like a ſhadow flies, when ſubſtance love purſues;*
"*Purſuing that that flies, and flying what purſues.*"

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promiſe of ſatisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to ſuch a purpoſe?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair houſe built on another man's ground; ſo that I have loſt my edifice, by miſtaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpoſe have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some ſay, that though ſhe appear honeſt to me, yet in other places ſhe enlargeth her mirth ſo far, that there is ſhrewd conſtruction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpoſe: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable diſcourſe, of great admittance, authentic in your place and perſon, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O Sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it; there is money, ſpend it, ſpend it; ſpend more, ſpend all I have; only give me ſo much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable ſiege to the honeſty of this Ford's wife; uſe your art of wooing, win her to conſent to you; if any man may, you may as ſoon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemence of your affection, that I ſhould win what you would enjoy? methinks you preſcribe to yourſelf very prepoſterouſly.

Ford. O, underſtand my drift; ſhe dwells ſo ſecurely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my ſoul dares not preſent itſelf; ſhe is too bright to be look'd againſt. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my deſires had inſtance and argument to commend themſelves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thouſand other her defences, which now are too

too ſtrongly embattel'd againſt me. What ſay you to't, Sir John?

Fal. Maſter Brook, I will firſt make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and laſt, as I am a gentleman, you ſhall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good Sir!

Fal. Maſter Brook, I ſay, you ſhall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir John, you ſhall want none.

Fal. Want no Miſtreſs Ford, Maſter Brook, you ſhall want none; I ſhall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment. Even as you came in to me, her aſſiſtant, or go-between, parted from me; I ſay, I ſhall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rafcally knave, her huſband, will be forth: come you to me at night, you ſhall know how I ſpeed.

Ford. I am bleſs'd in your acquaintance: do you know Ford, Sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave, I know him not: yet I wrong him to call him poor; they ſay the jealous wittolly knave hath maſſes of money, for the which his wife ſeems to be well-favour'd. I will uſe her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harveſt-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, Sir, that you might avoid him if you ſaw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical ſalt-butter rogue; I will ſtare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel; it ſhall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Maſter Brook, thou ſhalt know, I will predominate over the peaſant; and thou ſhalt lie with his wife: come to me ſoon at night; Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his ſtyle: thou, Maſter Brook, ſhalt know him for knave and cuckold: come to me ſoon at night.

[*Exit.*

SCENE X.

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurean raſcal is this! my heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who ſays this is improvident jealouſy? My wife hath ſent to him, the hour is fix'd, the match is made; would any man

man have thought this? See the hell of having a falſe woman! my bed ſhall be abus'd, my coffers ranſack'd, my reputation gnawn at; and I ſhall not only receive this villanous wrong, but ſtand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me the wrong. Terms, names; *Amaimon* ſounds well; *Lucifer*, well; *Barbaſon*, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold, wittol, cuckold! the devil himſelf hath not ſuch a name. Page is an aſs, a ſecure aſs; he will truſt his wife: he will not be jealous; I will rather truſt a Fleming with my butter, Parſon Hugh the Welchman with my cheeſe, an Iriſhman with my aquavitæ-bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herſelf: then ſhe plots, then ſhe ruminates, then ſhe deviſes; and what they think, in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be prais'd for my jealouſy! Eleven o'clock the hour; I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on Falſtaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too ſoon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie; cuckold, cuckold, cuckold! [*Exit.*

SCENE XI. *Changes to Windſor park.*

Enter Caius and Rugby.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis paſt the hour, Sir, that Sir Hugh promis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has ſave his ſoul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible well, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wiſe, Sir; he knew your Worſhip would kill him if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is not ſo dead as me vill make him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I will kill him.

Rug. Alas, Sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villany, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Hoſt, Shallow, Slender, and Page.

Hoſt. Bleſs thee, bully Doctor.

Shal. 'Save you, Mr. Doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good Mr. Doctor

Slen. Give you good morrow, Sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Hoſt. To ſee thee fight, to ſee thee foigne, to ſee thee traverſe, to ſee thee here, to ſee thee there, to ſee thee paſs thy punćto, thy ſtock, thy reverſe, thy diſtance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francoyes? ha, bully? what ſays my Æſculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha? is he dead, bully ſtale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack-Prieſt of de vorld; he is not ſhow his face.

Hoſt. Thou art a Caſtalion-king-Urinal; Hector of Greece, my boy.

Caius. I pray you bear witneſs, that me have ſtay ſix or ſeven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiſer man, Mr. Doctor: he is a curer of ſouls, and you a curer of bodies; if you ſhould fight, you go againſt the hair of your profeſſions. Is it not true, Maſter Page?

Page. Maſter Shallow, you have yourſelf been a great fighter, tho' now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins, Mr. Page, tho' I now be old, and of peace, if I ſee a ſword out, my finger itches to make one. Tho' we are juſtices, and doctors, and churchmen, Mr. Page, we have ſome ſalt of our youth in us; we are the ſons of women, Mr. Page.

Page. 'Tis true, Mr. Shallow.

Shal. It will be found ſo, Mr. Page. Mr. Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home; I am ſworn of the peace; you have ſhew'd yourſelf a wiſe phyſician, and Sir Hugh hath ſhown himſelf a wiſe and patient churchman. You muſt go with me, Mr Doctor.

Hoſt. Pardon, gueſt-juſtice; a word, Monſieur Mock-water.

Caius. Mock-vater? vat is dat?

Ho

Hoſt. Mock-water, in our Engliſh tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, den I have as much mock-vater as de Engliſhman, ſcurvy-jack-dog-prieſt; by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Hoſt. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?

Hoſt. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he ſhall clapper-de-claw me; for by gar, me vill have it

Hoſt. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Hoſt. And moreover, bully: but firſt, Mr. Gueſt, and Mr. Page, and eek Cavaliero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore.

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Hoſt. He is there; ſee, what humour he is in; and I will bring the Doctor about the fields: will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

All. Adieu, good Mr. Doctor.

[*Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.*

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de prieſt; for he ſpeak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Hoſt. Let him die; but, firſt, ſheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler; go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where Miſtreſs Anne Page is, at a farm-houſe a-feaſting; and thou ſhalt woo her. Cry aim, ſaid I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you vor dat: by gar, I love you; and I ſhall procure 'a you de good gueſt; de Earl, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.

Hoſt. For the which I will be thy adverſary toward Anne Page: ſaid I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell ſaid.

Hoſt. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Frogmore near Windſor.

Enter Evans and Simple.

Eva. I Pray you now, good Mr. Slender's ſer man, and friend Simple by your name, which way you look'd for Maſter Caius, that calls himſelf *Doctor Phyſic?*

Simp. Marry, Sir, the Pitty-wary, the Park ward, e way, old Windſor way, and every way but the t way.

Eva. I moſt fehemently deſire you, you will alſo l that way.

Simp. I will, Sir.

Eva. Pleſs my ſoul, how full of chollars I am, trempling of mind! I ſhall be glad, if he have ceiv'd me; how mellancholies I am! I will knog urinals about his knave's coſtard, when I have good portunities for the orke: Pleſs my ſoul!

[*Sings, being aſ*

By ſhallow rivers, to whoſe falls
Melodious birds ſing madrigalls;
There will we make our peds of roſes,
And a thouſand vragrant poſies.

By *ſhallow*—'Mercy on me! I have a great dif tions to cry. *Melodious birds ſing madrigalls*——*Wh ſat in Pabillon;*——*and a thouſand vragrant poſies. By ſhallow*, &c.

Simp. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.

Eva. He's welcome. *By ſhallow rivers, to falls*——

Heav'n proſper the right! what weapons is he?

Simp. No weapons, Sir; there comes my maſter, Shallow, and another gentleman from Frogmore, the ſtile, this way.

Eva. Pray you give me my gown, or elſe keep your arms.

SCE

SCENE II. *Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.*

Shal. How now, Mr. Parſon? good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gameſter from the dice, and a good ſtudent from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah, ſweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good Sir Hugh.

Eva. Pleſs you from his mercy-ſake, all of you.

Shal. What! the ſword and the word? do you ſtudy them both, Mr. Parſon?

Page. And youthful ſtill, in your doublet and hoſe, this raw-rheumatic day?

Eva. There is reaſons and cauſes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, Mr. Parſon.

Eva. Ferry well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a moſt reverend gentleman, who, belike, having receiv'd wrong by ſome perſon, is at moſt odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you ſaw.

Shal. I have liv'd fourſcore years, and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, ſo wide of his own reſpect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; Mr. Doctor Caius, the renewned French phyſician.

Eva. Got's will, and his paſſion of my heart! I had as lief you ſhould tell me of a meſs of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen; and he is a knave beſides; a cowardly knave as you would deſire to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man ſhould fight with him.

Slen. O ſweet Anne Page!

SCENE III. *Enter Hoſt, Caius, and Rugby.*

Shal. It appears ſo by his weapons: keep them aſunder. Here comes Doctor Caius.

Page. Nay, good Mr Parſon, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good Mr. Doctor.

Hoſt.

Hoſt. Diſarm them, and let them queſtion; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our Engliſh.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me ſpeak a vord vith your ear; verfore vill you not meet-a me?

Eva. Pray you uſe your patience in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-ſtocks to other men's humours: I deſire you in friendſhip, and will one way or other make you amends. I will knog your urinal about your knave's cogs comb for miſſing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable? Jack Rugby, mine *Hoſt de Jarterre*, have I not ſtay for him, to kill him; have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a Chriſtian's ſoul, now look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay, Gallia and Gaul, French and Welch, ſoul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good, excellent.

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay; hear mine Hoſt of the Garter. Am I politic? am I ſubtle? am I a Machiavel? ſhall I loſe my Doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I loſe my Parſon? my Prieſt? my Sir Hugh? no, he gives me the proverbs and the no verbs. Give me thy hand, terreſtrial; ſo. Give me thy hand, celeſtial; ſo. Boys of art, I have deceiv'd you both. I have directed you to wrong places. Your hearts are mighty, your ſkins are whole, and let burnt ſack be the iſſue. Come, lay their ſwords to pawn. Follow me, lads of peace, follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Truſt me, a mad hoſt. Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O ſweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt Shal. Slen. Page, and Hoſt.*

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make a-deſot of us, ha, ha?

Eva. This is well, he has made us his vlouting-ſtog. I deſire you, that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this ſame ſcald-ſurvy-cogging companion, the Hoſt of the Garter.

Caius.

Caius. By gar, vith all my heart; he promiſe to bring me ver is Anne Page; by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will ſmite his noddles; pray you follow.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The ſtreet in Windſor.*

Enter Miſtreſs Page, and Robin.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your maſter's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forſooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O you are a flattering boy; now, I ſee you'll be a courtier.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, Miſtreſs Page; whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, Sir, to ſee your wife; is ſhe at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as ſhe may hang together, for want of company; I think, if your huſbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be ſure of that, two other huſbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my huſband had him of: what do you call your Knight's name, ſirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falſtaff.

Ford. Sir John Falſtaff?

Mrs. Page. He, he: I can never hit on's name; there is ſuch a league between my good man and he. Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed, ſhe is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, Sir; I am ſick, till I ſee her.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Robin.*

SCENE V.

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? ſure, they ſleep; he hath no uſe of them.

them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile, as eaſy as a cannon will ſhoot point-blank twelve ſcore; he pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage; and now ſhe's going to my wife, and Falſtaff's boy with her. A man may hear this ſhower ſing in the wind: and Falſtaff's boy with her! good plots; they are laid, and our revolted wives ſhare damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife; pluck the borrow'd veil of modeſty from the ſo ſeeming Miſtreſs Page, divulge Page himſelf for a ſecure and wilful Acteon, and to theſe violent proceedings all my neighbours ſhall cry aim. The clock gives me my cue, and my aſſurance bids me ſearch; there I ſhall find Falſtaff: I ſhall be rather praiſed for this, than mocked; for it is as poſitive as the earth is firm, that Falſtaff is there: I will go.

SCENE VI.

To him, Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoſt, Evans, and Caius.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, Mr. Ford.

Ford. Truſt me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home, and, I pray you, all go with me.

Shal. I muſt excuſe myſelf, Mr. Ford.

Slen. And ſo muſt I, Sir; we have appointed to dine with Mrs. Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll ſpeak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match between Anne Page and my couſin Slender, and this day we ſhall have our anſwer.

Slen. I hope I have your good-will, father Page.

Page. You have, Mr. Slender; I ſtand wholly for you; but my wife, Maſter Doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar, and de maid is love-a-me: my nurſh-a Quickly tell me ſo muſh.

Hoſt. What ſay you to young Mr. Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verſes, he ſpeaks holy-day, he ſmells April and May; he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't.

Page. Not by my conſent, I promiſe you. The gentleman is of no having; he kept company with the wild Prince and Poinz: he is of too high a region, he knows too much; no, he ſhall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my ſubſtance. If he take her, let him take her ſimply; the wealth I have waits on my conſent, and my conſent goes not that way.

Ford. I beſeech you, heartily, ſome of you go home with me to dinner; beſides your cheer, you ſhall have ſport; I will ſhew you a monſter. Mr. Doctor, you ſhall go; ſo ſhall you, Mr. Page; and you, Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well, we ſhall have the freer wooing at Mr. Page's.

Caius. Go home, John Rugby, I come anon.

Hoſt. Farewell, my hearts; I will to my honeſt Knight Falſtaff, and drink canary with him.

Ford. I think I ſhall drink in pipe-wine firſt with him: I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you to ſee this monſter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Changes to Ford's houſe.*

Enter Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Page, and ſervants with a baſket.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! what, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly: is the buck-baſket——

Mrs. Ford. I warrant——What, Robin, I ſay.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, ſet it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge, we muſt be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-houſe, and when I ſuddenly call on you, come forth, and without any pauſe or ſtaggering take this baſket on your ſhoulders; that done, trudge with it in all haſte, and carry it among the whitſters in Datchet-mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch cloſe by the Thames ſide.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I ha' told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-muſket, what news with you?

Rob. My maſter Sir John is come in at your back-door, Miſtreſs Ford, and requeſts your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be ſworn; my maſter knows not of your being here, and hath threaten'd to put me into everlaſting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he ſwears he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this ſecrecy of thine ſhall be a tailor to thee, and ſhall make thee a new doublet and hoſe. I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do ſo; go tell thy maſter, I am alone; Miſtreſs Page, remember you your cue.

[*Exit Robin.*

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee: if I do not act it, hiſs me. [*Exit Mrs. Page.*

Mrs. Ford. Go to then; we'll uſe this unwholeſome humidity, this groſs watry pumpion—we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

SCENE VIII. *Enter Falſtaff.*

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heav'nly jewel? why, now let me die: for I have liv'd long enough: this is the period of my ambition: O this bleſſed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O ſweet Sir John!

Fal. Mrs. Ford, I cannot cog; I cannot prate, Miſtreſs Ford; now ſhall I ſin in my wiſh. I would thy huſband were dead; I'll ſpeak it before the beſt Lord, I would make thee my Lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your Lady, Sir John? Alas! I ſhould be a pitiful Lady.

Fal. Let the court of France ſhew me ſuch another; I ſee how thine eye would emulate the diamond; thou haſt the right arched bent of the brow, that becomes the ſhip-tire, the tire-vailant, or any 'tire of Venetian admittance *.

Mrs.

* The *ſhip-tire* was an open head-dreſs, with a kind of ſcarf depending

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows me nothing elſe, nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a traitor to ſay ſo; thou would'ſt e an abſolute courtier; and the firm fixure of thy would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a circled farthingale. I ſee what thou wert; if forthy foe were not, nature is thy friend: come, thou not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no ſuch thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that perſuade thee, 's ſomething extraordinary in thee. Come, I canog, and ſay, thou art this and that, like a-many eſe liſping hawthorn-buds, that come like women en's apparel, and ſmell like Bucklers-bury in ſimtime; I cannot: but I love thee, none but thee: hou deſerveſt it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, Sir: I fear you love eſs Page.

Fal. Thou might'ſt as well ſay, I love to walk by Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek ime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heav'n knows how I love you, and hall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind: I'll deſerve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay I muſt tell you, ſo you do: or elſe I not be in that mind.

Rob. [*within.*] Miſtreſs Ford, Miſtreſs Ford, here's eſs Page at the door, ſweating, and blowing, and ng wildly, and would needs ſpeak with you preſently.

Fal. She ſhall not ſee me: I will enſconce me behind rras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do ſo: ſhe's a very tattling an. [*Falſtaff hides himſelf,*

SCENE IX. *Enter Miſtreſs Page.*

t's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O Miſtreſs Ford, what have you done? T 2 you're

ag from behind; the *tire-vailant*, a cloſe one, in which the head reaſt were covered as with a *vail.*—*Venetian admittance, i. e.* ad-dreſs *worth adorning* with Venetian point, or which will to *be adorned.*

you're ſham'd, y'are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good Miſtreſs Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, Miſtreſs Ford, having an honeſt man to your huſband, to give him ſuch cauſe of ſuſpicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cauſe of ſuſpicion?

Mrs. Page. What cauſe of ſuſpicion? out upon you! how am I miſtook in you?

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your huſband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windſor, to ſearch for a gentleman, that, he ſays, is here now in the houſe, by your conſent, to take an ill advantage of his abſence. You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. Speak louder—[*Aſide.*] 'Tis not ſo, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heav'n it be not ſo, that you have ſuch a man here; but 'tis moſt certain, your huſband's coming with half Windſor at his heels, to ſearch for ſuch a one. I come before to tell you: if you know yourſelf clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your ſenſes to you, defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What ſhall I do? there is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own ſhame, ſo much as his peril. I had rather than a thouſand pound, he were out of the houſe.

Mrs. Page. For ſhame, never ſtand *you had rather*, and *you had rather*; your huſband's here at hand; bethink you of ſome conveyance, in the houſe you cannot hide him. Oh, how have you deceiv'd me? look, here is a baſket, if he be of any reaſonable ſtature, he may creep in here, and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or it is whiting time, ſend him by your two men to Datchet-mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there: what ſhall I do?

Re-enter Falſtaff.

Fal. Let me ſee't, let me ſee't, O let me ſee't; I'll in, I'll in; follow your friend's counſel; I'll in.

Mrs.

Mrs. Page. What! Sir John Falſtaff? are theſe your letters, Knight?

Fal. I love thee, help me away; let me creep in here: I'll never——

[*He goes into the baſket, they cover him with foul linen.*]

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your maſter, boy: call your men, Miſtreſs Ford. You diſſembling Knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John, Robert, John, go take up theſe cloaths here, quickly, Where's the cowl-ſtaff? look, how you drumble: carry them to the landreſs in Datchet-mead; quickly, come.

SCENE X. *Enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Evans.*

Ford. Pray you come near; if I ſuſpect without cauſe, why then make ſport at me, then let me be your jeſt, I deſerve it. How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the landreſs, forſooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were beſt meddle with buck-waſhing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could waſh myſelf of the buck: buck, buck, buck? ay, buck: I warrant you, buck, and of the ſeaſon too, it ſhall appear. [*Exeunt ſervants with the baſket.*] Gentlemen, I have dream'd to-night, I'll tell you my dream: here, here, here be my keys; aſcend my chambers, ſearch, ſeek, find out. I'll warrant, we'll unkennel the fox. Let me ſtop this way firſt. So, now uncape.

Page. Good Maſter Ford, be contented: you wrong yourſelf too much.

Ford. True, Maſter Page. Up, gentlemen, you ſhall ſee ſport anon; follow me, gentlemen.

Eva. This is ferry fantaſtical humours and jealouſies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de faſhion of France; it is not jealous in France——

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen, ſee the iſſue of his ſearch. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.

Manent Miſtreſs Page and Miſtreſs Ford.

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleaſes me better, that my huſband is deceiv'd, or Sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your huſband aſk'd who was in the baſket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of waſhing; ſo throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, diſhoneſt raſcal; I would all of the ſame ſtrain were in the ſame diſtreſs.

Mrs. Ford. I think my huſband hath ſome ſpecial ſuſpicion of Falſtaff's being here! I never ſaw him ſo groſs in his jealouſy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that, and we will yet have more tricks with Falſtaff: his diſſolute diſeaſe will ſcarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we ſend that fooliſh carrion, Miſtreſs Quickly, to him, and excuſe his throwing into the water, and give him another hope, to betray him to another puniſhment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it; let him be ſent for to-morrow by eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, &c.

Ford. I cannot find him; may be the knave bragg'd of that he could not compaſs.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. I, I; peace.——You uſe me well, Mr. Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, ay, I do ſo.

Mrs. Ford. Heav'n make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourſelf mighty wrong, Mr. Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I muſt bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the houſe, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the preſſes, Heav'n forgive my ſins!

Caius. By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

Page, Fie, fie, Mr. Ford, are you not aſham'd? what ſpirit, what devil ſuggeſts this imagination? I would not ha' your diſtemper in this kind for the wealth of Windſor caſtle.

Ford

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Mr. Page: I ſuffer for it.

Eva. You ſuffer for a pad conſcience; your wife is as honeſt a o'mans as I will deſires among five thouſand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I ſee, 'tis an honeſt woman.

Ford. Well, I promis'd you a dinner; come, come, walk in the park. I pray you, pardon me: I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this. Come, wife; come, Miſtreſs Page; I pray you pardon me: pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but truſt me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my houſe to breakfaſt; after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the buſh. Shall it be ſo?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I ſhall make two in the company.

Caius. If dere be one or two, I ſhall make-a de turd.

Eva. In your teeth, for ſhame.

Ford. Pray you go, Mr. Page.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the louſy knave, mine Hoſt.

Caius. Dat is good, by gar, with all my heart.

Eva. A louſy knave, to have his gibes and his mockeries. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII. *Changes to Page's houſe.*

Enter Fenton, and Miſtreſs Anne Page.

Fent. I ſee I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, ſweet Nan.

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fen. Why, thou muſt be thyſelf.
He doth object I am too great of birth;
And that my ſtate being gall'd with my expence,
I ſeek to heal it only by his wealth.
Beſides theſe, other bars he lays before me,
My riots paſt, my wild ſocieties:
And tells me, 'tis a thing impoſſible
I ſhould love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent.

Fent. No, Heav'n ſo ſpeed me in my time to come!
Albeit, I will confeſs, thy father's wealth
Was the firſt motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than ſtamps in gold, or ſums in ſealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyſelf
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Mr. Fenton,
Yet ſeek my father's love: ſtill ſeek it, Sir;
If opportunity and humbleſt ſuit
Cannot attain it, why then——hark you hither.

[*Fenton and Miſtreſs Anne go apart.*

SCENE XIII.

Enter Shallow, Slender, and Miſtreſs Quickly.

Shal. Break their talk, Miſtreſs Quickly; my kinſman ſhall ſpeak for himſelf.

Slen. I'll make a ſhaft or a bolt on't; 'd'slid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not diſmay'd.

Slen. No, ſhe ſhall not diſmay me: I care not for that, but that I am affeard.

Quic. Hark ye, Mr. Slender would ſpeak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him.——This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill favour'd faults
Look handſome in three hundred pounds a-year!

Quic. And how does good Maſter Fenton? pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O, boy, thou hadſt a father!

Slen. I had a father, Mrs. Anne; my uncle can tell you good jeſts of him. Pray you, uncle, tell Mrs. Anne the jeſt, how my father ſtole two geeſe out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Miſtreſs Anne, my couſin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do, as well as I love any woman in Glouceſterſhire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a Squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that. Good comfort; she calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, Master Slender.

Slen. Now, good Mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? od's heart-lings, that's a pretty jest indeed, I ne'er made my will yet, I thank Heav'n; I am not such a sickly creature, I give Heav'n praise.

Anne. I mean, Mr. Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for my own part, I would little or nothing with you; your father and my uncle have made motions; if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! they can tell you how things go better than I can; you may ask your father; here he comes.

SCENE XIV. *Enter Page, and Mistress Page.*

Page. Now, Master Slender: love him, daughter Anne.
Why, how now? what does Master Fenton here?
You wrong me, Sir, thus still to haunt my house:
I told you, Sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent. Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good Master Fenton.
Come, Master Shallow; come, son Slender, in.
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton.
[*Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.*

Quic. Speak to Mistress Page.

Fent. Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,
Must advance the colours of my love,
And not retire. Let me have your good-will.

Anne.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yon fool.
Mrs. Page. I mean it not, I ſeek you a better huſband.
Quic. That's my Maſter, Maſter Doctor.
Anne. Alas, I had rather be ſet quick i' th' earth.
Quic. And bowl'd to death with turnips.
Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourſelf; good Maſter Fenton.
I will not be your friend nor enemy:
My daughter will I queſtion how ſhe loves you,
And as I find her, ſo am I affected.
Till then, farewell, Sir; ſhe muſt needs go in.
Her father will be angry. [*Exeunt Mrs. Page, and Anne.*
Fent. Farewell, gentle Miſtreſs; farewell, Nan.
Quic. This is my doing now. Nay, ſaid I, will you caſt away your child on a fool, and a phyſician? look on Maſter Fenton: this is my doing.
Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night Give my ſweet Nan this ring: there's for thy pains. [*Exit.*
Quic. Now Heav'n ſend thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath, a woman would run through fire and water for ſuch a kind heart. But yet I would my maſter had Miſtreſs Anne, or I would Mr. Slender had her; or, in ſooth, I would Mr. Fenton had her. I will do what I can for them all three, for ſo I have promis'd; and I'll be as good as my word, but ſpeciouſly for Mr. Fenton. Well, I muſt of another errand to Sir John Falſtaff from my two miſtreſſes; what a beaſt am I to ſlack it? [*Exit.*

SCENE XV. *Changes to the Garter-inn.*

Enter Falſtaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, I ſay.
Bard. Here, Sir.
Fal. Go fetch me a quart of ſack; put a toaſt in't. [*Exit Bard.*] Have I liv'd to be carry'd in a baſket, like a barrow of butchers' offal, and to be thrown into the Thames! Well, if I be ſerv'd ſuch another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues ſlighted me into the river with as little remorſe as they would have

have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' th' litter; and you may know, by my ſize, that I have a kind of alacrity in ſinking: if the bottom were as deep as hell, I ſhould down. I had been drown'd, but that the ſhore was ſhelvy and ſhallow; a death that I abhor; for the water ſwells a man: and what a thing ſhould I have been when I had been ſwell'd? I ſhould have been a mountain of mummy.

Enter Bardolph.

Now, is the ſack brew'd?

Bard. Here's Mrs. Quickly, Sir, to ſpeak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in ſome ſack to the Thames-water; for my belly's as cold as if I had ſwallow'd ſnow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

SCENE XVI. *Enter Mrs. Quickly.*

Quic. By your leave! I cry you mercy. Give your Worſhip good morrow.

Fal. Take away theſe challices; go brew me a pottle of ſack finely.

Bard. With eggs, Sir?

Fal. Simple of itſelf: I'll no pullet-ſperm in my brewage. How now?

Quic. Marry, Sir, I come to your Worſhip from Miſtreſs Ford.

Fal. Miſtreſs Ford? I have had Ford enough; I was thrown into the Ford; I have my belly full of Ford.

Quic. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: ſhe does ſo take on with her men; they miſtook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build on a fooliſh woman's promiſe.

Quic. Well, ſhe laments, Sir, for it, that it would yern your heart to ſee it. Her huſband goes this morning a birding; ſhe deſires you once more to come to her between eight and nine. I muſt carry her word quickly; ſhe'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will viſit her; tell her ſo, and bid her think what a man is: let her conſider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quic.

Quic. I will tell her.

Fal. Do ſo. Between nine and ten, ſay'ſt thou?

Quic. Eight and nine, Sir.

Fal. Well, be gone; I will not miſs her.

Quic. Peace be with you, Sir. [*Exit.*

Fal. I marvel I hear not of Maſter Brook; he ſent me word to ſtay within: I like his money well. Oh, here he comes.

SCENE XVII. *Enter Ford.*

Ford. Bleſs you, Sir.

Fal. Now, Maſter Brook, you come to know what hath paſs'd between me and Ford's wife.

Ford. That, indeed, Sir John, is my buſineſs.

Fal. Maſter Brook, I will not lie to you; I was at her houſe the hour ſhe appointed me.

Ford. And you ſped, Sir?

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, Maſter Brook.

Ford. How, Sir, did ſhe change her determination?

Fal. No, Maſter Brook: but the peaking cornuto her huſband, Maſter Brook, dwelling in a continual larum of jealouſy, comes in in the inſtant of our encounter; after we had embrac'd, kiſs'd, proteſted, and, as it were, ſpoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provok'd and inſtigated by his diſtemper, and, forſooth, to ſearch his houſe for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you was there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he ſearch for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You ſhall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Miſtreſs Page, gives intelligence of Ford's approach, and by her invention, and Ford's wife's direction, they convey'd me into a buck-baſket.

Ford. A buck-baſket?

Fal. Yes, a buck-baſket; ramm'd me in with foul ſhirts and ſmocks, ſocks, foul ſtockings, and greaſy napkins; that, Maſter Brook, there was the rankeſt compound of villanous ſmell, that ever offended noſtril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal.

Fal. Nay, you ſhall hear, Maſter Brook, what I have ſuffer'd to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the baſket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their miſtreſs, to carry me in the name of foul cloaths to Datchet-lane. They took me on their ſhoulders, met the jealous knave their maſter in the door, who aſk'd them once or twice what they had in their baſket. I quak'd for fear, leſt the lunatic knave would have ſearch'd it; but fate, ordaining he ſhould be a cuckold, held his hand. Well, on went he for a ſearch, and away went I for foul cloaths. But mark the ſequel, Mr. Brook. I ſuffer'd the pangs of three egregious deaths: firſt, an intolerable fright, to be detected by a jealous rotten bell-weather; next, to be compaſs'd like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then to be ſlopt in, like a ſtrong diſtillation, with ſtinking cloaths that fretted in their own greaſe. Think of that, a man of my kidney; think of that, that am as ſubject to heat as butter; a man of continual diſſolution and thaw; it was a miracle to 'ſcape ſuffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half ſtew'd in greaſe, like a Dutch diſh, to be thrown into the Thames, and cool'd glowing hot, in that ſurge, like a horſe-ſhoe; think of that; hiſſing hot; think of that, Maſter Brook.

Ford. In good ſadneſs, Sir, I am ſorry that for my ſake you ſuffer'd all this. My ſuit is then deſperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Maſter Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her huſband is this morning gone a-birding. I have receiv'd from her another embaſſy of meeting. 'Twixt eight and nine is the hour, Maſter Brook.

Ford. 'Tis paſt eight already, Sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then addreſs me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leiſure, and you ſhall know how I ſpeed; and the concluſion ſhall be crown'd with your enjoying her. Adieu; you ſhall have her, Maſter Brook; Maſter Brook, you ſhall cuckold Ford.

[*Exit.*

Ford. Hum? ha! is this a viſion? is this a dream?

do I ſleep? Maſter Ford, awake; awake, Maſter Fo
there's a hole made in your beſt coat, Maſter Fo
this 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen and bu
baſkets! Well, I will proclaim my ſelf what I am;
will now take the leacher; he is at my houſe: he c
not 'ſcape me: 'tis impoſſible he ſhould: he cann
creep into a halfpenny-purſe, nor into a pepper-bo
But, leſt the devil that guides him ſhould aid him,
will ſearch impoſſible places: tho' what I am I cann
avoid: yet to be what I would not, ſhall not make m
tame. If I have horns to make one mad, let the pr
verb go with me, I'll be horn-mad. [*Exi*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Page's houſe.

Enter Mrs. Page, Mrs. Quickly, and William.

Mrs. Page. Is he at Mr. Ford's already, think'ſt th
Quic. Sure he is by this, or will be preſently; b
truly he is very courageous mad, about his throwing i
the water; Mrs. Ford deſires you to come ſuddenly.
Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by: I'll but bri
my young man here to ſchool. Look, where his m
ſter comes; 'tis a playing-day, I ſee. How now,
Hugh, no ſchool to-day?

Enter Evans.

Eva. No; Maſter Slender is let the boys leave to pl
Quic. Bleſſing of his heart!
Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my huſband ſays, my ſon
fits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you aſk
ſome queſtions in his accidence.
Eva. Come hither, William; hold up your h
come.
Mrs. Page. Come on, ſirrah: hold up your head,
ſwer your maſter, be not afraid.
Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?
Will. Two.

Quic. Truly I thought there had been one number more, becauſe they ſay, od's nouns.

Eva. Peace your tatlings. What is *fair*, William?

Will. Pulcher.

Quic. Poulcats? there are fairer things than poulcats, ſure.

Eva. You are a very ſimplicity 'oman; I pray you peace. What is *lapis*, William?

Will. A ſtone.

Eva. And what is a ſtone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *lapis*. I pray you, remember in your prain.

Will. Lapis.

Eva. That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and be thus declin'd, *Singulariter nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

Eva. Nominativo, hig, hag, hog; pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus.* Well, what is your *accuſative caſe?*

Will. Accuſative, hinc.

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *accuſative, hung, hang, hog.*

Quic. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the *focative caſe*, William?

Will. O, *vocativo*, O.

Eva. Remember, William, *focative* is *caret.*

Quic. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace.

Eva. What is your *genitive caſe plural*, William?

Will. Genitive caſe?

Eva. Ay.

Will. Genitive, horum, harum, horum.

Quic. 'Vengeance of Giney's caſe; fie on her! never name her, child, if ſhe be a whore.

Eva. For ſhame, 'oman.

Quic. You do ill to teach the child ſuch words. He teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do faſt enough of themſelves; and to call *horum:* fie upon you!

Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunacies? haſt thou no underſtandings for thy caſes, and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as fooliſh Chriſtian creatures as I would deſire.

Mrs. Page. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace.

Eva. Shew me now, William, ſome declenſions of your pronouns.

Will. Forſooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *qui, quæ, quod* If you forget your *quies*, your *quæs*, and your *quods*, you muſt be preeches. Go your ways and play, go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better ſcholar than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good ſprag memory. Farewell, Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh. Get you home boy. Come, we ſtay too long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Changes to Ford's houſe.*

Enter Falſtaff and Mrs. Ford.

Fal. Miſtreſs Ford, your ſorrow hath eaten up my ſufferance; I ſee you are obſequious in your love, and I profeſs requital to a hair's breadth; not only, Miſtreſs Ford, in the ſimple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you ſure of your huſband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a-birding, ſweet Sir John.

Mrs. Page. [*within.*] What hoa, goſſip Ford! what hoa!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John. [*Exit Falſtaff.*

Enter Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. How now, ſweet heart, who's at home beſides yourſelf?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly——Speak louder. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. Page. Truly I am ſo glad you have no body here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your huſband is in his old lunes.

lunes again. He ſo takes on yonder with my huſband, ſo rails againſt all married mankind, ſo curſes all Eve's daughters, of what complexion ſoever, and ſo buffets himſelf on the forehead, crying, *Peer-out! peer-out!* that any madneſs I ever yet beheld, ſeemed but tameneſs, civility, and patience, to this diſtemper he is in now. I am glad the fat Knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why? does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and ſwears he was carry'd out, the laſt time he ſearch'd for him, in a baſket; proteſts to my huſband he is now here; and hath drawn him and the reſt of their company from their ſport, to make another experiment of his ſuſpicion. But I am glad the Knight is not here; now he ſhall ſee his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, Miſtreſs Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by, at ſtreet's end, he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone, the Knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then thou art utterly ſham'd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you? away with him, away with him; better ſhame than murder.

Mrs Ford. Which way ſhould he go? how ſhould I beſtow him? ſhall I put him into the baſket again?

SCENE III. *Enter Falſtaff.*

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' th' baſket: may I not go out ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas! alas! three of Maſter Ford's brothers watch the door with piſtols, that none ſhould iſſue out, otherwiſe you might ſlip away ere he came. But what make you here?

Fal. What ſhall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always uſe to diſcharge their birding-pieces; creep into the kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will ſeek there, on my word. Neither preſs, coffer, cheſt, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abſtract for the remembrance of ſuch places, and goes to

them by his note; there is no hiding you in the houſe.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Ford. If you go out, in your own ſemblance, you die, Sir John, unleſs you go out diſguis'd. How might we diſguiſe him?

Mrs. Page. Alas-the-day, I know not; there is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwiſe he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and ſo eſcape.

Fal. Good heart, deviſe ſomething; any extremity, rather than miſchief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brainford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will ſerve him: ſhe's as big as he is, and there's her thrum hat, and her muffler too. Run up, Sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, ſweet Sir John; Miſtreſs Page and I will look ſome linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick, we'll come dreſs you ſtraight; put on the gown the while. [*Exit Falſtaff.*

Mrs. Ford. I would my huſband would meet him in this ſhape; he cannot abide the old woman of Brainford; he ſwears ſhe's a witch, forbade her my houſe, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heav'n guide him to thy huſband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my huſband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good ſadneſs, is he; and talks of the baſket too, however he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the baſket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did laſt time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here preſently; let's go dreſs him like the witch of Brainford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll firſt direct my men, what they ſhall do with the baſket; go up, I'll bring linen for him ſtraight.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, diſhoneſt varlet, we cannot miſuſe him enough:

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honeſt too.

We

We do not act, that often jeſt and laugh:
'Tis old but true, *Still ſwine eats all the draugh.*

Mrs. Ford. Go, ſirs, take the baſket again on your ſhoulders: your maſter is hard at door; if he bid you ſet it down, obey him: quickly diſpatch.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford.*

Enter ſervants with the baſket.

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take up.

2 *Serv.* Pray heav'n, it be not full of the Knight again.

1 *Serv.* I hope not. I had as lief bear ſo much lead.

SCENE IV.

Enter Ford, Shallow, Page, Caius, and Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, Maſter Page, have you any way then to unfool me again? Set down the baſket, villain; ſomebody call my wife: youth in a baſket! oh, you panderly raſcals! there's a knot, a gang, a pack, a conſpiracy, againſt me: now ſhall the devil be ſham'd. What, wife, I ſay; come, come forth, behold what honeſt clothes you ſend forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this paſſes*, Maſter Ford:—you are not to go looſe any longer, you muſt be pinion'd.

Eva. Why, this is lunatics; this is mad as a mad dog.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Shal. Indeed, Maſter Ford, this is not well, indeed.

Ford. So ſay I too, Sir. Come hither, Miſtreſs Ford; Miſtreſs Ford, the honeſt woman, the modeſt wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her huſband! I ſuſpect without cauſe, Miſtreſs, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heav'n be my witneſs you do, if you ſuſpect me in any diſhoneſty.

Ford. Well ſaid, brazen-face, hold it out: come forth, Sirrah. [*Pulls the clothes out of the baſket.*

Page. This paſſes*——

Mrs

* See the note, p. 188.

Mrs. Ford. Are you not aſham'd? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I ſhall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreaſonable; will you take up your wife's clothes? come away.

Ford. Empty the baſket, I ſay.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why———

Ford. Maſter Page, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my houſe yeſterday in this baſket; why may he not be there again? in my houſe I am ſure he is; my intelligence is true, my jealouſy is reaſonable; pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he ſhall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, Maſter Ford; this wrongs you.

Eva. Maſter Ford, you muſt pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart; this is jealouſies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I ſeek for.

Page. No, nor no where elſe but in your brain.

Ford. Help to ſearch my houſe this one time. If I find not what I ſeek, ſhew no colour for my extremity; let me for ever be your table-ſport; let them ſay of me, As jealous as Ford, that ſearcheth a hollow walnut for his wife's leman. Satisfy me once more, once more ſearch with me.

Mrs. Ford. What hoa, Miſtreſs Page! come you, and the old woman down; my huſband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! what old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brainford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean; have I not forbid her my houſe? ſhe comes of errands, does ſhe? We are ſimple men, we do not know what's brought to paſs under the profeſſion of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by ſpells, by th' figure; and ſuch dawbry as this is beyond our element; we know nothing. Come down, you witch; you hag you, come down, I ſay.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good ſweet huſband; good gentlemen, let him not ſtrike the old woman.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Falſtaff in women's clothes, and Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother Prat, come give me your hand.

Ford. I'll prat her. Out of my door, you witch! [*Beats him.*] you hag, you baggage, you poulcat, you runnion! out, out, out; I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit Fal.*

Mrs. Page. Are you not aſham'd? I think you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it; 'tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch.

Eva. By yea and no, I think the 'oman is a witch indeed. I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I ſpy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, Gentlemen? I beſeech you, follow; ſee but the iſſue of my jealouſy; if I cry out thus upon no trial, never truſt me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: come, Gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

Mrs. Page. Truſt me, he beat him moſt pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by th' maſs, that he did not; he beat him moſt unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallow'd, and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious ſervice.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? may we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witneſs of a good conſcience, purſue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The ſpirit of wantonneſs is, ſure, ſcar'd out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-ſimple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waſte, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our huſband's how we have ſerved him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means if it be but to ſcrape the figures out of your huſband's brain. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat Knight ſhall be any further afflicted, we two will ſtill be the miniſters.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant they'll have him publicly ſham'd,

ſham'd; and methinks there would be no period to the jeſt, ſhould he not be publiely ſham'd.

Mrs. Page. Come to the forge with it, then ſhape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Changes to the Garter-inn.*

Enter Hoſt and Bardolph.

Bard. Sir, the German deſires to have three of your horſes; the Duke himſelf will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Hoſt. What Duke ſhould that be comes ſo ſecretly? I hear not of him in the court: let me ſpeak with the gentlemen; they ſpeak Engliſh?

Bard. Sir, I'll call them to you.

Hoſt. They ſhall have my horſes, but I'll make them pay; I'll ſawce them. They have had my houſe a week at command; I have turn'd away my other gueſts; they muſt compt off; I'll ſawce them, come.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Changes to Ford's houſe.*

Enter Page, Ford, Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Evans.

Eva. 'Tis one of the beſt diſcretions of 'oman, as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he ſend you both theſe letters at an inſtant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;
I rather will ſuſpect the ſun with cold,
Than thee with wantonneſs; thy honour ſtands,
In him that was of late an heretic,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.
Be not as extreme in ſubmiſſion, as in offence;
But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public ſport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and diſgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they ſpoke of.

Page.

Page. How? to ſend him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight? fie, fie, he'll never come.

Eva. You ſay, he hath been thrown into the river; and has been grievouſly peaten, as an old 'oman; methinks there ſhould be terrors in him, that he ſhould not come; methinks his fleſh is puniſh'd, he ſhall have no deſires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Deviſe but how you'll uſe him when he comes;
And let us two deviſe to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windſor foreſt,
Doth all the winter-time at ſtill of midnight
Walk round about an oak, with ragged horns;
And there he blaſts the tree, and takes the cattle;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and ſhakes a chain
In a moſt hideous and dreadful manner.
You've heard of ſuch a ſpirit; and well you know,
The ſuperſtitious idle-headed Eld
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak;
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device,
That Falſtaff at that oak ſhall meet with us.
We'll ſend him word to meet us in the field,
Diſguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come.
And in this ſhape when you have brought him thither,
What ſhall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs Page. That likewiſe we have thought upon, and thus:
Nan Page, (my daughter,) and my little ſon,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dreſs
Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a ſudden,
As Falſtaff, ſhe, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a ſaw-pit ruſh at once

With

With ſome diffuſed ſong *: upon their ſight,
We two, in great amazedneſs, will fly;
Then let them all encircle him about,
And fairy-like too, pinch the unclean Knight;
And aſk him, why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their ſo ſacred paths he dares to tread
In ſhape profane?

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the ſuppoſed fairies pinch him round,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all preſent ourſelves; diſhorn the ſpirit,
And mock him home to Windſor.

Ford. The children muſt
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jack-anapes alſo, to burn the Knight with my taber.

Ford. This will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan ſhall be the Queen of all the fairies;
Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That ſilk will I go buy, and in that time
Shall Mr. Slender ſteal my Nan away, [*Aſide.*
And marry her at Eaton. Go, ſend to Falſtaff ſtraight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in the name of Brook; he'll tell me all his purpoſe. Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that; go get us properties and tricking for our fairies.

Eva. Let us about it, it is admirable pleaſures, and ferry honeſt knaveries. [*Ex. Page, Ford, and Evans.*

Mrs. Page. Go, Mrs. Ford,
Send Quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.
[*Exit Mrs. Ford.*
I'll to the Doctor; he hath my good-will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;
And he my huſband beſt of all affects:

The

* *A diffuſed ſong* ſignifies a ſong that ſtrikes out into wild ſentiments beyond the bounds of nature, ſuch as thoſe whoſe ſubject is fairy-land.

The Doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court; he, none but he, ſhall have her;
Though twenty thouſand worthier came to crave her.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VIII. *Changes to the Garter-inn,*

Enter Hoſt and Simple.

Hoſt. What would'ſt thou have, boor? what, thick-ſkin? ſpeak, breathe, diſcuſs; brief, ſhort, quick, ſnap.

Simp. Marry, Sir, I come to ſpeak with Sir John Falſtaff from Mr. Slender.

Hoſt. There's his chamber, his houſe, his caſtle, his ſtanding-bed and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the ſtory of the prodigal, freſh and new; go, knock and call; he'll ſpeak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee: knock, I ſay.

Simp. There's an old woman, a fat woman gone up into his chamber; I'll be ſo bold as ſtay, Sir, till ſhe come down; I come to ſpeak with her indeed.

Hoſt. Ha! a fat woman? the Knight may be robb'd: I'll call. Bully-Knight! Bully-Sir John! ſpeak from thy lungs military: art thou there? it is thine Hoſt, thine Epheſian * calls.

Falſtaff above.

Fal. How now, mine Hoſt?

Hoſt. Here's a Bohemian Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman; let her deſcend, bully, let her deſcend; my chambers are honourable. Fie, privacy? fie!

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. There was, mine Hoſt, an old fat woman even now with me, but ſhe's gone.

Simp. Pray you, Sir, was't not the wiſe woman of Brainford?

Fal. Ay, marry was it, muſſel-ſhell, what would you with her?

Simp. My maſter, Sir, my Maſter Slender ſent to her,

* *He means to ſay, thine Epheſian.*

herein; I had other things to have ſpoken with her too from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Hoſt. Ay come; quick.

Simp. I may not conceal them, Sir.

Fal. Conceal them, or thou di'ſt.

Simp. Why, Sir, they were nothing but about Miſtreſs Anne Page; to know, if it were my maſter's fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Simp. What, Sir?

Fal. To have her, or no: go; ſay, the woman told me ſo.

Simp. May I be ſo bold to ſay ſo, Sir?

Fal. Ay, Sir; like who more bold.

Simp. I thank your Worſhip: I ſhall make my maſter glad with theſe tidings. [*Exit Simp.*

Hoſt. Thou art clarkly; thou art clarkly, Sir John. was there a wiſe woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine Hoſt; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter Evans.

Eva. Where is mine Hoſt?

Hoſt. What is the matter, Sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments; there is a friend o' mine come to town, tells me, there is three cozen-jermans that has cozen'd all the Hoſt's of Reading, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horſes and money. I tell you for good-will, look you; you are wiſe, and full of gibes and vlouting-ſtocks, and 'tis not convenient you ſhould be cozen'd; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver' is mine *Hoſt de Jartere?*

Hoſt. Here, Maſter Doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a-me, dat you make a grand preparation for a Duke de Jamany; but my trot, der is no Duke, dat de court is know, to come: I tell you for good-will; adieu.

[*Exit.*

Hoſt. Hue and cry, villain, go! aſſiſt me, Knight, I am undone; fly, run, hue and cry! Villain, I am undone! [*Exit.*

Fal. I would all the world might be cozen'd, for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it ſhould come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been waſh'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fiſhermen's boots with me. I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as creſt-fallen as a dry'd pear. I never proſper'd ſince I forſwore myſelf at Primero. Well, if my wind were but long enough to ſay my prayers, I would repent. ——

SCENE X. *Enter Mrs. Quickly.*

Now, whence come you?

Quic. From the two parties, forſooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and ſo they ſhall be both beſtow'd. I have ſuf-

fer'd more for their ſakes, more than the villanous inconſtancy of man's diſpoſition is able to bear.

Quic. And have not they ſuffer'd? yes, I warrant, ſpecioufly one of them; Miſtreſs Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot ſee a white ſpot about her.

Fal. What tell'ſt thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myſelf into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brainford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, counterfeiting the action of an old woman deliver'd me, the knave conſtable had ſet me i' th' ſtocks, i' th' common ſtocks, for a witch.

Quic. Sir, let me ſpeak with you in your chamber; you ſhall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will ſay ſomewhat. Good hearts, what ado is here to bring you together? ſure, one of you does not ſerve heav'n well, that you are ſo croſs'd.

Fal. Come up into my chamber, [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI. *Enter Fenton and Hoſt.*

Hoſt. Maſter Fenton, talk not ſo to me, my mind is heavy. I will give over all.

Fen. Yet hear me ſpeak; aſſiſt me in my purpoſe,
And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold more than your loſs.

Hoſt. I will hear you, Maſter Fenton; and I will, at the leaſt, keep your counſel.

Fen. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who, mutually, hath anſwer'd my affection,
(So far forth as herſelf might be her chuſer,)
Ev'n to my wiſh. I have a letter from her
Of ſuch contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof's ſo larded with my matter,
That neither ſingly can be manifeſted,
Without the ſhew of both. Fat Sir John Falſtaff
Hath a great ſcene; the image of the jeſt
I'll ſhew you here at large. Hark, good mine Hoſt;
To night at Herne's oak, juſt 'twixt twelve and one,

Muſt

Muſt my ſweet Nan preſent the Fairy Queen;
The purpoſe why, is here; in which diſguiſe,
While other jeſts are ſomething rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to ſlip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eaton
Immediately to marry: ſhe hath conſented.—Now, Sir,
Her mother, ever ſtrong againſt that match,
And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he ſhall likewiſe ſhuffle her away,
(While other ſports are taſking of their minds,)
And at the Deanry, where a prieſt attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
She, ſeemingly obedient, likewiſe hath
Made promiſe to the Doctor.—Now, thus it reſts;
Her father means ſhe ſhall be all in white,
And in that dreſs when Slender ſees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She ſhall go with him.—Her mother hath intended,
The better to devote her to the Doctor,
(For they muſt all be maſk'd and vizarded,)
That, quaint in green, ſhe ſhall be looſe enrob'd,
With ribbands-pendent, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the Doctor ſpies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The maid hath given conſent to go with him.

Hoſt. Which means ſhe to deceive; father or mother?

Fen. Both, my good Hoſt, to go along with me;
And here it reſts, that you'll procure the Vicar
To ſtay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Hoſt. Well, huſband your device; I'll to the Vicar.
Bring you the maid, you ſhall not lack a prieſt.

Fen. So ſhall I evermore be bound to thee;
Beſide, I'll make a preſent recompence. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.

Re-enter Falſtaff and Miſtreſs Quickly.

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more prattling; go, I'll hold.

parts; be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-'ords, do as I pid you; come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Falſtaff, with a buck's head on.

Fal. The Windſor bell hath ſtruck twelve, the minute draws on; now, the hot-blooded gods aſſiſt me! Remember, Jove, thou waſt a bull for thy Europa; love ſet on thy horns. Oh powerful love! that, in ſome reſpects, makes a beaſt a man; in ſome other, a man a beaſt. You were alſo, Jupiter, a ſwan, for the love of Leda: Oh, omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a gooſe? A fault done firſt in the form of a beaſt,—O Jove, a beaſtly fault; and then another fault in the ſemblance of a fowl:—think on't, Jove, a foul fault. When gods have hot backs, what ſhall poor men do? for me, I am here a Windſor ſtag, and the fatteſt, I think, i' th' foreſt. Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piſs my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Miſtreſs Ford and Miſtreſs Page.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black ſcut? let the ſky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green Sleeves;* hail kiſſing-comfits, and ſnow eringoes; let there come a tempeſt of provocation, I will ſhelter me here.

Mrs. Ford. Miſtreſs Page is come with me, ſweet heart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch; I will keep my ſides to myſelf, my ſhoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your huſband's. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like Herne the hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conſcience, he makes reſtitution. As I am a true ſpirit, welcome! [*Noiſe within.*

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noiſe?

Mrs. Ford. Heav'n forgive our ſins!

Fal. What ſhould this be?

Mrs.

Mrs. Ford. } Away, away. [*The women run out.*
Mrs. Page. }

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damn'd, leſt the oil that is in me ſhould ſet hell on fire; he never would elſe croſs me thus.

SCENE IV.

Enter Sir Hugh like a Satyr; Quickly, and others, dreſs like Fairies, with tapers.

Quick. Fairies, black, gray, green, and white,
You moon-ſhine revellers, and ſhades of night,
You Ouphen heirs of fixed deſtiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.
Crier hobgoblin, make the Fairy o-yes.
Eva. Elves, liſt your names; ſilence, you airy toys,
Cricket, to Windſor chimneys ſhalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'ſt unrak'd, and hearths unſwept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilbery.
Our radiant Queen hates ſlutes and ſlutery.
Fal. They're Fairies; he that ſpeaks to them ſhall die.
I'll wink and couch; no man their works muſt eye.
[*Lies down upon his face.*
Eva. Where's Pede? go you, and where you find a maid,
That ere ſhe ſleep hath thrice her prayers ſaid,
Rein up the organs of her fantaſy;
Sleep ſhe as ſound as careleſs infancy
But thoſe that ſleep, and think not on their ſins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, ſhoulders, ſides, and ſhins.
Quick. About, about;
Search Windſor caſtle, elves, within and out.
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every ſacred room,
That it may ſtand till the perpetual doom,
In ſtate as wholeſome, as in ſtate 'tis fit;
Worthy the owner, as the owner it.
The ſeveral chairs of order look you ſcour.
With juice of balm and ev'ry precious flow'r:
Each fair inſtalment-coat and ſev'ral creſt,
With loyal blazon evermore be bleſt!

And

And nightly-meadow-fairies, look, you ſing,
Like to the garter-compaſs, in a ring:
Th' expreſſure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-freſh than all the field to ſee;
And *Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe* write,
In emrold-tuffs, flow'rs purfled, blue and white,
Like ſaphire, pearl, in rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee;
Fairies uſe flow'rs for their charactery.
Away, diſperſe; but, till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of cuſtom round about the oak
Of Herne, the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand, yourſelves in der ſet:
And twenty glow-worms ſhall our lanthorns be,
To guide our meaſure round about the tree.
But ſtay, I ſmell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heav'ns defend me from that Welch Fairy he transform me to a piece of cheeſe!

Eva. Vild worm, thou waſt o'er-look'd ev'n in birth.

Quic. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end;
If he be chaſte, the flame will back deſcend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he ſtart,
It is the fleſh of a corrupted heart.

Eva. A trial, come.——

[*They burn him with their tapers, and pinch*

Come, with this wood take fire.

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Quic Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in deſire;
About him, Fairies, ſing a ſcornful rhyme;
And, as you trip, ſtill pinch him to your time.

Eva. It is right, indeed, he is full of lecheries an quity.

The SONG.

Fie on ſinful phantaſy,
Fie on luſt and luxury!
Luſt is but i' th' blood, a fire,
Kindled with unchaſte deſire,
Fed in heart, whoſe flames aſpire,
As thoughts to blow them, higher and higher.

Pinch him, Fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villany.
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and ſtar-light, and moon-ſhine, be out.

During this ſong, they pinch him. Doctor Caius comes one way, and ſteals away a boy in green; Slender, another way, and he takes away a boy in white; and Fenton comes and ſteals away Mrs. Anne Page. A noiſe of hunting is made within. All the Fairies run away. Falſtaff pulls off his buck's head, and riſes.

SCENE V.

Enter Page, Ford, &c. They lay hold on him.

Page. Nay, do not fly; I think, we've watch'd you now;
Will none but Herne the hunter ſerve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come; hold up the jeſt no higher.
Now, good Sir John, how like you Windſor wives?
See you theſe, huſbands? do not theſe fair yokes
Become the foreſt better than the town?

Ford. Now, Sir, who's a cuckold now? Mr. Brook, Falſtaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, Maſter Brook; and, Maſter Brook, he hath enjoy'd nothing of Ford's but his buck-baſket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which muſt be paid to Mr. Brook; his horſes are arreſted for it, Maſter Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an aſs.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too: both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And theſe are not Fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not Fairies; and yet the guiltineſs of my mind, the ſudden ſurpriſe of my powers, drove the groſſneſs of the foppery into a receiv'd belief,

in

in deſpight of the teeth of all rhyme and reaſon, that they were Fairies. See now, how wit may be made a jack-a lent, when 'tis upon ill employment?

Eva. Sir John Falſtaff, ſerve Got, and leave your deſires, and Fairies will not pinſe you.

Ford. Well ſaid, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave you your jealouſies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never miſtruſt my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good Engliſh.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the ſun and dry'd it, that it wants matter to prevent ſo groſs o'er-reaching as this? am I ridden with a Welch goat too? Shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'tis time I were choak'd with a piece of toaſted cheeſe.

Eva. Seeſe is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seeſe and putter? have I liv'd to ſtand in the taunt of one, that makes fritters of Engliſh? this is enough to be the decay of luſt and late-walking through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thruſt virtue out of our hearts by the head and ſhoulders, and have given ourſelves without ſcruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puft man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as ſlanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and ſacks, and wines, and metheglins; and to drinkings, and ſwearings, and ſtarings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme; you have the ſtart of me; I am dejected; I am not able to anſwer the Welch flannel; ignorance itſelf is a plummet o'er me; uſe me as you will.

Ford. Marry, Sir, we'll bring you to Windſor, to one Mr. Brook, that you have cozen'd of money, to whom you ſhould have been a pander; over and above that you

ou have ſuffer'd, I think, to repay that money will be a iting affliction.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, huſband, let that go to make amends: 'orgive that ſum, and ſo we'll all be friends.

Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at laſt.

Page. Yet be chearful, Knight; thou ſhalt eat a poſ- t to-night at my houſe, where I will deſire thee to laugh t my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her, Mr. Slen- er hath marry'd her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that; if Anne Page be ıy daughter, ſhe is, by this, Doctor Caius's wife. [*Aſide.*

SCENE VI. *Enter Slender.*

Slen. What hoe! hoe! father Page.

Page. Son, how now? how now, ſon, have you diſ- atch'd?

Slen. Diſpatch'd? I'll make the beſt in Glouceſter- ıire known on't; would I were hang'd la, elſe.

Page. Of what, ſon?

Slen. I came yonder at Eaton to marry Miſtreſs Anne 'age, and ſhe's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been th' church, I would have ſwing'd him, or he ſhould ave ſwing'd me. If I did not think it had been Anne 'age, would I might never ſtir, and 'tis a poſt-maſter's oy.

Page. Upon my life, then you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think ſo, when took a boy for a girl: if I had been marry'd to him, or all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had im.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell ou, how you ſhould know my daughter by her gar- ients?

Slen. I went to her in white, and cry'd *Mum*, and ſhe ry'd *Budget*, as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it as not Anne, but a poſt-maſter's boy.

Eva. Jeſhu! Maſter Slender, cannot you ſee but mar- y boys?

Page. O, I am vex'd at heart. What ſhall I do?

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry; I knew of ur purpoſe, turn'd my daughter into green, and in-

deed ſhe is now with the Doctor at the Deanry, and there married.

SCENE VII. *Enter Caius.*

Caius. Ver is Miſtreſs Page? by gar, I am cozen'd; I ha' marry'd one garſoon, a boy; one peaſant, by gar; a boy; it is not Anne Page; by gar, I am cozen'd.

Mrs. Page. Why? did you not take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy; be gar, I'll raiſe all Windſor.

Ford. This is ſtrange! who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart miſgives me; here comes Mr. Fenton.

Enter Fenton, and Anne Page.

How now, Mr. Fenton;

Anne. Pardon, good father; good my mother, pardon.

Page. Now, Miſtreſs, how chance you went not with Mr. Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with Mr. Doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her: hear the truth of it.
You would have married her moſt ſhamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, ſhe and I long ſince contracted,
Are now ſo ſure, that nothing can diſſolve us.
The offence is holy, that ſhe hath committed;
And this deceit loſes the name of craft,
Of diſobedience, or unduteous title;
Since therein ſhe doth evitate and ſhun
A thouſand irreligious curſed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedy.
In love, the heav'ns themſelves do guide the ſtate;
Money buys lands, and wives are ſold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a ſpecial ſtand to ſtrike at me, that your arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, Heav'n give thee joy.
What cannot be eſchew'd, muſt be embrac'd.

Eva. I will alſo dance and eat plums at your wedding.

Fal.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all ſorts of deer are chas'd.
Mrs. Page. Well, I will muſe no further. Mr. Fenton,
Heav'n give you many, many merry days!
Good huſband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this ſport o'er by a country-fire,
Sir John and all.
Ford. Let it be ſo:——Sir John,
To Maſter Brook you yet ſhall hold your word;
For he to-night ſhall lie with Miſtreſs Ford.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

MEASURE FOR MEASURE *,

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VINCENTIO, *Duke of Vienna.*
Angelo, *Lord-deputy in the Duke's abſence.*
Eſcalus *an ancient Lord, joined with Angelo in the deputation.*
Claudio, *a young gentleman.*
Lucio, *a fantaſtic.*
Two Gentlemen.
Varrius, *a gentleman, ſervant to the Duke.*
Provoſt.
Thomas, } *two Friars.*
Peter, }
A Juſtice.
Elbow, *a ſimple conſtable.*
Froth, *a fooliſh gentleman.*
Clown, *ſervant to Mrs. Overdone.*
Abhorſon, *an executioner.*
Barnarbine, *a diſſolute priſoner.*
Iſabella, *ſiſter to Claudio.*
Mariana, *betrothed to Angelo.*
Juliet, *beloved of Claudio.*
Franciſca, *a nun,*
Miſtreſs Overdone, *a bawd.*
Guards, Officers, and other attendants.

SCENE, Vienna.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Duke's palace.

Enter Duke, Eſculas, and Lords.

Duke. ESCALUS,——
Eſcal. My Lord.
Duke Of government the properties t' unfold,
Would ſeem in me t' affect ſpeech and diſcourſe.
Since I am not to know, that your own ſcience
Exceeds, in that, the liſts of all advice
My ſtrength can give you: then no more remains:
Put that to your ſufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's inſtitutions, and the terms

* The ſtory is taken from Cinthio's novels, December 8. vember 5. *Mr. Pope.*

Of common juſtice, y'are as pregnant in,
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our commiſſion,
From which we would not have you warp. Call hither,
I ſay, bid come before us Angelo:
What figure of us, think you, he will bear?
For you muſt know, we have with ſpecial roll
Elected him our abſence to ſupply;
Lent him our terror, dreſs'd him with our love;
And giv'n his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: ſay, what think you of it?

Eſcal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo ſuch ample grace and honour,
It is Lord Angelo.

SCENE II. *Enter Angelo.*

Duke. Look where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your Grace's will,
I come to know your pleaſure.

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That to th' obſerver doth thy hiſtory
Fully unfold: thyſelf and thy belongings
Are not thine own ſo proper, as to waſte
Thyſelf upon thy virtues; they on thee.
Heav'n doth with us, as we with torches do,
Not light them for themſelves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine iſſues: nor Nature never lends
The ſmalleſt ſcruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddeſs, ſhe determines
Herſelf the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and uſe. But I do bend my ſpeech
To one that can my part in him advertiſe;
Hold therefore, Angelo;
In our remove, be thou at full ourſelf.
Mortality and Mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart; old Eſcalus,
Though firſt in queſtion, is thy ſecondary.
Take thy commiſſion.

Ang. Now, good my Lord,

Let there be ſome more teſt made of my metal,
Before ſo noble and ſo great a figure
Be ſtamp'd upon it.

Duke. Come, no more evaſion:
We have with a prepar'd and level'd choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haſte from hence is of ſo quick condition,
That it prefers itſelf, and leaves unqueſtion'd
Matters of needful value. We ſhall write to you,
As time and our concernings ſhall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befal you here. So, fare you well.
To th' hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commiſſions.

Ang. Yet give me leave, my Lord,
That we may bring you ſomething on the way.

Duke. My haſte may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any ſcruple; your ſcope is as mine own,
So to inforce, or qualify the laws,
As to your ſoul ſeems good. Give me your hand;
I'll privily away. I love the people;
But do not like to ſtage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not reliſh well
Their loud applauſe, and *Ave's* vehement:
Nor do I think the man of ſafe diſcretion,
[illegible]t does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

[illegible]*ng.* The Heav'ns give ſafety to your purpoſes!

Eſcal. Lead forth and bring you back in happineſs!

Duke. I thank you, fare you well. [*Ex*[illegible]

Eſcal. I ſhall deſire you, Sir, to give me leave
To have free ſpeech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A pow'r I have, but of what ſtrength and nature
I am not yet inſtructed.

Ang. 'Tis ſo with me: let us withdraw together,
And we may ſoon our ſatisfaction have
Touching that point.

Eſcal. I'll wait upon your Honour. [*Exeu*[illegible]

SCEN[illegible]

SCENE III. *The Street.*

Enter Lucio, and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the Duke, with the other Dukes, come not to compoſition with the King of Hungary, why, then all the Dukes fall upon the King.

1 *Gent.* Heav'n grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's!

2 *Gent.* Amen.

Lucio. Thou conclud'ſt like the ſanctimonious pirate, that went to ſea with the ten commandments, but ſcrap'd one out of the table.

2 *Gent.* Thou ſhalt not ſteal.———

Lucio. Ay, that he raz'd.

1 *Gent.* Why, 'twas a commandment to command the Captain and all the reſt from their functions; they put forth to ſteal; there's not a ſoldier of us all, that, in the thankſgiving before meat, does reliſh the petition well that prays for peace.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any ſoldier diſlike it.

Lucio. I believe thee: for I think thou never waſt where grace was ſaid.

2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at leaſt.

1 *Gent.* What, in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay, why not? Grace is grace, deſpight of all controverſy; as for example, thou thyſelf art a wicked villain, deſpight of all grace.

1 *Gent.* Well; there went but a pair of ſheers between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may be between the liſts and the velvet. Thou art the liſt.

1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet; thou art good velvet; thou'rt a three-pil'd piece. I warrant thee: I had as lief be a liſt of an Engliſh kerſey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet. Do I ſpeak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou doſt; and indeed with moſt painful feeling of thy ſpeech: I will, out of thine own confeſſion, learn to begin thy health; but, whilſt I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 Gent.

1 *Gent.* I think I have done myſelf wrong, have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou haſt: whether thou art tainted, or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes.

1 *Gent.* I have purchas'd as many diſeaſes under her roof, as come to———

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray?

1 *Gent.* Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thouſand dollars * a-year.

1 *Gent.* Ay and more.

Lucio. A French crown more †.

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diſeaſes in me; but thou art full of error; I am ſound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would ſay healthy; but ſo ſound, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; impiety hath made a feaſt of thee.

SCENE XI. *Enter Bawd.*

1 *Gent.* How now? which of your hips has the moſt profound ſciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arreſted, and carry'd to priſon, was worth five thouſand of you all.

1 *Gent.* Who's that, I pr'ythee?

Bawd. Marry, Sir, that's Claudio; Signior Claudio.

1 *Gent.* Claudio to priſon? 'tis not ſo.

Bawd. Nay, but I know 'tis ſo; I ſaw him arreſted; ſaw him carry'd away; and, which is more, within theſe three days his head is to be chopt off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it ſo. Art thou ſure of this?

Bawd. I am too ſure of it; and it is for getting Madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me this may be: he promiſed to meet me two hours ſince, and he was ever preciſe in promiſe-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Beſides, you know it draws ſomething near to the ſpeech we had to ſuch a purpoſe.

1 *Gent.*

* A quibble intended between dollars and dolours.

† Alluding to the veneral ſcab upon the head, called corona veneris.

1 *Gent.* But moſt of all agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away, let's go learn the truth of it. [*Exit.*

Manet Bawd.

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the ſweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am cuſtom-ſhrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

SCENE V. *Enter Clown.*

Clown. Yonder man is carry'd to priſon.

Bawd. Well; what has he done?

Clown. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clown. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What? is there a maid with child by him?

Clown No; but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clown. All houſes in the ſuburbs of Vienna muſt be pluck'd down.

Bawd. And what ſhall become of thoſe in the city?

Clown. They ſhall ſtand for ſeed; they had gone down too, but that a wiſe burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But ſhall all our houſes of reſort in the ſuburbs be pull'd down?

Clown. To the ground, Miſtreſs.

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth; what ſhall become of me?

Clown. Come, fear not you; good counſellors lack no clients; though you change your place, you need not change your trade: I'll be your tapſter ſtill. Courage, there will be pity taken on you; you that have worn your eyes almoſt out in the ſervice, you will be conſidered.

Bawd. What's to do here, Thomas Tapſter? let's away.

Clown. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the Provoſt to priſon; and there's Madam Juliet.

[*Exeunt Bawd and Clown.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter Provoſt, Claudio, Juliet, and officers. Lucio, and two Gentlemen.

Claud. Fellow, why doſt thou ſhow me thus to th' world?
Bear me to priſon, where I am committed.
Prov. I do it not in evil diſpoſition,
But from Lord Angelo by ſpecial charge.
Claud. Thus can the demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down, for our offence, by weight.
The words of. Heav'n; on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, ſo; yet ſtill 'tis juſt.
Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this reſtraint?
Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
As ſurfeit is the father of much faſt;
So ev'ry ſcope, by the immod'rate uſe,
Turns to reſtraint: our natures do purſue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirſty evil; and when we drink, we die.
Lucio. If I could ſpeak ſo wiſely under an arreſt, I would ſend for certain of my creditors; and yet, to ſay the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality of impriſonment. What's thy offence, Claudio?
Claud. What, but to ſpeak of, would offend again.
Lucio. What is't, murder?
Claud. No.
Lucio. Letchery?
Claud. Call it ſo.
Prov. Away, Sir, you muſt go.
Claud. One word, good friend.——Lucio, a word with you.
Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good. Is letchery ſo look'd after?
Claud. Thus ſtands it with me; upon a true contract
I got poſſeſſion of Julietta's bed,
You know the lady,) ſhe is faſt my wife;
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order. This we came not to,

Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
Till time had made them for us. But it chances,
The ſtealth of our moſt mutual entertainment,
With character too groſs, is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even ſo.
And the new deputy now for the Duke,
(Whether it be the fault, and glimpſe, of newneſs;
Or whether that the body-public be
A horſe whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the ſeat, that it may know
He can command, lets it ſtraight feel the ſpur;
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I ſtagger in:) but this new governor
Awakes me all th' enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unſcour'd armour, hung by th' wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowſy and neglected act
Freſhly in me; 'tis ſurely for a name.

Lucio. I warrant it is; and thy head ſtands ſo tickle on thy ſhoulders, that a milk-maid, if ſhe be in love, may ſigh it off. Send after the Duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done ſo, but he's not to be found.
I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this kind ſervice:
This day my ſiſter ſhould the cloiſter enter,
And there receive her approbation.
Acquaint her with the danger of my ſtate,
Implore her, in my voice, that ſhe make friends
To the ſtrict deputy; bid herſelf aſſay him;
I have great hope in that; for in her youth
There is a prone and ſpeechleſs dialect,
ch as moves men! beſide, ſhe hath proſp'rous art:
n ſhe will play with reaſon and diſcourſe,
well ſhe can perſuade.
io. I pray ſhe may; as well for the encourage-
of the like, which elſe would ſtand under grievous
ion; as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would

be

be ſorry ſhould be thus fooliſhly loſt at a game of ti tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours,——

Claud. Come, officer, away. [*Exe*

SCENE VII. *A Monaſtery.*

Enter Duke, and Friar Thomas.

Duke. No; holy father, throw away that thought; Believe not, that the dribbling dart of love Can pierce a complete boſom; why I deſire thee To give me ſecret harbour, hath a purpoſe More grave, and wrinkled, than the aims and ends Of burning youth.

Fri. May your Grace ſpeak of it?

Duke. My holy Sir, none better knows than you, How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd; And held in idle price to haunt aſſemblies, Where youth, and coſt, and witleſs bravery keeps. I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo (A man of ſtricture and firm abſtinence) My abſolute pow'r and place here in Vienna; And he ſuppoſes me travell'd to Poland; For ſo I've ſtrew'd it in the common ear, And ſo it is receiv'd: now, pious Sir, You will demand of me, why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my Lord.

Duke. We have ſtrict ſtatutes and moſt biting laws, (The needful bits and curbs for head-ſtrong ſteeds,) Which for theſe nineteen years we have let ſleep; Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave, That goes not out to prey: now, as fond fathers Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch, Only to ſtick it in their children's ſight, For terror, not to uſe; in time the rod Becomes more mock'd, than fear'd: ſo our decrees, Dead to infliction, to themſelves are dead; And Liberty plucks Juſtice by the noſe; The baby beats the nurſe, and quite athwart Goes all decorum.

Fri. It reſted in your Grace,

T'unbid

looſe this ti'd-up juſtice when you pleas'd:
t in you more dreadful would have ſeem'd,
in Lord Angelo.
ke. I do fear, too dreadful.
twas my fault to give the people ſcope,
uld be my tyranny to ſtrike and gall them,
hat I bid them do. For we bid this be done,
evil deeds have their permiſſive paſs,
not the puniſhment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
on Angelo impos'd the office:
may, in th' ambuſh of my name, ſtrike home,
yet my nature never in the fight
in ſlander: and, to behold his ſway,
, as 'twere a brother of your order,
both prince and people; therefore, pr'ythee,
ly me with the habit, and inſtruct me
I may formally in perſon bear,
a true friar. More reaſons for this action
ore leiſure ſhall I render you;
, this one:—Lord Angelo is preciſe;
nds at a guard with envy; ſcarce confeſſes
at his blood flows, or that his appetite
more to bread than ſtone:" hence ſhall we ſee,
w'r change purpoſe, what our ſeemers be. [*Exe.*

SCENE VIII. *A nunnery.*

Enter Iſabella and Franciſca.

ib. And have you nuns no further privileges?
un. Are not theſe large enough?
b. Yes, truly; I ſpeak not as deſiring more;
rather wiſhing a more ſtrict reſtraint
the ſiſterhood, the votariſts of Saint Clare.
ucio. [*within.*] Hoa! peace be in this place!
ib. Who's that, which calls?
un. It is a man's voice: gentle Iſabella,
you the key, and know his buſineſs of him:
may; I may not; you are yet unſworn.
n you have vow'd, you muſt not ſpeak with men,
in the preſence of the Prioreſs:
, if you ſpeak, you muſt not ſhew your face;
you ſhew your face, you muſt not ſpeak.

He calls again; I pray you anſwer him. [*Exit. Franc.*

Iſab. Peace and proſperity! who is't that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, (if you be,) as thoſe cheek-roſes
Proclaim you are no leſs; can you ſo ſtead me,
As bring me to the ſight of Iſabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair ſiſter
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

Iſab. Why her unhappy brother? let me aſk
The rather, for I now muſt make you know
I am that Iſabella, and his ſiſter.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you;
Not to be weary with you, he's in priſon.

Iſab. Wo me! for what?

Lucio. For that, which if myſelf might be his judge,
He ſhould receive his puniſhment in thanks;
He hath got his friend with child.

Iſab. Sir, make me not your ſtory.

Lucio. 'Tis true:—I would not, [tho' 'tis my familiar ſin]
With maids to ſeem the lapwing *, and to jeſt,
Tongue far from heart) play with all virgins ſo,
I hold you as a thing en-ſky'd and ſainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal ſpirit,
And to be talk'd with in ſincerity,
As with a ſaint.

Iſab. You do blaſpheme the good, in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewneſs and truth, 'tis thus.
Your brother and his lover having embrac'd;
As thoſe that feed, grow full; as bloſſoming time
That from the ſeedneſs the bare fallow brings
To teeming foyſon: ſo her plenteous womb
Expreſſeth his full tilth and huſbandry.

Iſab. Some one with child by him?—my couſin Juliet?

Lucio. Is ſhe your couſin?

Iſab. Adoptedly, as ſchool-maids change their names,
By vain, tho' apt, affection.

Lucio.

* The lapwing flies ſo low, and ſo near the paſſenger, that he thinks he has it, and then is ſuddenly gone again. Hence it is uſed as a proverbial expreſſion to ſignify a lover's falſehood.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her!

Lucio. This is the point.

The Duke is very ſtrangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myſelf being one,
In hand and hope of action; but we learn,
By thoſe that know the very nerves of ſtate,
His givings out were of an infinite diſtance
From his true meant deſign. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs Lord Angelo; a man whoſe blood
Is very ſnow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton ſtings and motions of the ſenſe;
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, ſtudy, and faſt.
He (to give fear to uſe and liberty,
Which have long time run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions) hath pick'd out an act,
Under whoſe heavy ſenſe your brother's life
Falls into forfeit; he arreſts him on it,
And follows cloſe the rigour of the ſtatute,
To make him an example: all hope's gone,
Unleſs you have the grace by your fair prayer
To ſoften Angelo; and that's my pith of buſineſs
'Twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he ſo
Seek his life?

Lucio. H'as cenſur'd him already;
And, as I hear, the Provoſt hath a warrant
For's execution.

Isab. Alas! what poor
Ability's in me, to do him good?

Lucio. Aſſay the power you have.

Isab. My power? Alas! I doubt.

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors;
And make us loſe the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens ſue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as truly theirs,
As they themſelves would owe them.

Isab. I'll ſee what I can do.

Lucio. But, ſpeedily.

Iſab. I will about it ſtraight;
No longer ſtaying, but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you;
Commend me to my brother: ſoon at night
I'll ſend him certain word of my ſucceſs.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Iſab. Good Sir, adieu. [*Exeunt*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The palace.

Enter Angelo, Eſcalus, a Juſtice, and attendants.

Ang. WE muſt not make a ſcarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one ſhape, till cuſtom make it
Their pearch, and not their terror.

Eſcal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruiſe to death. Alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would ſave, had a moſt noble father:
Let but your Honour know,
Whom I believe to be moſt ſtrait in virtue,
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wiſhing,
Or that the reſolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd th' effect of your own purpoſe;
Whether you had not ſome time in your life
Err'd in this point, which now you cenſure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Eſcalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, paſſing on the priſoner's life,
May in the ſworn twelve have a thief or two,
Guiltier than him they try: what's open made to juſtice,
That juſtice ſeizes on. What know the laws,
That thieves do paſs on thieves? 'tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we ſtoop and take't,
Becauſe we ſee it: but what we do not ſee,
We tread upon, and never think of it.

You

You may not ſo extenuate his offence,
For I have had ſuch faults; but rather tell me,
When I that cenſure him, do ſo offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he muſt die.

Enter Provoſt.

Eſcal. Be't as your wiſdom will.

Ang. Where is the Provoſt?

Prov. Here, if it like your Honour.

Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning.
Bring him his confeſſor, let him be prepar'd;
For that's the utmoſt of his pilgrimage.——

[*Exit Prov.*

Eſcal. Well, heav'n forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some riſe by ſin, and ſome by virtue fall:
Some run through brakes of vice, and anſwer none;
And ſome condemned for a fault alone.

SCENE II.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, and officers.

Elb. Come, bring them away; if theſe be good people in a common-weal, that do nothing but uſe their abuſes in common houſes, I know no law; bring them away.

Ang. How, now, Sir, what's your name; and what's the matter?

Elb. If it pleaſe your Honour, I am the poor Duke's conſtable, and my name is Elbow; I do lean upon juſtice, Sir, and do bring in here, before your good Honour, two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? well; what benefactors are they? Are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it pleaſe your Honour, I know not well what they are; but preciſe villains they are, that I am ſure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good Chriſtians ought to have.

Eſcal. This comes off well; here's a wiſe officer.

Ang. Go to: what quality are they of? Elbow is your name? why doſt thou not ſpeak, Elbow?

Clown. He cannot, Sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, Sir?

Elb. He, Sir? a tapſter, Sir; parcel-bawd; one that ſerves a bad woman; whoſe houſe, Sir, was, as they ſay, pluck'd down in the ſuburbs; and now ſhe profeſſes a hot-houſe; which, I think, is a very ill houſe too.

Eſcal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, Sir, whom I deteſt before heav'n and your Honour,———

Eſcal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, Sir; whom, I thank heav'n, is an honeſt woman;———

Eſcal. Doſt thou deteſt her therefore?

Elb. I ſay, Sir, I will deteſt myſelf alſo, as well as ſhe, that this houſe, if it be not a bawd's houſe, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty houſe.

Eſcal. How doſt thou know that, Conſtable?

Elb. Marry, Sir, by my wife; who, if ſhe had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accuſed for fornication, adultery, and all uncleanneſs there.

Eſcal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, Sir, by Miſtreſs Overdone's means; but ſhe ſpit in his face, ſo ſhe defy'd him.

Clown. Sir, if it pleaſe you Honour, this is not ſo.

Elb. Prove it before theſe varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Eſcal. Do you hear how he miſplaces?

Clown. "Sir, ſhe came in great with child; and "longing (ſaving your Honour's reverence) for ſtew'd "prewns; Sir, we had but two in the houſe, which at "that very diſtant time ſtood, as it were, in a fruit-"diſh, a diſh of ſome threepence: (your Honours have ſeen ſuch diſhes: they are not China diſhes, but very good diſhes.")

Eſcal. Go to, go to: no matter for the diſh, Sir.

Clown. "No, indeed, Sir, not of a pin: you are "therein in the right. But to the point: As I ſay, "this Miſtreſs Elbow, being, as I ſay, with child, and "being great-belly'd, and longing, as I ſaid, for "prewns: and having but two in the diſh, as I ſaid: "Maſter Froth here, this very man, having eaten the

"reſt,

" reſt, as I ſaid, and, as I ſay, paying for them very ho-
" neſtly; for, as you know, Maſter Froth, I could not
" give you threepence again."

Froth. No, indeed.

Clown. " Very well; you being then, if you be re-
" membered, cracking the ſtones of the foreſaid prewns."

Froth. Ay, ſo I did, indeed.

Clown. " Why, very well; I telling you then, if you
" be remember'd, that ſuch a one, and ſuch a one, were
" paſt cure of the thing you wot of, unleſs they kept ve-
" ry good diet, as I told you."

Froth. All this is true.

Clown. " Why, very well then."

Eſcal. Come, you are a tedious fool; to the purpoſe. What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cauſe to complain of? come to what was done to her.

Clown. " Sir, your Honour cannot come to that yet."

Eſcal. No, Sir, nor I mean it not.

Clown. " Sir, but you ſhall come to it, by your Ho-
" nour's leave; and, I beſeech you, look into Maſter
" Froth here, Sir, a man of fourſcore pound a-year,
" whoſe father di'd at Hallowmas. Was't not at Hal-
" lowmas, Maſter Froth?"

Froth. All-holland eve.

Clown. " Why, very well; I hope here be truths.
" He, Sir, ſitting, as I ſay, in a lower chair, Sir, 'twas
" in the bunch of grapes, where, indeed, you have a
" delight to ſit; have you not?"

Froth. I have ſo; becauſe it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clown. " Why, very well then; I hope here be
" truths."

Ang. This will laſt out a night in Ruſſia,
When nights are longeſt there. I'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cauſe,
Hoping you'll find good cauſe to whip them all.

SCENE III.

Eſcal. I think no leſs. Good morrow to your Lord-
ſhip. [*Exit Angelo.*
Now, Sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife,
once more?

Clown.

Clown. Once, Sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beſeech you, Sir, aſk him what this man did to my wife.

Clown. I beſeech your Honour, aſk me.

Eſcal. Well, Sir, what did this gentleman to her?

Clown. I beſeech you, Sir, look in this gentleman's face; good Maſter Froth, look upon his Honour; 'tis for a good purpoſe: doth your Honour mark his face?

Eſcal. Ay, Sir, very well.

Clown. Nay, I beſeech you, mark it well.

Eſcal. Well, I do ſo.

Clown. Doth your Honour ſee any harm in his face?

Eſcal. Why, no.

Clown. I'll be ſuppos'd upon a book, his face is the worſt thing about him: good then; if his face be the worſt thing about him, how could Maſter Froth do the Conſtable's wife any harm? I would know that of your Honour.

Eſcal. He's in the right; Conſtable, what ſay you to it?

Elb. Firſt, an' it like you, the houſe is a reſpected houſe; next, this is a reſpected fellow; and his miſtreſs is a reſpected woman.

Clown. By this hand, Sir, his wife is a more reſpected perſon than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou lieſt; thou lieſt, wicked varlet; the time is yet to come, that ſhe was ever reſpected with man, woman, or child.

Clown. Sir, ſhe was reſpected with him before he marry'd with her.

Eſcal. Which is the wiſer here? *Juſtice*, or *Iniquity*? ——Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff? O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal *! I reſpected with her, before I was marry'd to her! If ever I was reſpected with her, or ſhe with me, let not your worſhip think me the poor Duke's officer. Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Eſcal. If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of ſlander too.

Elb.

* He means to ſay *Animal*.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good Worſhip for't: what is't your Worſhip's pleaſure I ſhall do with this wicked caitiff?

Eſcal. Truly, officer, becauſe he hath ſome offences in him, that thou wouldſt diſcover if thou couldſt, let him continue in his courſes, till thou know'ſt what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your Worſhip for it? thou ſeeſt, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee. Thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Eſcal. Where were you born, friend? [*To Froth.*

Froth. Here in Vienna, Sir.

Eſcal. Are you of fourſcore pounds a-year?

Froth. Yes, an't pleaſe you, Sir.

Eſcal. So. What trade are you of, Sir? [*To the Clown.*

Clown. A tapſter, a poor widow's tapſter.

Eſcal. Your Miſtreſs's name?

Clown. Miſtreſs Overdone.

Eſcal. Hath ſhe had any more than one huſband?

Clown. Nine, Sir: Overdone by the laſt.

Eſcal. Nine? Come hither to me, Maſter Froth. Maſter Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapſters: they will draw you, Maſter Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your Worſhip; for mine own part, I never come into any room in a tap-houſe, but I am drawn in.

Eſcal. Well; no more of it, Maſter Froth; farewell. [*Exit Froth.*

SCENE IV.

Come you hither to me, Maſter Tapſter; what's your name, Maſter Tapſter?

Clown. Pompey.

Eſcal. What elſe?

Clown. Bum, Sir.

Eſcal. Troth, and your bum is the greateſt thing about you; ſo that, in the beaſtlieſt ſenſe, you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey;

pey; howſoever you colour in it being a tapſter; are not? Come tell me true, it ſhall be the better for you

Clown. Truly, Sir, I am a poor fellow that w live.

Eſcal. How would you live, Pompey? by bein bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? a lawful trade?

Clown. If the law will allow it, Sir.

Eſcal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; n ſhall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clown. Does your Worſhip mean to geld and ſpa the youth in the city?

Eſcal. No, Pompey.

Clown. Truly, Sir, in my poor opinion, they will then. If your Worſhip will take order for the c and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Eſcal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can you: it is but heading and hanging.

Clown. If you head and hang all that offend that but for ten years together, you'll be glad to give o commiſſion for more heads: if this law hold in Vi ten years, I'll rent the faireſt houſe in it, after threep a bay: if you live to ſee this come to paſs, ſay, Por told you ſo.

Eſcal. Thank you, good Pompey; and in requit your prophecy, hark you; I adviſe you, let me not you before me again upon any complaint whatſoever not for dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey, I beat you to your tent, and prove a ſhrewd Cæſar to In plain dealing, Pompey, I ſhall have you whipt: f this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Clown. I thank your Worſhip for your good co but I ſhall follow it, as the fleſh and fortune ſhall t determine.

Whip me? no, no; let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade.

[

SC

SCENE V.

Escal. Come hither to me, Master Elbow; come hither, Master Constable: how long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven years and a half, Sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time: you say seven years together?

Elb. And a half, Sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you; they do you wrong to put you so off upon't: are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, Sir, few of any wit in such matters; as they are chosen, they are glad to chuse me for them. I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your Worship's house, Sir?

Escal. To my house; fare you well. What's o'clock, think you? [*Exit Elbow.*

Just. Eleven, Sir.

Escal. I pray, you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio;
But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful:
Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:
But yet, poor Claudio! there's no remedy.
Come, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Enter Provost, and a Servant.*

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight; I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do; I'll know
His pleasure; 't may be he'll relent; alas!
He hath but as offended in a dream:
All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he
To die for it!——

Enter

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, Provoſt?
Prov. Is it your will Claudio ſhall die to-morrow?
Ang. Did not I tell thee, yea? hadſt thou not order?
Why doſt thou aſk again?
Prov. Leſt I might be too raſh.
Under your good correction, I have ſeen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.
Ang. Go to; let that be mine,
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you ſhall well be ſpar'd.
Prov. I crave your pardon.
What ſhall be done, Sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She's very near her hour.
Ang. Diſpoſe of her
To ſome more fitting place, and that with ſpeed.
Serv. Here is the ſiſter of the man condemn'd,
Deſires acceſs to you.
Ang. Hath he a ſiſter?
Prov. Ay, my good Lord, a very virtuous maid,
And to be ſhortly of a ſiſterhood,
If not already.
Ang. Well; let her be admitted. [*Exit Servant.*
See you the fornicatreſs be remov'd;
Let her have needful, but not laviſh, means;
There ſhall be order for it.

SCENE VII. *Enter Lucio and Iſabella.*

Prov. 'Save your honour.
Ang. Stay yet a while.——Y'are welcome; what's your will?
Iſab. I am a woful ſuitor to your Honour,
Pleaſe but your Honour hear me.
Ang. Well; what's your ſuit?
Iſab. There is a vice that moſt I do abhor,
And moſt deſire ſhould meet the blow of juſtice;
For which I would not plead, but that I muſt;
For which I muſt not plead, but that I am
At war, 'twixt will, and will not.
Ang. Well; the matter?

Iſab.

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die;
do beſeech you, let it be his fault,
nd not my brother.
Prov. Heav'n give thee moving graces!
Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done;
ine were the very cypher of a function,
o find the faults, whoſe fine ſtands in record,
nd let go by the actor.
Isab. O juſt, but ſevere law!
had a brother then;——Heaven keep your honour!
Lucio. Give not o'er ſo: to him again, intreat him,
neel down before him, hang upon his gown;
ou are too cold; if you ſhould need a pin,
ou could not with more tame a tongue deſire it.
o him, I ſay.
Isab. Muſt he needs die?
Ang. Maiden, no remedy.
Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him;
nd neither Heav'n nor man grieve at the mercy.
Ang. I will not do't.
Isab. But can you, if you would?
Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.
Isab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,
ſo your heart were touch'd with that remorſe,
s mine is to him?
Ang. He's ſentenc'd; 'tis too late.
Lucio. You are too cold.
Isab. Too late? why, no; I that do ſpeak a word,
ay call it back again: well believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the King's crown, nor the deputed ſword,
The Marſhal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half ſo good a grace,
As mercy does." If he had been as you,
nd you as he, you would have ſlipt like him;
ut he, like you, would not have been ſo ſtern.
Ang. Pray you, be gone.
Isab. I wou'd to Heav'n I had your potency,
nd you were Iſabel; ſhould it then be thus?
o; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
nd what a priſoner.

Lucio. Ay, touch him; there's the vein.
Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waſte your words.
Iſab. Alas! alas!
" Why, all the ſouls that are, were forfeit once:
" And he that might the vantage beſt have took,
" Found out the remedy. How would you be,
" If he, which is the top of judgment, ſhould
" But judge you as you are? Oh, think on that;
" And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
" Like man new made."
Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother.
Were he my kinſman, brother, or my ſon,
It ſhould he thus with him; he dies to-morrow.
Iſab. To-morrow, Oh! that's ſudden. Spare
ſpare him.
He's not prepar'd for death: even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of ſeaſon; ſhall we ſerve Heav'n
With leſs reſpect, than we do miniſter
To our groſs ſelves? Good, good my Lord, bethink
Who is it that hath di'd for this offence?
There's many have committed it.
Lucio. Ay, well ſaid.
Ang. The law hath not been dead, tho' it hath
Thoſe many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the firſt man that did th' edict infringe,
Had anſwer'd for his deed. Now, 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glaſs that ſhews what future evils,
Or new, or by remiſſneſs new-conceiv'd,
And ſo in progreſs to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no ſucceſſive degrees;
But ere they live, to end.
Iſab. Yet ſhew ſome pity.
Ang. " I ſhew it moſt of all, when I ſhew juſtic
" For then I pity thoſe I do not know;
" Which a dimiſs'd offence would after gall;"
And do him right, that, anſwering one foul wrong
Lives not to act another. Be ſatisfy'd;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.
Iſab. So you muſt be the firſt that gives this ſent

And he, that ſuffers; oh, 'tis excellent
To have a giant's ſtrength; but it is tyrannous
To uſe it like a giant.
Lucio. That's well ſaid.
Iſab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himſelf does, Jove would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting, petty officer
Would uſe his heav'n for thunder;
'Nothing but thunder. Merciful Heav'n!
'Thou rather with thy ſharp and ſulph'rous bolt
'Split'ſt the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
'Than the ſoft myrtle: O, but man! proud man,
'Dreſs'd in a little brief authority,
'Moſt ignorant of what he's moſt aſſur'd,
'His glaſſy eſſence, like an angry ape,
'Plays ſuch fantaſtic tricks before high heav'n,
'As makes the angels weep; who, with our ſpleens,
'Would all themſelves laugh mortal.'
Lucio. Oh, to him, to him, wench; he will relent;
He's coming: I perceive't.
Prov. Pray Heav'n ſhe win him!
Iſab. We cannot weigh our brother with yourſelf:
Great men may jeſt with ſaints; 'tis wit in them;
But, in the leſs, foul profanation.
Lucio. Thou'rt right, girl; more o' that.
Iſab. That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the ſoldier is flat blaſphemy.
Lucio. Art avis'd o' that? more on't.
Ang. Why do you put theſe ſayings upon me?
Iſab. Becauſe authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itſelf,
That ſkins the vice o' th' top: go to your boſom;
Knock there, and aſk your heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault; if it confeſs
A natural guiltineſs, ſuch as is his,
Let it not ſound a thought upon your tongue
Againſt my brother's life.
Ang. She ſpeaks, and 'tis ſuch ſenſe,
That my ſenſe bleeds with it. Fare you well.
Iſab. Gentle, my Lord, turn back.
Ang. I will bethink me; come again to-morrow.

Iſab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: good my Lord, tu
back.

Ang. How? bribe me?

Iſab. Ay, with ſuch gifts, that Heav'n ſhall ſha
with you.

Lucio. You had marr'd all elſe.

Iſab. Not with fond ſhekles of the teſted gold,
Or ſtones, whoſe rate are either rich, or poor,
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
That ſhall be up at heav'n, and enter there,
Ere ſun-riſe: prayers from preſerved ſouls,
From faſting maids, whoſe minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well; come to-morrow.

Lucio. Go to; 'tis well; away.

Iſab. Heav'n keep your honour ſafe!

Ang. Amen.
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers croſs.

Iſab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your Lordſhip?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Iſab. 'Save your Honour!

[*Exeunt Lucio and Iſabe*

SCENE VIII.

Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue.
What's this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine?
" The tempter, or the tempted, who ſins moſt?
" Not ſhe; nor doth ſhe tempt; but it is I,
" That, lying by the violet in the ſun,
" Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
" Corrupt with virtuous ſeaſon. Can it be,
" That modeſty may more betray our ſenſe,
" Than woman's lightneſs? having waſte ground enoug
" Shall we deſire to raze the ſanctuary,
" And pitch our evils there? Oh, fie, fie, fie!"
What doſt thou? or what art thou, Angelo?
Doſt thou deſire her foully, for thoſe things
That make her good? Oh, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges ſteal themſelves. What? do I love her,

The

That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? what is't I dream on?
Oh, cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! most dangerous
" Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
" To sin in loving virtue; ne'er could the strumpet,"
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite. Ever till this very now,
When men were fond I smil'd, and wonder'd how.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IX. *Changes to a prison.*

Enter Duke, habited like a Friar, and Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, Provost! so I think you are.

Prov. I am the Provost; what's your will, good Friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bless'd order,
Come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison; do me the common right
To let me see them, and to make me know
The nature of their crimes; that I may minister
To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter Juliet.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who, falling in the flames of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report: she is with child;
And he that got it, sentenc'd: a young man
More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.
I have provided for you; stay a while, [*To Juliet.*
And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

Juliet. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be found,
Hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?
Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.
Duke. So then, it ſeems, your moſt offenceful act
Was mutually committed.
Juliet. Mutually.
Duke. Then was your ſin of heavier kind than his.
Juliet. I do confeſs it, and repent it, father.
Duke. 'Tis meet ſo, daughter; but repent you not,
As that the ſin hath brought you to this ſhame?
Which ſorrow's always tow'rds ourſelves, not Heav'n
Shewing, we'd not ſeek heaven, as we love it,
But as we ſtand in fear.
Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil;
And take the ſhame with joy.
Duke. There reſt.
Your partner, as I hear, muſt die to-morrow,
And I am going with inſtruction to him;
So, grace go with you! *benedicite.* [*Exit.*
Juliet. Muſt die to-morrow! oh, injurious love,
That reſpites me a life, whoſe very comfort
I ſtill a dying horror!
Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. *Changes to the palace.*

Enter Angelo.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To ſev'ral ſubjects. Heav'n hath my empty words,
Whilſt my intention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Iſabel. Heav'n's in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew its name?
And in my heart the ſtrong and ſwelling evil
Of my conception: the ſtate, whereon I ſtudied,
Is, like a good thing being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I with boot change for an idle plume
Which the air beats for vain. Oh place! oh form!
How often doſt thou with thy caſe, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiſer ſouls
To thy falſe ſeeming? blood, thou art but blood,
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn;

ɔt the devil's creſt.

Enter ſervant.

ıow, who's there?——

:. One Iſabel, a ſiſter, deſires acceſs to you.

·. Teach her the way. Oh heav'ns!
loes my blood thus muſter to my heart,
g both that unable for itſelf,
iſpoſſeſſing all my other parts
ɛeſſary fitneſs!
y the fooliſh throngs with one that ſwoons;
all to help him, and ſo ſtop the air
ich he ſhould revive: and even ſo
ɛn'ral ſubjects to a well-wiſh'd King
heir own part, and in obſequious fondneſs
l to his preſence, where their untaught love
ıeeds appear offence. How now, fair maid?

SCENE XI. *Enter Iſabella.*

. I am come to know your pleaſure.

·. That you might know it, would much better
pleaſe me,
to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

. Ev'n ſo!——Heaven keep your Honour!
[*Going.*

·. Yet may he live a while; and, it may be,
ıg as you or I; yet he muſt die.

. Under your ſentence?

·. Yea.

. When, I beſeech you? that in his reprieve,
ɪr or ſhorter, he may be ſo fitted,
ıis ſoul ſicken not.

·. Ha? fie, theſe filthy vices! 'twere as good
ɾdon him that hath from nature ſtol'n
ı already made, as to remit
ſaucy ſweetneſs, that do coin heav'n's image
nps that are forbid: 'tis all as eaſy,
· to take away a life true made,
put metal in reſtrained means,
ıke a falſe one.

. 'Tis ſet down ſo in heav'n, but not in earth.

·. And ſay you ſo? then I ſhall poſe you quickly.
had you rather, that the moſt juſt law

Now

Now took your brother's life: or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to ſuch ſweet uncleanneſs,
As ſhe that he hath ſtain'd?

Iſab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my ſoul.

Ang. I talk not of your ſoul; our compell'd ſins
Stand more for number than accompt.

Iſab. How ſay you!

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can ſpeak
Againſt the thing I ſay. Anſwer to this.
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a ſentence on your brother's life.
Might there not be a charity in ſin,
To ſave this brother's life?

Iſab. Pleaſe you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my ſoul;
It is no ſin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't at peril of your ſoul,
Were equal poize of ſin and charity.

Iſab. That I do beg his life, if it be ſin,
Heav'n, let me bear it; you, granting my ſuit,
If that be ſin, I'll make it my morn-pray'r
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your anſwer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your ſenſe purſues not mine: either you're ignorant,
Or ſeem ſo craftily; and that's not good.

Iſab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciouſly to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wiſdom wiſhes to appear moſt bright,
When it doth tax itſelf; as theſe black maſks
Proclaim an en-ſhield beauty ten times louder,
Than beauty could diſplay'd. But mark me,
To be receiv'd plain, I'll ſpeak more groſs;
Your brother is to die.

Iſab. So.

Ang. And his offence is ſo, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Iſab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to ſave his life,
(As I ſubſcribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loſs of queſtion,) that you his ſiſter,

Finding

finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-holding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this suppos'd, or else to let him suffer;
What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother as myself:
That is, were I under the terms of death,
Th' impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing I've been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way;
Better it were, a brother di'd at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then—cruel as the sentence,
That you have slander'd so?

Isab. As ignominious ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses; lawful mercy, sure,
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant,
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment, than a vice.

Isab. Oh pardon me, my Lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean.
Something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die.
If not a feodary, but only he,
Owe, and succeed by weakness!

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke, as they make forms.
Women! help heav'n; men their creation mar,
In profiting by them: nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang.

Ang. I think it well;
And from this teſtimony of your own ſex,
(Since I ſuppoſe we're made to be no ſtronger,
Than faults may ſhake our frames,) let me be bold;
I do arreſt your words: Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you're more, you're none.
If you be one, as you are well expreſs'd
By all external warrants ſhew it now,
By putting on the deſtin'd livery.

Iſab. I have no tongue, but one; gentle, my Lord,
Let me intreat you, ſpeak the formal * language.

Ang. Plainly conceive I love you.

Iſab. My brother did love Juliet;
And you tell me that he ſhall die for it.

Ang. He ſhall not, Iſabel, if you give me love.

Iſab. I know your virtue hath a licence in't,
Which ſeems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words expreſs my purpoſe.

Iſab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And moſt pernicious purpoſe! ſeeming, ſeeming!——
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:
Sign me a preſent pardon for my brother,
Or, with an out-ſtretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Iſabel?
My unſoil'd name, th' auſtereneſs of my life,
My vouch againſt you; and my place i' th' ſtate,
Will ſo your accuſation overweigh,
That you ſhall ſtifle in your own report,
And ſmell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my ſenſual race the rein.
Fit thy conſent to my ſharp appetite,
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious bluſhes,
That baniſh what they ſue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will:
Or elſe he muſt not only die the death,
But thy unkindneſs ſhall his death draw out
To ling'ring ſufferance. Anſwer me to-morrow;
Or by th' affection that now guides me moſt,

* Plain, direct.

I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can; my falſe o'erweighs your true.
[*Exit.*

Iſab. To whom ſhould I complain? did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O moſt perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the ſelf-ſame tongue.
Either of condemnation or approof*;
Bidding the law make curtſy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite;
To follow, as it draws. I'll to my brother.
Tho' he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him ſuch a mind of honour,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his ſiſter ſhould her body ſtoop
To ſuch abhorr'd pollution.
Then, Iſabel, live chaſte; and, brother, die;
More than our brother is our chaſtity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's requeſt;
And fit his mind to death, for his ſoul's reſt. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The priſon.

Enter Duke, Claudio, and Provoſt.

Duke. SO, then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?

Claud. The miſerable have no other medicine,
But only hope; I've hop'd to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be abſolute for death; or death, or life.
Shall thereby be the ſweeter. Reaſon thus with life:
'If I do loſe thee, I do loſe a thing
'That none but fools would reck; a breath thou art,
'Servile to all the ſkiey influences,
'That do this habitation, where thou keep'ſt,
'Hourly afflict; merely thou art death's fool†;
'For

Approof here is to be taken in the ſenſe of *approbation*.

† In the ſimplicity of the ancient ſhews upon our ſtage, it was common to bring in two figures, one repreſenting a *fool*, the other death

'For him thou labour'ſt by thy flight to ſhun,
'And yet runn'ſt tow'rd him ſtill. Thou art not noble:
'For, all th' accommodations that thou bear'ſt,
'Are nurs'd by baſeneſs: thou'rt by no means valiant;
'For thou doſt fear the ſoft and tender fork
'Of a poor worm. Thy beſt of reſt is ſleep,
'And that thou oft provok'ſt; yet groſsly fear'ſt
'Thy death, which is no more. Thou'rt not thyſelf;
'For thou exiſt'ſt on many a thouſand grains,
'That iſſue out of duſt. Happy thou art not;
'For what thou haſt not, ſtill thou ſtriv'ſt to get;
'And what thou haſt, forget'ſt. Thou art not certain,
'For thy complexion ſhifts to ſtrange effects,
'After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
'For, like an aſs, whoſe back with ingots bows,
'Thou bear'ſt thy heavy riches but a journey,
'And death unloadeth thee. Friend thou haſt none;
'For thy own bowels, which do call thee ſire,
'The mere effuſion of thy proper loins,
'Do curſe the *Gout*, *Serpigo* and the *Rheum*,
'For ending thee no ſooner. Thou haſt nor youth nor age,
'But as it were an after-dinner's ſleep,
'Dreaming on both; for pall'd, thy blazed youth
'Becomes aſſuaged, and doth beg the alms
'Of palſied Eld; and when thou'rt old and rich,
'Thou haſt neither heat, affection, limb, nor bounty,
'To make thy riches pleaſant. What's yet in this
'That bears the name of life? yet in this life
'Lie hid more thouſand deaths; yet death we fear,
'That makes theſe odds all even.'

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To ſue to live, I find I ſeek to die;
And, ſeeking death, find life: let it come.

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. What, ho? peace here, grace and good company!
Prov. Who's there? come in: the wiſh deſerves a welcome.

Duke.

death or fate. The turn and contrivance of the piece was to make *the fool* lay many ſtratagems to avoid death; which yet brought him *more* immediately into the jaws of it.

Duke. Dear Sir, ere long I'll visit you again.
Claud. Most holy Sir, I thank you.
Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.
Prov. And very welcome. Look, Signior, here's your sister.
Duke. Provost, a word with you.
Prov. As many as you please.
Duke. Bring them to speak where I may be conceal'd, yet hear them. [*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*

SCENE II.

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?
Isab. Why, as all comforts are; most good in deed:
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heav'n,
Intends you for his swift ambassador;
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger.
Therefore your best appointment make with speed,
To-morrow you set on.
Claud. Is there no remedy?
Isab. None, but such remedy, as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.
Claud. But is there any?
Isab. Yes, brother, you may live:
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.
Claud. Perpetual durance?
Isab. Ay, just; perpetual durance; a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determin'd scope.
Claud. But in what nature?
Isab. In such a one, as, you consenting to't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.
Claud. Let me know the point.
Isab. "Oh, I do fear thee, Claudio: and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life should'st entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corp'ral sufferance finds a pang as great,
As when a giant dies."

Claud. Why give you me this ſhame?
Think you I can a reſolution fetch
From flow'ry tenderneſs? If I muſt die,
I will encounter darkneſs as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Iſab. "There ſpake my brother; there my father's grave
"Did utter forth a voice." Yes, thou muſt die;
Thou art too noble to conſerve a life
In baſe appliances. This outward-fainted deputy,
Whoſe ſettled viſage and delib'rate word
Nips youth i' th' head; and follies doth emmew,
As faulcon doth the fowl; is yet a devil:
His filth within being caſt, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The prieſtly Angelo?

Iſab. Oh, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'ſt body to inveſt and cover
In prieſtly guards. Doſt thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'ſt be freed?

Claud. Oh, heavens! it cannot be.

Iſab. Yes, he would give thee for this rank offence,
So to offend him ſtill. This night's the time
That I ſhould do what I abhor to name,
Or elſe thou di'ſt to-morrow.

Claud. Thou ſhalt not do't.

Iſab. Oh, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, deareſt Iſabel.

Iſab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by th' noſe,
When he would force it? Sure it is no ſin;
Or of the deadly ſeven it is the leaſt.

Iſab. Which is the leaſt?

Claud. If it were damnable, he being ſo wiſe,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd? Oh Iſabel!

Iſab. What ſays my brother?

Claud. Death's a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. 'Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine howling; 'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury, imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death."

Isab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live;
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. Oh, you beast!
O, faithless coward! oh, dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heav'n grant, my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance,
Die, perish! might my only bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death;
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. Oh, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade;
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd;
'Tis best that thou di'st quickly.

Claud. Oh hear me, Isabella.

SCENE III.

To them, Enter Duke and Provoſt.

Duke. Vouchſafe a word, young ſiſter; but one word.

Iſab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you diſpenſe with your leiſure, I would by and by have ſome ſpeech with you; the ſatisfaction I would require, is likewiſe your own benefit.

Iſab. I have no ſuperfluous leiſure; my ſtay muſt be ſtolen out of other affairs: but I will attend you a while.

Duke. Son, I have overheard what hath paſſed between you and your ſiſter. Angelo had never the purpoſe to corrupt her; only he hath made an aſſay of her virtue, to practiſe his judgment with the diſpoſition of natures. She, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial, which he is moſt glad to receive. I am confeſſor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourſelf to death. Do not falſify your reſolution with hopes that are fallible; to-morrow you muſt die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me aſk my ſiſter pardon; I am ſo out of love with life, that I will ſue to be rid of it.

[*Exit Claud.*

Duke. Hold you there; farewell. Provoſt, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone: leave me a while with the maid: my mind promiſes with my habit, no loſs ſhall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time. [*Exit Prov.*

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good; the goodneſs that is cheap in beauty, make beauty brief in goodneſs: but grace, being the ſoul o your complexion, ſhall keep the body of it ever fair The aſſault that Angelo hath made on you, fortune hat convey'd to my underſtanding; and but that frailty hat examples for his falling, I ſhould wonder at Angelo. Ho will you do to content this ſubſtitute, and to ſave yo brother?

Iſab. I am now going to reſolve him: I had rath

ther die by the law, than my ſon ſhould be un-
born. But, oh, how much is the good Duke
in Angelo? If ever he return, and I can ſpeak
I will open my lips in vain, or diſcover his go-
at.

. That ſhall not be much amiſs; yet as the mat-
ſtands, he will avoid your accuſation; he made
you only. Therefore faſten your ear on my
s: to the love I have in doing good, a remedy
itſelf. I do make myſelf believe, that you may
rightly do a poor wronged lady a merited be-
redeem your brother from the angry law; do no
your own gracious perſon; and much pleaſe the
Duke, if peradventure he ſhall ever return to
aring of this buſineſs.

Let me hear you ſpeak farther; I have ſpirit to
thing that appears not foul in the truth of my

. Virtue is bold, and goodneſs never fearful:
ou not heard ſpeak of Mariana, the ſiſter of
ck, the great ſoldier who miſcarried at ſea?

I have heard of the lady, and good words went
r name.

. Her ſhould this Angelo have marri'd; was
d to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed:
which time of the contract, and limit of the
ty, her brother Frederick was wreck'd at ſea,
in that periſh'd veſſel the dowry of his ſiſter.
rk, how heavily this befel to the poor gentle-
. There ſhe loſt a noble and renowned brother,
love toward her ever moſt kind and natural; with
portion and ſinew of her fortune, her marriage-
with both, her combinate huſband, this well-
Angelo.

Can this be ſo? did Angelo ſo leave her?

. Left her in tears, and dri'd not one of them
is comfort; ſwallow'd his vows whole, pretend-
her, diſcoveries of diſhonour: in few, beſtow'd
her own lamentation, which ſhe yet wears for
; and he, a marble to her tears, is waſhed with
but relents not.

What a merit were it in death to take this poor

maid from the world! what corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! But how out of this can ſhe avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may eaſily heal: and the cure of it not only ſaves your brother, but keeps you from diſhonour in doing it.

Iſab. Shew me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-nam'd maid hath yet in her the continuance of her firſt affection: his unjuſt unkindneſs (that in all reaſon ſhould have quench'd her love) hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo, anſwer his requiring with a plauſible obedience; agree with his demands to the point: only refer yourſelf to this advantage: firſt, that your ſtay with him may not be long: that the time may have all ſhadow and ſilence in it: and the place anſwer to convenience. This being granted, in courſe now follows all: we ſhall adviſe this wronged maid to ſtead up your appointment, go in your place: if the encounter acknowledge itſelf hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence: and here by this is your brother ſaved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy ſcaled. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt: if you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleneſs of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Iſab. The image of it gives me content already, and, I truſt, it will grow to a moſt proſperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up: haſte you ſpeedily to Angelo: if, for this night, he intreat you to his bed, give him promiſe of ſatisfaction. I will preſently to St. Luke's: there at the moated Grange reſides this dejected Mariana: at that place call upon me, and diſpatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Iſab. I thank you for this comfort: fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE

SCENE IV. *Changes to the ſtreet.*

Re-enter Duke, as a Friar, Elbow, Clown, and officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and ſell men and women like beaſts, we ſhall have all the world drink brown and white baſtard.

Duke. Oh, heav'ns! what ſtuff is here?

Clown. 'Twas never merry world ſince of two uſuries the merrieſt was put down, and the worſer allow'd by order of law. *** a furr'd gown to keep him warm, and furr'd with fox and lamb-ſkins too, to ſignify, that craft, being richer than innocency, ſtands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, Sir; bleſs you, good father Friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you, Sir.

Elb. Marry, Sir, he hath offended the law; and, Sir, we take him to be a thief too, Sir; for we have found upon him, Sir, a ſtrange pick-lock, which we have ſent to the Deputy.

Duke. Fie, Sirrah, a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou cauſeſt to be done,
That is thy means to live. Doſt thou but think,
What 'tis to cram a maw, or clothe a back,
From ſuch a filthy vice? ſay to thyſelf,
From their abominable and beaſtly touches
I drink, I eat, array myſelf, and live.
Canſt thou believe thy living is a life,
So ſtinkingly depending! go mend, mend.

Clown. Indeed, it doth ſtink in ſome ſort, Sir; but yet, Sir, I would prove——

Duke. Nay, if the devil have giv'n thee proofs for ſin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to priſon, officer;
Correction and inſtruction muſt both work,
Ere this rude beaſt will profit.

Elb. He muſt before the Deputy, Sir; he has given him warning; the Deputy cannot abide a whore-maſter; if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke.

Duke. That we were all, as ſome would ſeem to be,
Free from all faults, as faults from ſeeming free!

SCENE V. *Enter Lucio.*

Elb. His neck will come to your waſte, a cord, Sir.

Clown. I ſpy comfort: I cry, bail: here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? What, at the wheels of Cæſar? art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pigmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracting it clutch'd? What reply? ha? what ſay'ſt thou to this tune, matter and method? It's not down i' th' laſt reign. Ha? what ſay'ſt thou, trot? is the world as it was, man? which is the way? is it ſad and few words? or how? the trick of it?

Duke. Still thus and thus: ſtill worſe?

Lucio. How doth my dear morſel, thy miſtreſs? procures ſhe ſtill? ha?

Clown. Troth, Sir, ſhe hath eaten up all her beef, and ſhe is herſelf in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it muſt be ſo. Ever your freſh whore, and your powder'd bawd; an unſhunn'd conſequence, it muſt be ſo. Art going to priſon, Pompey?

Clown. Yes, faith, Sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiſs, Pompey: farewell: go, ſay, I ſent thee thither for debt, Pompey; or how—

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then impriſon him; if impriſonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right. Bawd is he, doubtleſs, and of antiquity too; bawd born. Farewell, good Pompey: commend me to the priſon, Pompey; you will turn good huſband now, Pompey; you will keep the houſe.

Clown. I hope, Sir, your good Worſhip will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear; I will pray, Pompey, to increaſe your bondage:

S

take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more.
ı, trusty Pompey. Bleſs you, Friar.
ke. And you.
cio. Does Bridget paint ſtill, Pompey? ha?
'. Come your ways, Sir, come.
wn. You will not bail me then, Sir?
cio. Then, Pompey, nor now. What news abroad,
? what news?
'. Come your ways, Sir, come.
cio. Go to kennel, Pompey, go.

[*Exeunt Elbow, Clown, and officers.*

SCENE VI.

news, Friar, of the Duke?
ke. I know none: can you tell me of any?
cio. Some ſay, he is with the Emperor of Ruſſia;
ſome, he is in Rome: but where is he, think

ke. I know not where; but whereſoever, I wiſh
vell.
cio. It was a mad fantaſtical trick of him, to ſteal
the ſtate, and uſurp the beggary he was never born
Lord Angelo dukes it well in his abſence; he puts
reſſion to't.
ke. He does well in't.
cio. A little more lenity to lecchery would do harm
ı; ſomething too crabbed that way, Friar.
ke. It is too gentle a vice, and levenity muſt cure

cio. Yes, in good ſooth, the vice is of a great kin-
it is well alli'd; but it is impoſſible to extirp it
Friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They
bin: Angelo was not made by man and woman
the downright way of creation: is it true, think

ke. How ſhould he be made then?
cio. Some report, a ſea-maid ſpawn'd him; ſome,
e was got between two ſtock-fiſhes. But it is cer-
that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd
hat I know to be true; and he is a motion ungene-
; that's infallible.
ke. You are pleaſant, Sir, and ſpeak apace.

Lucio.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthleſs thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece to take away the life of man? Would the Duke, that is abſent, have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred baſtards, he would have paid for the nurſing a thouſand. He had ſome feeling of the ſport, he knew the ſervice, and that inſtructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the abſent Duke much detected for women; he was not inclin'd that way.

Lucio. Oh, Sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'Tis not poſſible.

Lucio. Who, not the Duke? Yes, your beggar of fifty; and his uſe was, to put a ducket in her clack-dish. The Duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too, that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, ſurely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his: a ſhy fellow was the Duke; and, I believe, I know the cauſe of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, pry'thee, might be the cauſe?

Lucio. No; pardon: 'tis a ſecret muſt be lock'd within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you underſtand, the greater file of the ſubject held the Duke to be wiſe.

Duke. Wiſe? why, no queſtion but he was.

Lucio. A very ſuperficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or miſtaking. The very ſtream of his life, and the buſineſs he hath helmed, muſt, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but teſtimonied in his own bringings forth, and he ſhall appear to the envious, a ſcholar, a ſtateſman, and a ſoldier. Therefore you ſpeak unſkilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, Sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, ſince you know not what you ſpeak. But if ever the Duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me deſire you to make your ar-

swer before him. If it be honeſt you have ſpoke, you have courage to maintain it. I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio, well known to the Duke.

Duke. He ſhall know you better, Sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the Duke will return no more, or you imagine me too unhurtful an oppoſite. But indeed I can do you little harm: you'll forſwear this again?

Lucio. I'll be hang'd firſt: thou art deceiv'd in me Friar. But no more of this. Canſt thou tell, if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why ſhould he die, Sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-diſh. I would the Duke we talk of were returned again; this ungenitur'd agent will unpeople the province with continency. Sparrows muſt not build in his houſe-eaves, becauſe they are lecherous. The Duke yet would have dark deeds darkly anſwered; he would never bring them to light; would he were returned! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untruſſing. Farewell, good Friar; I pry'thee pray for me. The Duke, I ſay to thee Friar again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's not paſt it yet; and I ſay to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, tho' ſhe ſmelt of brown bread and garlic. Say, that I ſaid ſo; farewell. [*Exit.*

Duke. No might nor greatneſs in mortality
Can cenſure 'ſcape; back-wounding calumny
The whiteſt virtue ſtrikes. What king ſo ſtrong,
Can tie the gall up in the ſland'rous tongue?
But who comes here?

SCENE VII.

Enter Eſcalus, Provoſt, Bawd, and officers.

Eſcal. Go, away with her to priſon.

Bawd. Good my Lord, be good to me; your Honour is accounted a merciful man: good my Lord.

Eſcal. Double and treble admonition, and ſtill for-

feit in the ſame kind? this would make mercy ſwerve, and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it pleaſe your Honour.

Bawd. My Lord, this is one Lucio's information againſt me. Miſtreſs Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the Duke's time: he promis'd her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob. I have kept it myſelf: and ſee how he goes about to abuſe me.

Eſcal. This fellow is a fellow of much licence: let him be call'd before us. Away with her to priſon: go to; no more words. [*Exeunt with the Bawd.*] Proveſt, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd: Claudio muſt die to-morrow: let him be furniſh'd with divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it ſhould not be ſo with him.

Prov. So pleaſe you, this Friar has been with him, and advis'd him for the entertainment of death.

Eſcal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliſs and goodneſs on you!

Eſcal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, tho' my chance is now
To uſe it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the ſea
In ſpecial buſineſs from his holineſs.

Eſcal. What news abroad i' th' world?

Duke. None, but that there is ſo great a fever on goodneſs, that the diſſolution of it muſt cure it. Novelty is only in requeſt; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of courſe, as it is virtuous to be conſtant in any undertaking. There is ſcarce truth enough alive, to make ſocieties ſecure; but ſecurity enough to make fellowſhips accurs'd. Much upon this riddle runs the wiſdom of the world; this news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you? Sir, of what diſpoſition was the Duke?

Eſcal. One that, above all other ſtrifes,
Contended ſpecially to know himſelf.

Duke. What pleaſure was he giv'n to?

Eſcal. Rather rejoicing to ſee another merry, than merry at any thing which profeſs'd to make him rejoice.

. A gentleman of all temperance. But leave we to his events, with a prayer they may prove prof-us; and let me desire to know, how you find Claudio prepar'd? I am made to understand, that you have him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the mination of justice: yet had he fram'd to himself, he instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises fe; which, I by my good leisure, have discredited to and now is he resolv'd to die.

Escal. You have paid the heav'ns your function, and prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have la-'d for the poor gentleman, to the extremest shore of nodesty; but my brother Justice have I found so fe-, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he is indeed ce.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his pro-ing, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance il, he hath sentenc'd himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner; fare you well. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Duke. Peace be with you!
who the sword of heav'n will bear,
uld be as holy as severe:
ern in himself to know,
ce to stand, and virtue go;
e nor less to others paying,
n by self-offences weighing.
ne to him, whose cruel striking
for faults of his own liking!
ce treble shame on Angelo,
weed my vice, and let his grow!
what may man within him hide,
' angel on the outward side!
v may that likeness, made in crimes,
ing practice on the times,
w with idle spiders' strings
pond'rous and substantial things!

Craft againſt vice I muſt apply.
With Angelo to-night ſhall lie
His old betrothed, but deſpis'd;
So diſguiſe ſhall by th' diſguis'd
Pay with falſehood falſe exacting,
And perform an old contracting. [Ex

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A grange.

Enter Mariana, and boy ſinging.

SONG.

'TAKE, oh, take thoſe lips away,
'That ſo ſweetly were forſworn;
'And thoſe eyes, the break of day,
'Lights that do miſlead the morn:
'But my kiſſes bring again,
'Seals of love, but ſeal'd in vain.

Enter Duke.

Mari. Break off thy ſong, and haſte thee quick away:
Here comes a man of comfort, whoſe advice
Hath often ſtill'd my brawling diſcontent.
I cry you mercy, Sir, and well could wiſh
You had not found me here ſo muſical:
Let me excuſe me, and believe me ſo,
My mirth is much diſpleas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good; tho' muſic oft hath ſuch a charm
To make bad, good; and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquir'd for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promis'd here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquir'd after. I have ſat here all day.

Enter Iſabel.

Duke. I do conſtantly believe you; the time is come, even now. I ſhall crave your forbearance a little; may be I will call upon you anon for ſome advantage to your ſelf.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [Exit.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Duke. Very well met, and welcome:
What is the news from this good Deputy?
Isab. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There, on the heavy middle of the night,
Have I my promise made to call upon him.
Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?
Isab. I've ta'en a due and wary note upon't;
With whisp'ring and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did shew me
The way twice o'er.
Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?
Isab. No; none, but only a repair i' th' dark:
And that I have possess'd him, my most stay
Can be but brief; for I have made him know,
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me; whose persuasion is,
I come about my brother.
Duke. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this. What, hoa! within! come forth?

SCENE III. *Enter Mariana.*

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.
Isab. I do desire the like.
Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?
Mari. Good Friar, I know you do; and I have found it.
Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear:
I shall attend your leisure; but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Wilt pleaſe you walk aſide?

[*Exeunt Mar. and Iſab.*

Duke. 'O place and greatneſs! millions of falſe eyes
'Are ſtuck upon thee: volumes of report
'Run with theſe falſe and moſt contrarious queſts
'Upon thy doings: thouſand 'ſcapes of wit
'Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
'And rack thee in their fancies! Welcome; how agreed?"

SCENE IV. *Re-enter Mariana, and Iſabel.*

Iſab. She'll take the enterpriſe upon her, father,
If you adviſe it.

Duke. 'Tis not my conſent,
But my intreaty too.

Iſab. Little have you to ſay,
When you depart from him, but ſoft and low,
"*Remember now my brother.*"

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your huſband on a pre-contract;
To bring you thus together, 'tis no ſin;
Sith that the juſtice of your title to him
Doth flouriſh the deceit. Come, let us go;
Our corn's to reap; for yet our tilth's to ſow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Changes to the priſon.*

Enter Provoſt and Clown.

Prov. Come hither, ſirrah: can you cut off a man's head!

Clown. If the man be a bachelor, Sir, I can; but if he be a marri'd man, he is his wife's head; and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, Sir, leave me your ſnatches, and yield me a direct anſwer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine; here is in our priſon a common executioner, who, in his office, lacks a helper; if you will take it on you to aſſiſt him, it ſhall redeem you from your gyves: if not, you ſhall have your full time of impriſonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping; for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clown.

Clown. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd time out f mind, but yet I will be content to be a lawful hang-ıan. I would be glad to receive ſome inſtruction from ıy fellow-partner.

Prov. What hoa, Abhorſon! where's Abhorſon, there?

Enter Abhorſon.

Abhor. Do you call, Sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-mor-ow in your execution; if you think it meet, compound ıith him by the year, and let him abide here with you; f not, uſe him for the preſent, and diſmiſs him. He annot plead his eſtimation with you, he hath been a awd.

Abhor. A bawd, Sir? fie upon him, he will diſcredit ur miſtery *.

Prov. Go to, Sir, you weigh equally; a feather will urn the ſcale. [*Exit.*

Clown. Pray, Sir, by your good favour; (for ſurely, ir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hang-ng look;) do you call, Sir, your occupation a miſtery?

Abhor. Ay, Sir; a miſtery.

Clown. Painting, Sir, I have heard ſay, is a miſtery? and your whores, Sir, being members of my occupation, uſing painting, do prove my occupation a miſtery; but what miſtery there ſhould be in hanging, if I ſhould be hang'd I cannot imagine.

† *Abhor.* * * * * * * * * * *

Clown. * * * * * * * * * * *

Sir, it is a miſtery.

Abhor. Proof.———

* The word *miſtery*, when uſed to ſignify a trade or manual profeſſion, ſhould be ſpelt with an *i*, not a *y*; as being derived, not from the Greek μυστήριον, but from the French *meſtier*. *Mr. Warburton.*

† The text here is plainly maimed and deficient; the words by which Abhorſon ſhould prove the hangman's trade a miſtery are loſt. But from what follows, the argument may be conjectured to have been this, That every man's apparel fitted the hangman: to which we may ſuppoſe the Clown replied, that for the ſame reaſon the ſame thing might be ſaid of the thief's trade ——Yes, Sir, it is a *miſtery, &c. and this* connects the reſt that follows.

Clown. Every true man's apparel fits your thief. If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough; ſo every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provoſt.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clown. Sir, I will ſerve him: for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftener aſk forgiveneſs.

Prov. You, ſirrah, provide your block and your ax to-morrow, four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd, I will inſtruct thee in my trade; follow.

Clown. I do deſire to learn, Sir; and I hope, if you have occaſion to uſe me for your own turn, you ſhall find me yare: for truly, Sir, for your kindneſs I owe you a good turn. [*Exit.*

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:
One has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murth'rer, though he were my brother.

SCENE VI. *Enter Claudio.*

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death;
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou muſt be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Claud. As faſt lock'd up in ſleep, as guiltleſs labour;
When it lies ſtarkly in the traveller's bones:
He'll not awake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourſelf. [*Exit Claud.*] But, hark, what noiſe? [*Knock within.*
Heav'n give your ſpirits comfort!——by and by;——
I hope it is ſome pardon, or reprieve,
For the moſt gentle Claudio. Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The beſt and wholeſom'ſt ſpirits of the night
Invellop you, good Provoſt! who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, ſince the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Iſabel?

Prov.

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There is ſome in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not ſo, not ſo; his life is parallel'd
Ev'n with the ſtroak and line of his great juſtice;
He doth with holy abſtinence ſubdue
That in himſelf, which he ſpurs on his pow'r
To qualify in others. Were he meal'd
With that which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being ſo, he's juſt. Now they are come.
[*Knock again, Provoſt goes out.*
This is a gentle Provoſt; ſeldom, when
The ſteeled goaler is the friend of men.
How now? what noiſe? that ſpirit's poſſeſs'd with haſte,
That wounds th' unreſiſting poſtern with theſe ſtrokes.
[*Provoſt returns.*

Prov. There he muſt ſtay, until the officer
Ariſe to let him in; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he muſt die to-morrow?

Prov. None, Sir; none.

Duke. As near the dawning, Provoſt, as it is,
You ſhall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily
You ſomething know; yet I believe there comes
No countermand; no ſuch example have we:
Beſides, upon the very ſiege of juſtice,
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profeſs'd the contrary.

SCENE VII. *Enter a meſſenger.*

Duke. This is his Lordſhip's man.

Prov. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Meſſ. My Lord hath ſent you this note, and by me this further charge, that you ſwerve not from the ſmalleſt article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumſtance. Good morrow; for as I take it, it is almoſt day.

Prov. I ſhall obey him. [*Exit meſſenger.*

Duke.

Duke. This is his pardon purchas'd by such sin,
For which the pardoner himself is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority;
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That, for the fault's love, is th' offender friended.
Now, Sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, be-like, thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on; methinks strangely; for he hath not us'd it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Provost reads the letter.

Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock, and in the afternoon Barnardine: for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly perform'd, with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.

What say you to this, Sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born, but here nurs'd up and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it that the absent Duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him; and indeed his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not deni'd by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitent in prison? how seems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none; he hath evermore had the liberty

:rty of the priſon: give him leave to eſcape hence, would not; drunk many times a-day, if not many 's entirely drunk. We have very oft awak'd him a o carry him to execution, and ſhew'd him a ſeeming rrant for it; it hath not mov'd him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your w, Provoſt, honeſty and conſtancy; if I read it not ly, my ancient ſkill beguiles me; but in the boldneſs my cunning, I will lay myſelf in hazard. Claudio, om here you have warrant to execute, is no greater feit to the law than Angelo, who hath ſentenc'd him. make you underſtand this in a manifeſted effect, I ve but four days reſpite; for the which you are to do both a preſent and a dangerous courteſy.

Prov. Pray, Sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it, having the hour limit- and an expreſs command, under penalty, to deliver head in the view of Angelo? I may make my caſe Claudio's, to croſs this in the ſmalleſt.

Duke. By the vow of mine order I warrant you, if inſtructions may be your guide: let this Barnardine this morning executed, and his head borne to An- o.

Prov. Angelo hath ſeen them both, and will diſcover : favour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great diſguiſer, and you may l to it: ſhave the head, and tie the beard, and ſay it s the deſire of the penitent to be ſo barb'd before his th; you know the courſe is common. If any thing to you upon this, more than thanks and good for- e; by the ſaint whom I profeſs, I will plead againſt it h my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is againſt my oath.

Duke. Were you ſworn to the Duke, or to the De- y?

Prov. To him and to his ſubſtitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if Duke avouch the juſtice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that;

Duke. Not a reſemblance, but a certainty. Yet ſince e you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor

my

my perſuaſion, can with eaſe attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, Sir, here is the hand and ſeal of the Duke: you know the character, I doubt not: and the ſignet is not ſtrange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the Duke: you ſhall anon over-read it at your pleaſure: where you ſhall find within theſe two days he will be here. This is a thing which Angelo knows not, for he this very day receives letters of ſtrange tenor: perchance of the Duke's death; perchance of his entering into ſome monaſtery; but, by chance, nothing of what is here writ. Look, the unfolding ſtar calls up the ſhepherd; put not yourſelf into amazement how theſe things ſhould be: all difficulties are but eaſy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a preſent ſhrift, and adviſe him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this ſhall abſolutely reſolve you. Come away, it is almoſt clear dawn.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Enter Clown.*

Clown. "I am as well acquainted here, as I was in "our houſe of profeſſion. One would think it were "Miſtreſs Overdone's own houſe; for here be many "of her old cuſtomers." Firſt, here's young Mr. Raſh; he's in for a commodity of brown pepper and old ginger, nineſcore and ſeventeen pounds; of which he made five marks ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in requeſt; for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Mr. Caper, at the ſuit of Maſter Three-pile the mercer; for ſome four ſuits of peach-colour'd ſattin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizzy, and young Mr. Deep-vow, and Mr. Copper-ſpur, and Mr. Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger-man, and young Drop-heire that kill'd luſty Pudding, and Mr. Forthright the tilter, and brave Mr. Shooter the great traveller, and wild Half-canne that ſtabb'd Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great

reat doers in our trade, and are now in for the Lord's ike.

Enter Abhorſon.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clown. Maſter Barnardine, you muſt riſe and be hang'd, Mr. Barnardine.

Abhor. What, hoa, Barnardine!

Barnar. [*within.*] A pox o' your throats; who makes hat noiſe there? what are you?

Clown. Your friend, Sir, the hangman: you muſt be good, Sir, to riſe, and be put to death.

Barnar. [*within.*] Away, you rogue, away; I am leepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he muſt awake, and that quickly oo.

Clown. Pray, Maſter Barnardine, awake till you are xecuted, and ſleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clown. He is coming, Sir, he is coming; I hear the traw ruſtle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abhor. Is the ax upon the block, ſirrah?

Clown. Very ready, Sir.

Barnar. How now, Abhorſon? what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, Sir, I would deſire you to clap into your prayers: for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Clown. Oh, the better, Sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may ſleep the ſounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, Sir, here comes your ghoſtly father; do we jeſt now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how haſtily you are to depart, I am come to adviſe you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I. I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or

they

they ſhall beat out my brains with billets, I will not conſent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. Oh, Sir, you muſt; and therefore I beſeech you look forward on the journey you ſhall go.

Barnar. I ſwear I will not die to-day for any man's perſuaſion.

Duke. But hear you,——

Barnar. Not a word: if you have any thing to ſay to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX. *Enter Provoſt.*

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: oh, gravel heart!
After him, fellows: bring him to the block.

Provoſt Now, Sir, how do you find the priſoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
And, to tranſport him in the mind he is,
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the priſon, father,
There di'd this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a moſt notorious pirate.
A man of Claudio's years; his beard, and head,
Juſt of his colour; what if we omit
This reprobate, till he were well inclin'd?
And ſatisfy the Deputy with the viſage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis accident that heav'n provides:
Diſpatch it preſently: the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo: ſee this be done,
And ſent according to command; while I
Perſuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This ſhall be done, good father, preſently:
But Barnardine muſt die this afternoon,
And how ſhall we continue Claudio,
To ſave me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done.
Put them in ſecret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio,
Ere twice the ſun hath made his journal greeting
To th' under generation, you ſhall find
Your ſafety manifeſted.

Prov. I am your free dependent.

uke. Quick, diſpatch, and ſend the head to Angelo.
[*Exit Provoſt.*
r will I write letters to Angelo,
e Provoſt, he ſhall bear them;) whoſe contents
l witneſs to him, I am near at home;
l that, by great injunctions, I am bound
enter publicly: him I'll deſire
meet me at the conſecrated fount,
eague below the city; and from thence,
cold gradation and weal-balanc'd form,
ſhall proceed with Angelo.

Enter Provoſt.

rov. Here is the head, I'll carry it myſelf.
uke. Convenient is it: make a ſwift return;
I will commune with you of ſuch things,
want no ears but yours.
ov. I'll make all ſpeed. [*Exit.*
b. [*within.*] Peace, hoa, be here!
uke. The tongue of Iſabel.—She comes to know,
t her brother's pardon be come hither:
I will keep her ign'rant of her good,
ake her heav'nly comforts of deſpair,
n it is leaſt expected.

SCENE X. *Enter Iſabel.*

b. Hoa, by your leave.——
ke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.
b. The better, giv'n me by ſo holy a man:
yet the Deputy ſent my brother's pardon?
ke. He hath releas'd him, Iſabel, from the world;
ead is off, and ſent to Angelo.
b. Nay, but it is not ſo.
ke. It is no other.
your wiſdom, daughter, in your cloſeſt patience.
b. Oh, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.
ke. You ſhall not be admitted to his ſight.
b. Unhappy Claudio! wretched Iſabel!
dus world! moſt damned Angelo!
ke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
ar it therefore, give your cauſe to heav'n.

Mark what I say; which you shall surely find
ev'ry syllable a faithful verity.
The Duke comes home to-morrow; dry your eyes;
One of our convent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance: already he hath carri'd
Notice to Escalus and Angelo,
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their pow'r. If you can, pace your wisdom
In that good path that I would wish it go,
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
And gen'ral honour.

Isab. I'm directed by you.

Duke. This letter then to Friar Peter give;
'Tis that he sent me of the Duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and yours
I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you
Before the Duke, and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course. Who's here?

SCENE XI. *Enter Lucio.*

Lucio. Good even;
Friar, where's the Provost?

Duke. Not within, Sir.

Lucio. Oh, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart, to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient: I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran. I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to't. But they say the Duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I lov'd thy brother. If the old fantastical Duke of dark corners had been at home, he had liv'd. [*Exit Isabella.*

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholden to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knoweſt not the Duke ſo well as I do; he's a better woodman than thou tak'ſt him for.

Duke. Well; you'll anſwer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry, I'll go along with thee. I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, Sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you ſuch a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I; but I was fain to forſwear it; they would elſe have marri'd me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honeſt: reſt you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end. If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it; nay, Friar, I am a kind of bur, I ſhall ſtick.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII. *Changes to the palace.*

Enter Angelo and Eſcalus.

Eſcal. Every letter he hath writ, hath diſvouch'd other.

Ang. In moſt uneven and diſtracted manner. His actions ſhew much like to madneſs: pray heav'n his wiſdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and deliver our authorities there?

Eſcal. I gueſs not.

Ang. And why ſhould we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redreſs of injuſtice, they ſhould exhibit their petitions in the ſtreet?

Eſcal. He ſhews his reaſon for that: to have a diſpatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which ſhall then have no power to ſtand againſt us.

Ang. Well; I beſeech you, let it be proclaim'd betimes i' th' morn: I'll call you at your houſe. Give notice to ſuch men of ſort and ſuit as are to meet him.

Eſcal. I ſhall, Sir: fare you well. [Exit

To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves with characters of brass
A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time
And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the subjects see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within. Come, Escalus;
You must walk by us on our other hand;
And good supporters are you. [*As the Duke is going*

SCENE II. *Enter Peter and Isabella.*

Peter. Now is your time: speak loud, and kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O Royal Duke! vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have said, a maid.
Oh, worthy Prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice.

Duke. Relate your wrongs. In what? by whom, brief:
Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice;
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. Oh, worthy Duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil.
Hear me yourself, for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you: oh hear me, hear me!

Ang. My Lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice.

Isab. Course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly, and strang

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I spea
That Angelo's forsworn, is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murth'rer, is't not strange?
That Angelo is an adult'rous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violater;
Is it not strange, and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,

Than this is all as true, as it is ſtrange:
Nay, it is ten times truer; for truth is truth
To th' end of reckoning.
Duke. Away with her: poor ſoul,
She ſpeaks this in th' infirmity of ſenſe.
Iſab. O Prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'ſt
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not; with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madneſs. Make not impoſſible
That which but ſeems unlike; 'tis not impoſſible,
But one, the wickedſt caitiff on the ground,
May ſeem as ſhy, as grave, as juſt, as abſolute,
As Angelo; even ſo may Angelo,
In all his dreſſings, caracts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain. Believe it, Royal Prince,
If he be leſs, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badneſs.
Duke. By mine honeſty,
If ſhe be mad, as I believe no other;
Her madneſs hath the oddeſt frame of ſenſe;
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madneſs.
Iſab. Gracious Duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not baniſh reaſon
For inequality, but let your reaſon ſerve
To make the truth appear, where it ſeems hid;
Not hide the falſe, ſeems true.
Duke. Many, that are not mad;
Have ſure more lack of reaſon.
What would you ſay?
Iſab. I am the ſiſter of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To loſe his head; condemn'd by Angelo;
I, in probation, of a ſiſterhood,
Was ſent to by my brother; one Lucio,
As then the meſſenger,——
Lucio. That's I, an't like your Grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and deſir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.
Iſab. That's he, indeed.
Duke. You were not bid to ſpeak. [To Lucio.
Lucio.

Lucio. No, my good Lord, nor wiſh'd to hold my peace.
Duke. I wiſh you now then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A buſineſs for yourſelf, pray heav'n you then
Be perfect
Lucio. I warrant your Honour.
Duke. The warrant's for yourſelf; take heed to't.
Iſab. This gentleman told ſomewhat of my tale.
Lucio. Right.
Duke. It may be right, but you are in the wrong
To ſpeak before your time. Proceed.
Iſab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff Deputy.
Duke. That's ſomewhat madly ſpoken.
Iſab. Pardon it:
The phraſe is to the matter.
Duke. Mended again: the matter;—proceed.
Iſab. In brief; (to ſet the needleſs proceſs by,
How I perſuaded, how I pray'd and kneel'd,
How he repell'd me, and how I reply'd;
For this was of much length;) the vile concluſion:
I now begin with grief and ſhame to utter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaſte body
To his concupiſcent intemp'rate luſt,
Releaſe my brother; and after much debatement,
My ſiſterly remorſe confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him: But the next morn betimes,
His purpoſe ſurfeiting, he ſends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.
Duke. This is moſt likely!
Iſab. Oh, that it were as like, as it is true!
Duke. By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'ſt not what thou ſpeak'ſt,
Or elſe thou art ſuborn'd againſt his honour
In hateful practice. Firſt, his integrity
Stands without blemiſh. Next, it imports no reaſon,
That with ſuch vehemence he ſhould purſue
Faults proper to himſelf. If he had ſo offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himſelf,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath ſet you on;
Confeſs the truth, and ſay, by whoſe advice
Thou cam'ſt here to complain.

Iſab.

Isab. And is this all?
Then, oh, you bleſſed miniſters above!
Keep me in patience; and with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance: Heav'n ſhield your grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go.
Duke. I know you'd fain be gone. An officer;
To priſon with her. Shall we thus permit
A blaſting and a ſcandalous breath to fall
On him ſo near us? This needs muſt be a practice.
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?
Isab. One that I would were here, Friar Lodowick.
Duke. A ghoſtly father, belike:
Who knows that Lodowick?
Lucio. My Lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling Friar;
I do not like the man; had he been lay, my Lord,
For certain words he ſpake againſt your Grace
In your retirement, I had ſwing'd him ſoundly.
Duke. Words againſt me? this is a good Friar, belike;
And to ſet on this wretched woman here
Againſt our ſubſtitute! let this Friar be found.
Lucio. But yeſternight, my Lord, ſhe and that Friar,
I ſaw them at the priſon; a ſaucy Friar,
A very ſcurvy fellow,
Peter. Bleſſed be your Royal Grace!
I have ſtood by, my Lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd. Firſt, hath this woman
Moſt wrongfully accus'd your ſubſtitute;
Who is as free from touch or ſoil with her,
As ſhe from one ungot.
Duke. We did believe no leſs.
Know you that Friar Lodowick, which ſhe ſpeaks of?
Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not ſcurvy, nor a temporary medler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my truſt, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, miſreport your Grace,
Lucio. My Lord, moſt villanouſly; believe it.
Peter. Well; he in time may come to clear himſelf;
But at this inſtant he is ſick, my Lord,
Of a ſtrange fever. On his mere requeſt,
(*Being come to knowledge that there was complaint*
Intended

Intended 'gainſt Lord Angelo, came I hither
To ſpeak as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and falſe; and what he with his oath
By all probation will make up full clear,
Whenever he's convented. Firſt, for this woman;
To juſtify this worthy Nobleman,
So vulgarly and perſonally accus'd,
Her ſhall you hear diſproved to her eyes,
Till ſhe herſelf confeſs it.

Duke. Good Friar, let's hear it.
Do you not ſmile at this, Lord Angelo?
O heav'n! the vanity of wretched fools!———
Give us ſome ſeats; come, couſin Angelo,
In this I'll be impartial: be you judge
Of your own cauſe. Is this the witneſs, Friar?

[*Iſabella is carried off guarded.*

SCENE III. *Enter Mariana veil'd.*

Firſt let her ſhew her face; and, after, ſpeak.

Mari. Pardon, my Lord, I will not ſhew my face,
Until my huſband bid me.

Duke. What, are you marri'd?

Mari. No, my Lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my Lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mari. Neither, my Lord.

Duke. Why, are you nothing then? neither maid, widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My Lord, ſhe may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had ſome cauſe to prattle for himſelf.

Lucio. Well, my Lord.

Mari. My Lord, I do confeſs, I ne'er was marri'd;
And I confeſs beſides, I am no maid;
I've known my huſband; yet my huſband knows not
That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my Lord; it can be better.

Duke.

ke. For the benefit of ſilence, would thou wert
ſo too.
cio. Well, my Lord.
ke. This is no witneſs for Lord Angelo.
ri. Now I come to't, my Lord.
hat accuſes him of fornication,
f-ſame manner doth accuſe my huſband;
charges him, my Lord, with ſuch a time,
ı I'll depoſe I had him in mine arms,
all th' effect of love.
g. Charges ſhe more than me?
ari. Not that I know.
ke. No? you ſay, your huſband. [*To Mariana.*
ari Why, juſt, my Lord; and that is Angelo;
thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body;
knows, he thinks, that he knows Iſabel's.
g. This is a ſtrange abuſe; let's ſee thy face.
ari. My huſband bids me; now I will unmaſk.
[*Unveiling.*
is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
:h once thou ſwor'ſt was worth the looking on:
is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,
faſt belock'd in thine; this is the body
took away the match from Iſabel,
did ſupply thee at thy garden-houſe
r imagin'd perſon.
uke. Know you this woman?
ucio. Carnally, ſhe ſays.
uke. Sirrah, no more.
ucio. Enough, my Lord.
ng. My Lord, I muſt confeſs, I know this woman;
five years ſince there was ſome ſpeech of marriage
rixt myſelf and her: which was broke off,
ly, for that her promiſed proportions
e ſhort of compoſition; but, in chief,
that her reputation was diſvalu'd
vity: ſince which time of five years
er ſpake with her, ſaw her, nor heard from her,
n my faith and honour.
ſari. Noble Prince,
here comes light from heav'n, and words from breath,
ere is ſenſe in truth, and truth in virtue,

I am affianc'd this man's wife, as ſtrongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good Lord,
But Tueſday night laſt gone, in's garden-houſe,
He knew me as a wife; as this is true,
Let me in ſafety raiſe me from my knees;
Or elſe for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument!

Ang. I did but ſmile till now.
Now, good my Lord, give me the ſcope of juſtice;
My patience here is touch'd; I do perceive,
Theſe poor informal women are no more
But inſtruments of ſome more mightier member,
That ſets them on. Let me have way, my Lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And puniſh them into your height of pleaſure.
Thou fooliſh Friar, and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone; think'ſt thou, thy oaths,
Tho' they would ſwear down each particular ſaint,
Were teſtimonies 'gainſt his worth and credit,
That's ſeal'd in approbation? You, Lord Eſcalus,
Sit with my couſin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuſe, whence 'tis deriv'd.
There is another Friar, that ſet them on;
Let him be ſent for.

Peter Would he were here, my Lord; for he, indeed
Hath ſet the women on to this complaint:
Your Provoſt knows the place where he abides;
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it inſtantly.
And you, my noble and well-warranted couſin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth;
Do with your injuries, as ſeems you beſt,
In any chaſtiſement; I for a while
Will leave you; but ſtir not you, till you have well
Determined upon theſe ſlanderers.

SCENE IV.

Eſcal. My Lord, we'll do it thoroughly. Signior Lucio, did not you ſay, you knew that Friar Lodowic to be a diſhoneſt perſon?

Lucio. Cucullus non facit monachum; honeſt in

think but in his clothes; and one that hath ſpoke moſt villanous ſpeeches of the Duke.

Eſcal. We ſhall entreat you to abide here till he come, and inforce them againſt him; we ſhall find this Friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Eſcal. Call that ſame Iſabel here once again: I would ſpeak with her. Pray you, my Lord, give me leave to queſtion; you ſhall ſee how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Eſcal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, Sir, I think, if you handled her privately, ſhe ſhould ſooner confeſs; perchance, publicly ſhe'll be aſham'd.

Enter Duke in the Friar's habit, and Provoſt; Iſabella is brought in.

Eſcal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at midnight.

Eſcal. Come on Miſtreſs: here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have ſaid.

Lucio. My Lord, here comes the raſcal I ſpoke of here with the Provoſt.

Eſcal. In very good time: ſpeak not you to him, till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum——

Eſcal. Come, Sir, did you ſet theſe women on to ſlander Lord Angelo? they have confeſs'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis falſe.

Eſcal. How? know you where you are?

Duke. Reſpect to your great place; and let the devil
Be ſometime honour'd for his burning throne.
Where is the Duke? 'tis he ſhould hear me ſpeak.

Eſcal. The Duke's in us; and we will hear you ſpeak.
Look you ſpeak juſtly.

Duke. Boldly, at leaſt. But oh, poor ſouls,
Come you to ſeek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redreſs. Is the Duke gone?
Then is your cauſe gone too. The Duke's unjuſt,
Thus to retort your manifeſt appeal;
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,

Which here you come to accuſe.

Lucio. This is the raſcal; this is he I ſpoke of.

Eſcal. Why, thou unrev'rend and unhallow'd Friar,
Is't not enough thou haſt ſuborn'd theſe women
T' accuſe this worthy man, but with foul mouth,
And in the witneſs of his proper ear,
To call him villain; and then glance from him
To th' Duke himſelf, to tax him with injuſtice?
Take him hence; to th' rack with him: we'll touze you
Joint by joint, but we will know his purpoſe.
What? unjuſt?

Duke. Be not ſo hot; the Duke dare no more ſtretch
This finger of mine, than he dare rack his own:
His ſubject am I not,
Nor here provincial; my buſineſs in this ſtate
Made me a looker on here in Vienna;
Where I have ſeen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it o'er-run the ſtew: laws for all faults;
But faults ſo countenanc'd, that the ſtrong ſtatutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's ſhop *,
As much in mock as mark.

Eſcal. Slander to th' ſtate! away with him to priſon.

Ang. What can you vouch againſt him, Signior Lucio?
Is this the man that you did tell us of? [bald-pate;

Lucio. 'Tis he, my Lord. Come hither, goodman
Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, Sir, by the ſound of your voice: I met you at the priſon in the abſence of the Duke.

Lucio. Oh, did you ſo? and do you remember what you ſaid of the Duke?

Duke. Moſt notedly, Sir.

Lucio. Do you ſo, Sir? and was the Duke a fleſh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You muſt, Sir, change perſons with me, ere you

* It is a cuſtom in the ſhops of all mechanics, to make it a forfeiture for any ſtranger to uſe or take up the tools of their trade. In a barber's ſhop eſpecially, when heretofore barbers practiſed the under parts of ſurgery, their inſtruments being of a nice kind, and their ſhops generally full of idle people, there was hung up a *table*, ſhewing what particular forfeiture was required for meddling *with* each inſtrument.

you make that my report: you ſpoke ſo of him, and much more, much worſe.

Lucio. Oh thou damnable fellow! did not I pluck thee by the noſe, for thy ſpeeches?

Duke. I proteſt I love the Duke as I love myſelf.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would cloſe now, after his treaſonable abuſes.

Eſcal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal; away with him to priſon: where is the Provoſt? away with him to priſon; lay bolts enough upon him; let him ſpeak no more; away with thoſe giglets too, and with the other confederate companion.

Duke. Stay, Sir, ſtay a while.

Ang. What! reſiſts he? help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, Sir; come, Sir; come, Sir; foh, Sir; why, you bald-pated lying raſcal; you muſt be hooded, muſt you? ſhow your knave's viſage, with a pox to you; ſhow your ſheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour: will't not off?

[*Pulls off the Friar's hood, and diſcovers the Duke.*

Duke. Thou art the firſt knave that e'er mad'ſt a Duke.
Firſt, Provoſt, let me bail theſe gentle three.
Sneak not away, Sir; for the Friar and you [*To Lucio.*
Muſt have a word anon: lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worſe than hanging.

Duke. What you have ſpoke, I pardon; ſit you down:
[*To Eſcalus.*
We'll borrow place of him. Sir, by your leave: [*To Ang.*
Haſt thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? if thou haſt,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread Lord,
I ſhould be guiltier than my guiltineſs,
To think I can be undiſcernible,
When I perceive your Grace, like pow'r divine,
Hath look'd upon my paſſes: then, good prince,
No longer ſeſſion-hold upon my ſhame;
But let my trial be mine own confeſſion:
Immediate ſentence then, and ſequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana:

Say; waſt thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my Lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her inſtantly;
Do you the office, Friar; which conſummate,
Return him here again: go with him, Provoſt.

[*Exeunt Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provoſt.*

SCENE V.

Eſcal. My Lord, I am more amaz'd at his diſhonour,
Than at the ſtrangeneſs of it.

Duke. Come hither, Iſabel;
Your Friar is now your prince: as I was then
Advertiſing, and holy to your buſineſs,
Not changing heart with habit, I am ſtill
Attornied at your ſervice.

Iſab. Oh, give me pardon,
That I, your vaſſal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown ſovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, Iſabel.
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, ſits at your heart:
And you may marvel why I obſcur'd myſelf,
Labouring to ſave his life; and would not rather
Make raſh remonſtrance of my hidden power,
Than let him be ſo loſt: Oh, moſt kind maid,
It was the ſwift celerity of his death,
Which, I did think, with ſlower foot came on,
That bain'd my purpoſe: but peace be with him!
That life is better life, paſt fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear; make it your comfort;
So, happy is your brother.

SCENE VI.

Enter Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provoſt.

Iſab. I do, my Lord.

Duke. For this new-marry'd man approaching here,
Whoſe ſalt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you muſt pardon
For Mariana's ſake: but as he adjudg'd your brother,
Being criminal, in double violation
Of ſacred chaſtity, and of promiſe-breach,

Thereon

Thereon dependent for your brother's life,
The very mercy of the law cries out
Moſt audible, even from his proper tongue,
An Angelo for Claudio; death for death.
Haſte ſtill pays haſte, and leiſure anſwers leiſure:
Like doth quit like, and *meaſure* ſtill for *meaſure*.
Then, Angelo, thy faults are manifeſted;
Which tho' thou would'ſt deny, deny thee vantage *.
We do condemn thee to the very block,
Where Claudio ſtoop'd to death; and with like haſte;
Away with him.

Mari. Oh, my moſt gracious Lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a huſband.

Duke. It is your huſband mock'd you with a huſband.
Conſenting to the ſafeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; elſe imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choke your good to come: for his poſſeſſions,
Altho' by confiſcation they are ours,
We do inſtate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better huſband.

Mari. Oh, my dear Lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle, my Liege———

Duke. You do but loſe your labour:
Away with him to death. Now, Sir, to you.

Mari. Oh, my good Lord! Sweet Iſabel, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you all my life, to do you ſervice.

Duke. Againſt all ſenſe you do importune her;
Should ſhe kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghoſt his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Iſabel,
Sweet Iſabel, do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands, ſay nothing; I'll ſpeak all.
They ſay, beſt men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the moſt, become much more the better
For being a little bad: ſo may my huſband.
Oh, Iſabel! will you not lend a knee?

Duke.

* *Vantage*, for *means*, *opportunity*.

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Iſab. Moſt bounteous Sir, [*Kneeling*

Look, if it pleaſe you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,
A due ſincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me; ſince it is ſo,
Let him not die. My brother had but juſtice,
In that he did the thing for which he dy'd;
For Angelo, his act did not o'ertake his bad intent,
And muſt be bury'd but as an intent,
That periſh'd by the way: thoughts are no ſubjects;
Intents, but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my Lord.

Duke. Your ſuit's unprofitable; ſtand up, I ſay:
I have bethought me of another fault.
Proveſt, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unuſual hour?

Prov. It was commanded ſo.

Duke. Had you a ſpecial warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good Lord; it was by private meſſage

Duke. For which I do diſcharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, Noble Lord.
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:
For teſtimony whereof, one in the priſon,
That ſhould by private order elſe have dy'd,
I have reſerv'd alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is *Barnardine.*

Duke. I would thou hadſt done ſo by Claudio:
Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him. [*Exit Prov.*

Eſcal. I'm ſorry, one ſo learned and ſo wiſe
As you, Lord Angelo, have ſtill appear'd,
Should ſlip ſo groſsly both in heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I'm ſorry, that ſuch ſorrow I procure;
And ſo deep ſticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy:
'Tis my deſerving, and I do entreat it.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Enter Provoſt, Barnardine, Claudio, and Julietta.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?
Prov. This, my Lord.
Duke. There was a Friar told me of this man.
Sirrah, thou'rt ſaid to have a ſtubborn ſoul,
That apprehends no further than this world;
And ſquar'ſt thy life accordingly: thou'rt condemn'd;
But for thoſe earthly faults, I quit them all:
I pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come: Friar, adviſe him;
I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow's that?
Prov. This is another priſoner that I ſav'd,
Who ſhould have dy'd when Claudio loſt his head;
As like almoſt to Claudio, as himſelf. [*Uncovers him.*
Duke. If he be like your brother, for his ſake [*To Iſab.*
Is he pardon'd; and for your lovely ſake,
Give me your hand, and ſay, you will be mine.
He is my brother too; but fitter time for that.
By this, Lord Angelo perceives he's ſafe;
Methinks I ſee a quick'ning in his eye.
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well;
Look that you love your wife; her worth works yours.
I find an apt remiſſion in myſelf;
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.
You, ſirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward, [*To Luc.*
One of all luxury, an aſs, a madman;
Wherein have I deſerv'd ſo of you,
That you extol me thus?
Lucio. 'Faith, my Lord, I ſpoke it but according to the trick *; if you will hang me for it, you may: but I had rather it would pleaſe you I might be whipp'd.
Duke. Whipp'd firſt, Sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it, Provoſt, round about the city;
If any woman, wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him ſwear himſelf, there's one
Whom he begot with child,) let her appear,
And he ſhall marry her; the nuptial finiſh'd,
Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

Lucio.

* *i. e. The faſhion.* So to *trick up*, ſignifies to dreſs in the mode.

Lucio. I beſeech your Highneſs, do not marry me to a whore: your Highneſs ſaid even now, I made you a Duke; good my Lord, do not recompenſe me, in making me a cuckold.

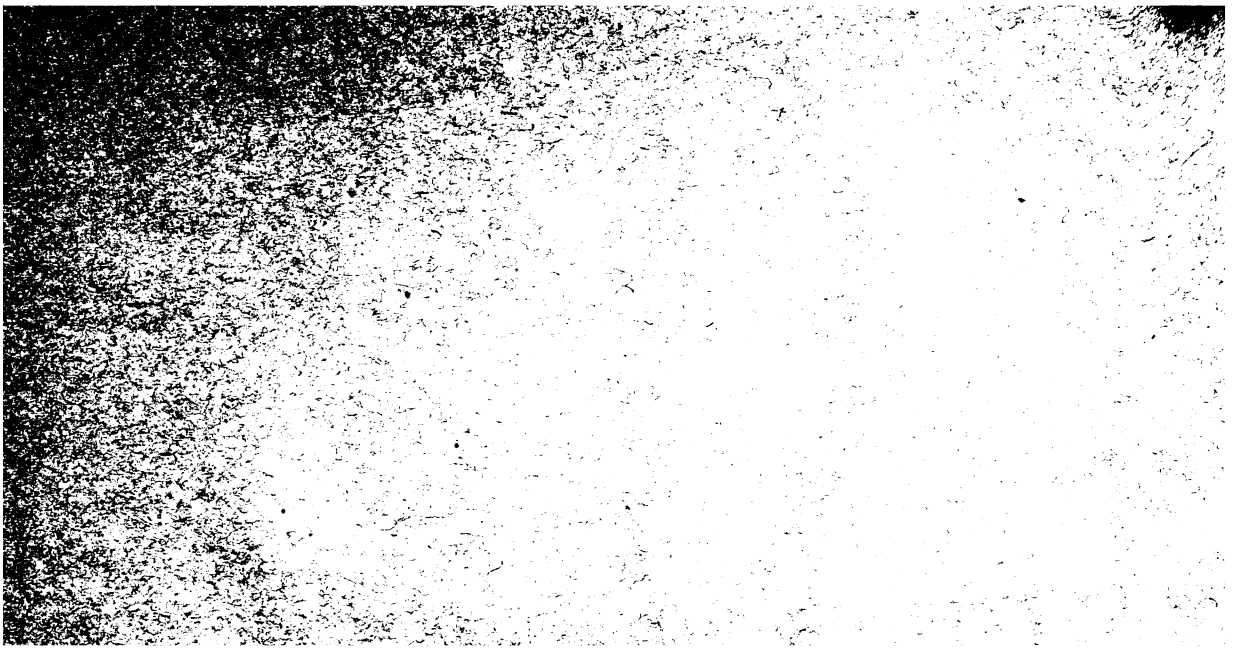
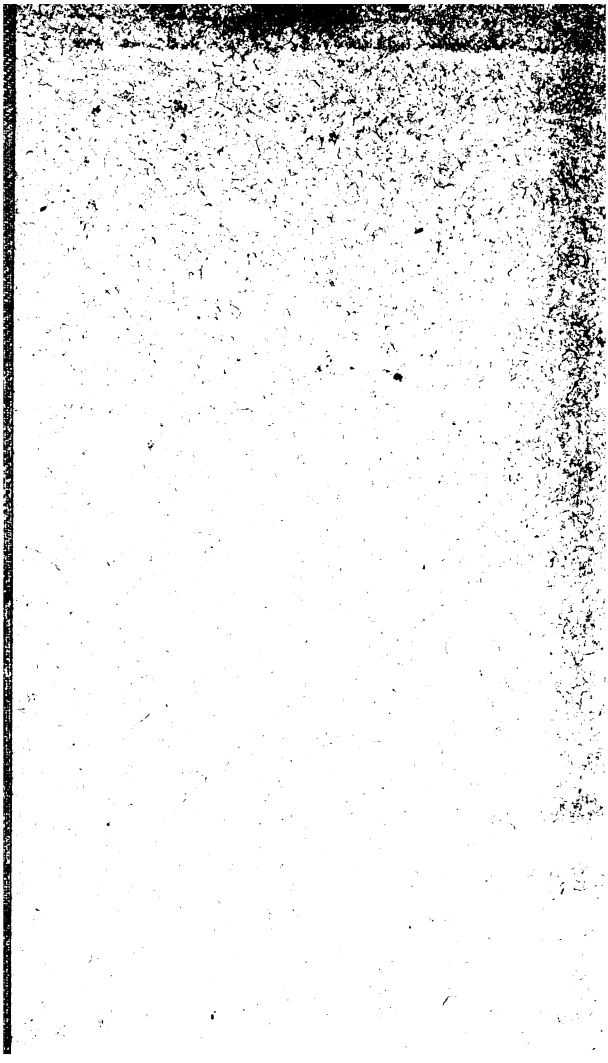
Duke. Upon mine honour, thou ſhalt marry her:
Thy ſlanders I forgive, and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits; take him to priſon:
And ſee our pleaſure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my Lord, is preſſing to death; whipping and hanging.

Duke. Sland'ring a prince deſerves it.
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you reſtore.
Joy to you, Mariana: love her, Angelo:
I have confeſs'd her, and I know her virtue.
Thanks, good friend Eſcalus, for thy much goodneſs:
There's more behind, that is more gratulate.
Thanks, Provoſt, for thy care and ſecrecy;
We ſhall employ thee in a worthier place:
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's;
Th' offence pardons itſelf. Dear Iſabel,
I have a motion much imports your good,
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.
So bring us to our palace, where we'll ſhow
What's yet behind, that's meet you all ſhould know.

[*Exeunt.*

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



.d
191.